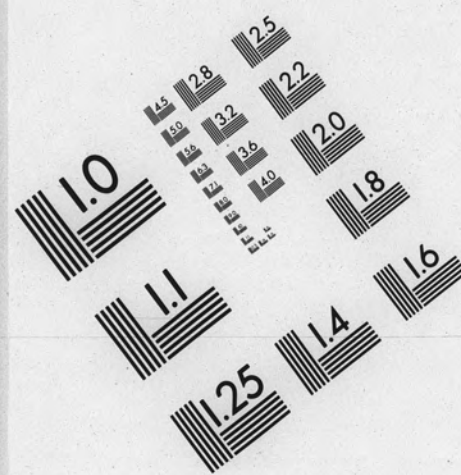


Journal, 1967.

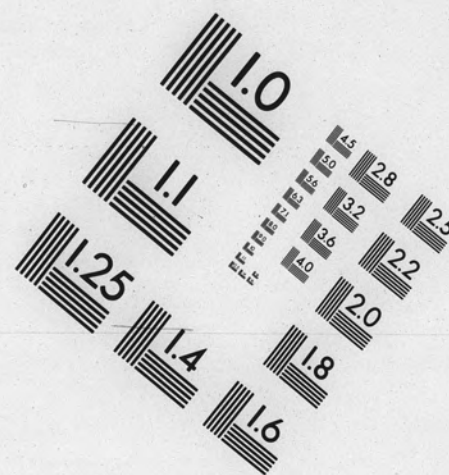




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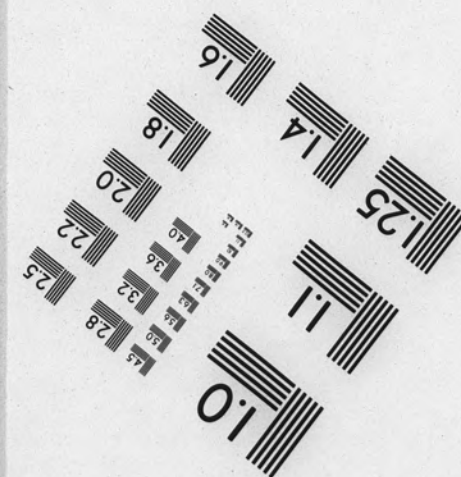
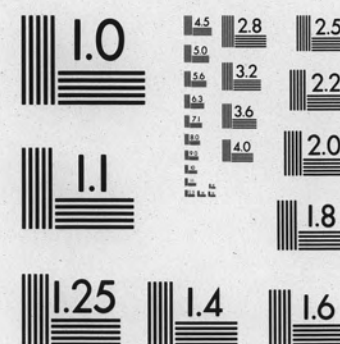
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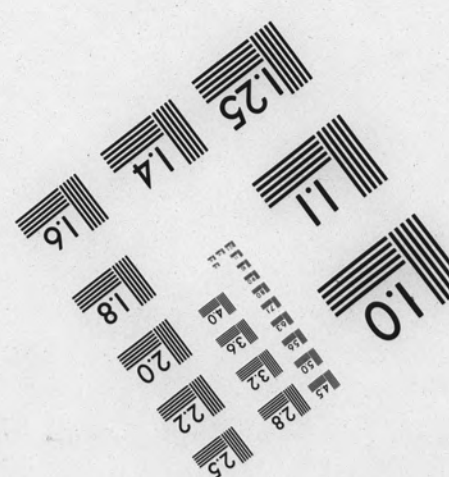
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JOURNAL OF FRANCOIS MIGNON

— 1966 & 1967 —

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1967



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Sunday, January 1st, 1967.

Memorandum; 1966 played out yesterday, --Saturday, under a heavy cloud coverage, occasionally drizzles that didn't amount to much and a thermometer in the 40's. 1967 was supposed to begin under the same auspices but the Sabbath turned out only partly cloudy along with considerable blue sky and dazzling sunshine without warmth which is the thermometer right where it was when the old year departed.

For some reason which isn't clear to me, secretaries were plentiful Saturday morning, enabling me to get through most of the mail and, surprisingly enough, an opportunity to read a few pages of the first pages in *The Sun King*. I liked everything I read and found it obvious as I had long since imagined, that Nancy Mitford undoubtedly knows her way around the 17th century just as she revealed substantial knowledge of the 18th century in her *Madame de Pompadour*. This reminds me I must chunk the Library of Congress about recording not only the *Sun King* but also the Mitford volume on *Voltaire* about which I have never heard any one speak.

My reading came to a halt when we started exploring the table of the King's ancestors on the Spanish side and the intimation that there may have been a strain of Jewish blood in the Mendoza connections. I have never spent any time exploring Anne of Austria's ancestors and even less about the Bourbon branches. As a matter of fact, it is quite possible it might be as interesting to know something about the King's ancestry on his father's side but I assume no matter how carefully one goes into that, it isn't likely it will ever be known in many a royal line as to just who was the papa of whom. I have listened with interest to scholars of the 17th century raise the question that instead of being the son of Louis XIII, Louis XIV might possibly have been the son of Cardinal Mazarin.

One thing is certain, as many sons bear scant resemblance to their fathers as those who do. From what little I have known of the personal appearances and personalities of Henry IV and his son, Louis XIII, I could find little in the one that resembled the other. I can say the same thing about Louis XIII and his son, Louis XIV and whether there be a resemblance is a mere matter of chance and no importance. One thing is certain, both Louis XIII and Mazarin had a keen sense for the beautiful and Louis Quatorze might have inherited that particular appreciation or might have developed it on his own hook without inheritance entering into the matter. Perhaps la Mitford will have something to



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speculate about this further along.

Along about 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon Mrs. Walker and her mama, Clara Genung, appeared by appointment, bringing some mighty tasty egg-nog with them. Shortly after their arrival, James called from the artist's house, asking if I had company. I said I did and would call him back shortly. I could see no point in having him come while they were here, knowing full well that if he did put in an appearance, they would probably stay longer than otherwise and while I had plenty of points I wanted to inquire about of James regarding the Bluff, etc., I realized there would be no opportunity to do so if there were guests. Then the store 'phoned to say there were some people to see me and when I announced I would be going to the store for a few minutes, Mesdames Walker and Genung announced they had to run along. Madame Walker picking up The Sun King and saying she would like to take it with her to glance through to indicate on my behalf the sections she thought I would enjoy most. Whatever I thought of that didn't matter so much since James said he had with him the library copy of the same book he was returning to me. But, after the departure of the ladies and before I got tangled up with the people at the store, when I tried to 'phone James at the artist's house, I found that line, --a party line, being used. And so, as I learned later, James went on back to town and I got bogged down with some architecture students from Arkansas and from Wisconsin who kept on taking pictures of the buildings and details of same until long after dark. I don't know what kind of cameras they were using but they must have been good if they got anything to show for their efforts and my time.

About 8 o'clock, I supped alone at Yucca and liked it because I wasn't exactly alone, what with Petit Tréanon and the spirit of little Miss Lee affording delightful companionship.

Later in the evening various plantation friends dropped in by ones and by twos, to join in raising wine glasses to the approach of the New Year, and it was all ver pleasant.

After getting the 11 o'clock news, I cut off the radio and sat down in my comfortable arm chair under the picture window to meditate on 1966 as the old year played out.

At the magical stroke of midnight, my thoughts were concentrated on Lyme, my wishes for '67 being centered on Lyme and the joys that would be experienced in that quarter, immediately after which I folded, thus beginning the New Year in peace and happiness.

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Monday, January 2nd, 1967.

Memorandum: Fair in the 40 - 60 range.

Because the weather man had predicted showers for today, I decided I might make the most of the holiday by concentrating on belated correspondence at my desk. But when blue sky instead of rain clouds made out of door work so enticing, I spent my day digging in the good earth, transplanting some hedges, trimming others, riggin up sections of the gourd trellises and generally disporting myself in the open air. I shall see what I can do for the correspondence between tonight and tomorrow. I am bound to get off a birthday note to Aunt Willie, a letter to Ray at the same South Carolina address, not to mention another one to the same place to Irma O'Brien. That's the trouble of having three girls all at the same address for, obviously, you can't disappoint two of them by writing to one only.

I'm bound to drop a little note of Nancy Mitford, too, thanking her for the Sun King and suggesting she try her hand at doing the Prince de Ligne and the 18th century even as she did Quatorze and the 17th. Since she has already done Madame de Pompadour and Voltaire, she is bound to have a stack of notes about the 18th century and she might just as well marshal these dabs of data together and expand them to include the Prince de Ligne and some of his notable associates such as Frederick of Prussia, Marie Therese of Austria, Catherine of Russia and such like. If memory serves, the Prince visited Versailles during the reign of Madame de Pompadour and so must have had glimpses if not personal contacts with Louis Quinze. As a semi-independent monarch within the realm of the Holy Roman Empire, he is bound to have known Marie Antoinette, possibly before, certainly after she became Queen of France and he certainly was on friendly terms with the Kings's brothers, --Louis XVI's brothers, that is. There was all that French Revolution business, too, not to mention the Napoleonic era down to his death during the Congress of Vienna, --all of which ought to make mighty fine grist for the Mitford mill, don't you think.

And speaking of thinking, I am beginning to be-stir my brains a bit about that letter from Robert S. Bray of the Library of Congress, wondering what impelled him to write to me about dropping in on me later this week. When I ran through the



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Christmas mail, so much of which contained references to a Melrose pilgrimage during the holidays, I dismissed the Bray letter as just another of these but after writing and posting him a rather snappy letter, along with so many others of the same tenor, it occurs to me that perhaps it really wasn't so much a request for a tour as some kind of a cooked-up notification of his intention to pass this way, not so much to see the place as to chat with me. Be that as it may, he certainly received a casual enough letter in response which may or may not discourage him from bearding the lion in his den". I haven't much time to do so before his scheduled arrival on Saturday, the 7th, but I think I shall inquire from unimagined quarters, urging the Chief of the Division to pass this way, not for a tour but a conference. I have no objection to "back-stairs" contrivances, especially when I am a party to such undertakings but if somebody, thinking to do me a good turn, inaugurated this proposed meeting, I should certainly like to know about it in order to better arrange my cards for the Saturday game. Well, eventually, we shall see what we shall see.

Returning to the Mitford ops, I have a feeling little Miss Lee was as pleased as I in learning that la Mitford had given credit to LeNotre for the gardens of Marly even though we know that everybody else has accorded those gardens to someone else. One thing seems to be pretty well established in my own mind and that is just this: if there had not been a LeNotre, there never would have been such gardens as were created at Marly and so, whether he or someone else actually worked on them, we can rest assured he may well be given the honor of having inspired them.

Mrs. Walker just called. I had expected to touch up a sentence in a column manuscript but she had run across an article by Genet in the December 21st New Yorker about the whole flock of creches on display at the Paris air port and the balance of the piece was about the Prix Goncourt and the Prix Femina, etc., all of which I was glad to hear about. Mrs. Walker told me that Genet is rather ageable, being an aunt of one of la Walker's Kansas City friends. I must ask more about this sometime. And so the legal New Year's Day comes to a close--football games and all. I hold the thought it was a pleasant New Year's Day all around in Lyme....

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Tuesday, January 3rd, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair and chilly, --sort of 40-ish by day, around 20 tonight.

The enclosure serves to show what Mormonism is doing for young Lloyd Wenk. Aside from his reference to something I said recently about the season of the year when Christ was born, Lloyd has also obviously had some word from his mama about supper table talk some time recently when she was here. It was before the gubernatorial election in Michigan. J. H. had express solid Republican hopes for the selection of Mr. Romney as standard for the Republican Presidential banner in 1968. At the time I remarked that it was my understanding the Mormons didn't quite accept negroes as human and that I should suppose the negroes might not relish that opinion when expressing themselves at the polls. It turned out that this cut no ice in Michigan among the negro voters, apparently. In any event when Mr. Romney ran for re-election in Michigan, many negro wards in Detroit are said to have given Romney a landslide. I suppose Sister must have told her Mormon son that I was asking about all this, --hence the enclosed letter which, of course, speaks for itself. If pressed for time, just toss the letter into the trash basket and you will have missed nothing other than the confirmation that Lloyd is the true son of his mama, mentally.

James called this morning to ask about dinner. I could hear plainly enough he had a cold but he came anyway. He didn't have much by way of news but it was pleasant to compare notes with him about the past week and consider various doings, especially in the sports world during the past week and especially during the last 24 hours. I guess he must have watched all three of the major football games, --Sugar, Rose and Orange bowls which should have been about all the football even the fans could have hoped for. He brought back the "atchitoches Parish copy of The Sun King which he seemed to have enjoyed. I think he, like everybody else I know with the exception of little Miss Lee, had



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known little or nothing about Louis XIV prior to the reading of this volume. I told him I had written Miss Mitford, suggesting she try her hand at doing the Prince de Ligne, -- a gentleman James had never heard of before, I hunted up my 2 volume edition on the Prince and sent him on back to town with the books under his arm. I shall be curious to see if he enjoys them. It is possible one needs something of an 18th century foundation to get very far with the de Ligne biography but I shall know more about that after I learn what, if any, success James has in wading through them.

I handed James the Bray letter to read to see if he could read into it something that wasn't there. We both agreed that were we Brays, we would have uttered slightly different noises, had we been trying to communicate from Washington with anybody in far away Louisiana. It would appear that if Mr. Bray simply wanted to chat with a user of Talking Books, he could find plenty of such people right at home in the District of Columbia without heading out for some remote plantation in the Pelican State. At the same time, if he wanted to speak with a user of Talking Books in Louisiana, he could find plenty of them in the New Orleans or Shreveport area, much closer to air terminals. Well, we shall see, assuming that my snappy response to his letter doesn't frighten him about coming at all.

Tonight they are waking Miss Willie in Alexandria where she died on Friday. Her son, Ezra took his wife, Dorothy and several members of the family down there this afternoon and so we did not sup at the big house this evening. As for myself, I am beginning to think about food, awaiting me in the ice box. I have something of a choice and shall decide only at the last night just what I shall select, -- probably an avocado salad using some Green Goddess salad dressing, -- I believe that is the name of the stuff, -- one of those things that comes in a bottle, and did, indeed, come in a bottle to me at Christmas on the highest recommendation.

They will bury Miss Willie tomorrow afternoon somewhere on Little River up Cognac way.

I talked with Clara Genung a few minutes this afternoon while her daughter was in school. Clara said that her daughter is planning to spend August in Porto Rico, -- Porto, I imagine, looking much better written thus than Puerto Rico. Clara said that her daughter had asked her if she didn't want to go with her. Clara said it was too early to decide on such a matter. I should think it would be better all around if Mrs. Walker took her 17 year old son rather than her 81 year old mother but there's no accounting for taste, I suppose.....

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Wednesday, January 4th, 1967.

Memorandum: Clear and on the cold side this morning, -- 25 degrees, clear and the 40's tonight. My telephone has been misbehaving lately, not enough to cut me off from the outside world but sufficiently to require operator assistance in securing outside numbers and adequately toistrous to deny any response to occasional incoming calls. The operator apparently got tired of the inconvenience to her and reported the matter to the repair service and this afternoon a repair man, Mr. Gibson who had never checked on phones down this way, came to give the instrument a whirl. Mr. Gibson did not have my name as I am not listed in the phone directory and so he asked me if I chanced to know somebody living in this area who contributed a column to the press. I pledged guilty. Mr. Gibson manifested enchantment and asked if there was any chance he might see the peacocks about which the column spoke. It chanced I had fed the peacocks a couple of biscuits only a few minutes before in the white garden and so I invited him to step out there. As we passed from the boudoir into the living room, he paused momentarily and somewhat diffidently asked if the little table in front of the sofa could be the bidet about which I had written recently. Then he turned back to observe the four poster bed about which he had recently read, too. And so Mr. Gibson ended up by having quite a tour, inside and out. I think I never had a pilgrim so delighted with all he had to see, recognizing so many things along the way about which he had become acquainted with before every stepping foot into the place. Tonight the phone seems to be functioning just perfectly.

Carmen called later in the afternoon and had two or three points she wanted to confide, confidential like a blue jay as she always is. She said Cousin Arthur Watson is to be Man of the Year when the February Chamber of Commerce is held this year and that Martha Robinson, -- the Hatchitoches not the New Orleans one, is to be the woman of the year.

She further volunteered that the merchant-planter "wants" to be president of the Exchange Bank, according to her informant. If the merchant-planter "wants" to be President, he



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shouldn't have much difficulty placing that crown on his head. After all, he has been a director for decades, along with Cousin Arthur, J. H. and R. B. Williams and so on so that securing such a job should be very difficult. I assume that might mean he would establish a residence in town but one never knows what is cooking or how things would be handled.

In the gardening section, I spent most of my day in the open, trimming crepe myrtles along with Fugabou and August. We saw Miss Willie's funeral cortege when it passed about 4 o'clock, on its way from Alexandria to Cognac. There were many cars as there were found to be, what with all the children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, etc. Of course her daughter in law, Doreatha, had not been at her stove station today and so the clerk and I dined with the folks across the fence at noon and tonight I shall be supping alone at Yucca and liking it, -- meat, pie, radishes and ripe olives, tuna salad, apple pie and ice tea and just jotting down themy makes me think I am growing hungry although it isn't 10 p.m. yet.

I have no doubt Doreatha will be back on the job tomorrow and the folks across the fence will be leaving early tomorrow for New Orleans to spend the day, returning tomorrow night.

I understand that volume 2 of the Flowers of America or whatever the title of that new work being brought out by the New York Botanical Garden or whatever, is now out. I think I mention a while back that The New York had spoken about it. Mrs. Walker read me a note from her old botany teacher, the gentleman who is doing the book who laughed at himself for having retired some time back to do nothing, only to be enticed into getting out this work which seems to involve more work than he can remember ever having done before. A while back when I heard about the impending publication of the book, I wrote the author of "Wild Flowers of Louisiana" about it but although I have heard from Dr. Dornon several times since, she made no reference to the book. I have written her thrice in the past six weeks or so, asking her to identify a tree or shrub, leaves and description enclosed to her as sent me by an Alexandria friend. Of course Carrie hasn't answered any of these letters either, so far as referring to the question asked. When Kaysaw Carrie the day before Christmas she asked Carrie to write me on the subject and there was indeed a letter from Carrie today but not a peep about what I wanted to know. Poor Carrie, -- not too busy to write but too forgetful to remember what she should write about.....

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Thursday, January 5th, 1967.

#### Memorandum:

Fair in the 40's.

The temperature was just right for vigorous physical exercise out of doors. I concentrated on crepe myrtle trimming. After all the holiday over-eating, I'm enchanted to swing from limb to limb in the big oaks and exercise my muscles in hacking off extraneous growth in the less trees, hoping thereby to reduce my own bulges a little while making the trees happier in the new contours.

There was a usual amount of post holiday mail, none of which was of any interest. In acknowledgement of receipt of the Hodges entry ticket, I wrote my thanks while to the Garden Club invitation to do a song and dance, I returned my "No thanks."

A few days ago, December 27th, my course from the Unicorn House to Yucca was given pause momentarily along about sundown when a flock of a few hundred blackbirds came streaking one by one into the taller trees in the gardens and then settled into the bamboo hedges. In anticipation of their possible visitation this year, I had removed all the taller bamboo stalks, leaving only those of 10 or 12 feet in height. The birds seem to like to settle down first on the tall trees from which they fly to the taller bamboo and thence into the lower ones. By removing the tall stalks, the progression from the skyways to the preferred resting places for the night tends to discourage them from carrying out their initial intention, -- momentarily at least. I am happy to report that the removal of this intermediate step seems to have impelled the birds to search further after one night's sleep and I have seen no more of the swarms of them at sundown since then. And I am holding the thought they may have found another situation, possibly along Bayou Verbonne in the Montrose area when they spent the winter last year. It seems difficult to imagine at the present time that we shall ever be free of the worry about them hibernating in such droves as they did a few years back when it was estimated three million spent the winter months in the local garden.



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With the human population increasing at such a great rate, the constant conversion of woodland into cultivated fields and the general reduction in numbers of all birds, it is quite possible that within our time may come the day when blackbirds in droves, like the passenger pigeons in migration, may vanish from the earth. For the moment I am content to let them go their way if they will only spend their nights in the woodlands, leaving for the cattle and people who work such neighborhoods in the summer time to contend with the incredible numbers of ticks that forever crop up in their wake.

I learned today that the Exchange Bank selects its new President next week. According to the latest rumor, some gentleman named Cobb is to receive the crown which certainly sounds more reasonable than the earlier report. I think Mr. Cobb is Vice President and that would make such a succession natural enough. As for the merchant-planter, I feel quite sure his interests are too far flung and too lucrative to make a bank presidency thinkable for him.

Just as I was drifting off to dreamland last night, some kind of a broadcast came on the air from Paris that sounded as though it might be interesting in a silly sort of way but the sandman won the race in getting me to sleep and so I shall have to do some scouting round in the air waves tonight to see if I can find some additional reference to the matter. I suppose the press may carry something about the doings about some lady named Gabrielle or some such, putting on an act in a Paris music hall in which she sings a song which pokes fun at the President of France. Vaguely it seems to me there was a protest made by a member of the audience, one Francois Mauriac and a little later the President starting suit against the vaudeville performer. Something tells me I must have been dreaming for the most part for I cannot imagine anybody in France, least of all the President, paying any attention of any kind of a song cooked up in a music hall where sometime amusing and oft times outrageous twitterings kind anybody and everybody, provoke laughs and are forgotten. But, of course, if an actress can be so lucky as to get some big wig to file suit, her fortune is made right then and there in conformity to the old, old operation of the law of publicity. Tallie Harlies has been so foolish about greater matters, perhaps he is even capable of getting mixed up in such a business although I am bound to say I still can believe he would be so short-sighted.

All that fresh air and exercise today seems to have me not only dull but sleepy and accordingly I think I shall not do any correspondence but mental letters right now after flattening out.

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Friday, January 6th, 1967.

Memorandum: To the Honorable Mr. Mignon

Curious weather. All day the clouds have been piling up and then breaking up to let in some sunshine and then throwing a canopy over the heavens again, over and over again. It went from the 40's to the 70's although it was supposed to get cool and we are promised a high of 34 for tomorrow as a blizzard sweeps across the country to the north of us and I, for one, hold the thought it may keep right on sweeping and not start dipping down this way.

I feel as though I had done a day's work but have mighty little to show for it. I guess I have drunk a gallon of liquids in the past 2 or 3 hours but can't think why I should feel so thirsty. I have not been sampling hard liquor and have had but a single glass of wine at noon which certainly shouldn't induce such thirst. Perhaps it was the salad dressing of the Green Goddess variety which is so good I could keep right on eating more and more salad if I had more dressing. First I tried plain milk which was alright but did not dilute the yearning for liquid, after which I tried Tender Leaf, followed by coke and now I have a charger of water here beside me and probably that will turn the trick. Something tells me a bite of chocolate might have some happy effect and I shall try that next.

At 9 o'clock coffee across the fence this morning I was glad to learn that yesterday's round trip to the Crescent City turned out to be just darling. Although I didn't get many details, there must have been time for a dab of shopping for I was brought some red and white paper napkins, just write for serving drinks. Perhaps I got my thirst from them although none as yet have been used.

I was obviously sleepier than I realized when I folded up my beard last night. There's a program that interests me, in fact a couple of them, coming out of the NBC station in Denver, KOA, three letters which ought to focus attention of TV viewers on the station announcer, I imagine, for as I repeat the letters aloud to myself, I notice the lips and jaws must get a dab of exercise and the



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physical motions of the mouth in front of a TV camera must make quite a picture of muscular gymnastics, -- K O A, which, the more I say it to myself, makes me think those three letters thus spoken ought to form a fine exercise in tooth paste advertising promotion.

Well, anyhow, I kept awake until nearly one o'clock when I suddenly awakened myself to full consciousness. In my state of half-waking -- half-sleeping, I was well pleased with the sentences I thought I had dictated to little Miss Lee were being read back to me to my complete satisfaction until the next to the last word of the piece which I sensed was wrong and automatically started to raise the point about that next to the last word when in uttering the first word, I aroused myself, little Miss Lee vanishing in a twinkling, the Denver program going right on, concluding only when the announcer signed off with his KOA, and I giggled in my beard at myself, turned over and went back to sleep.

A thirty five mile an hour wind has been blowing from the southwest all day, keeping the gourds playing a tattoo along the front of the place without bothering to cease at sundown, what with the breeze still blowing at 10 o'clock. I am so accustomed to it, I scarcely notice it but this afternoon when a secretary was struggling with some hand written addresses, he visibly jumped several times when an unusually sharp rap hit against the screen door. I notice the racket worried the peacocks, too. I usually spend an hour on the greensward between the Yucca gallery and the big sugar pot every morning about 10 and every afternoon about 4 when I pass tea for their enjoyment. But when the breeze gets sufficiently boisterous to start the gourds jangling, the bird venturys to their accustomed feeding place gingerly enough, remain on the alert and then withdraw promptly.... interruption.....

I suppose Peter Hurd must be the portrait painter most in demand as of the moment. The Shreveport Times carried a reproduction of the painting in today's issue. I gather the rejection took place some months back and is only now getting into print. I am utterly at a loss to understand how such a racket is being made about the matter. That L. B. J. should not have liked it, I can understand since patrons often do not care for the artist's rendition but it seems to me L. B. J. and wife are both too good politicians to have permitted anyone to guess that they weren't entranced by the whole thing.....

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Mr. Bray's v. 14650  
Ly of Congress

Sunday, January 8th, 1967.  
Memorandum: I have been thinking of you since I saw you yesterday.

Yesterday chill with intermittent drizzles. Last night the thermometer fell from the 39 degree by day to the 20's at night. Today has been cloudy in the 40's and will sag into the 20's again before the morrow.

In my somewhat pert letter to Mr. Bray of the Library of Congress last week, I had said that if he did indeed make a round, 2 in the afternoon of Saturday would be alright. I was sitting at my desk at 2 on Saturday afternoon when I glanced at the clock to discover it was just 2 whereupon I arose and walked to the door which, on opening gave me the outline of a man just stepping onto the gallery. I told him I had heard it said the greatest man in fiction was the Comte de Monte Cristo because he was never a minute ahead or behind in an appointment but that, of course, he was a character purely fictitious, -- not pronounced the way I spelled it, and we both laughed and so got off at a good start.

I seem to be having no end of trouble getting a proper Denholme margin on this sheet.

Being a circumspect gentleman, Mr. Bray had not brought with him a lady who had remained in the car. We accordingly went straight there and brought her with us for a little tour of the big house, Ghana, the African House and Yucca where we collapsed in front of the bidet over a bottle of Taylor's port and conversation that lasted about two and a half hours.

Mr. Bray is a Virginian and lives there in an old stone house dating from 1747, so that he felt quite comfortable in the local plantation surroundings.

.....'phone interruption.....

Well, now, let me see where we were, -- Saturday afternoon, I guess.....

Mr. Bray referred to "your letter to the Library of Congress" written in 1957, which had made a profound impression on me.



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on many people in the Congressional library including Mr. Bray. What that letter might have been about, I haven't the slightest idea and I did not inquire since I did not want to introduce any digressions. He went on to say that some kind of a publication is being planned -- probably some sort of a book about Talking Books, which he said was to be sent to one hundred thousand people, probably in some way associated with the Congressional Library. He himself had in mind doing some sort of sketch about Leston, -- quite an easy undertaking, I guess, since it is easiest to write on any subject about which one knows nothing. Then there was a request for an article by Leston. Then there were inquiries about any possible books I might have ever wanted but did not receive on records. I tossed in some titles of little Marcel and hastened on to say I have long yearned for a dictionary. He made notations and said the books would be read and that I would be presented with a record-book of a dictionary "to have and to hold".

Now that his initial impression had been gained, he said he would like to return within three or four months and get into other matters. I said that would be fine and that I should make it a point to have a little more greenery in evidence, not to mention some flowers and sunshine on his return, whereupon we all tasted another glass of port, chatted merrily on a variety of topics and the first conference was over.

What induced this first meeting, I still don't know and it seemed to me best to make no inquiries since in his letter of a week or two back, he did not indicate the reason for his desire to confer with me, I thought it just as well to let him go on his way with his plans, feeling for my own part that I am quite capable of awaiting the Spring for whatever unfolds then, if, indeed, there is anything in the works which may well be, or not be.

Only two things more regarding the visit,

first, Mr. Bray caught sight of a Cane River Memo, tucked into a book on the table. He had not known I did a column and immediately asked if I could secure some copies of back numbers for him, and

second, on learning of the columns, and out of a clear sky, if he asked if I had ever kept a Journal of any kind. I said I had kept a daily memorandum which I thought might ultimately find its way into "some Southern university library, whereupon he volunteered the information that the Library of Congress would be exceedingly interested in securing it with airtight guarantees as to a release date for some years in the future if I wished. I said we would discuss the matter on his next visit. And that is it and now I must know off a column and then fold....

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Monday, January 9th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Cloudy, drizzly and thirty-ish.

Thanks to the weather, there weren't any pilgrims and there weren't any secretaries either. Hence all today's mail rests snug and dry in the armoire tonight.

Today and tomorrow seems to be one of those times when the newsmen get a break in that so many anticipated events are taking place or about to take place that the news boys seem to be enjoying the plethora of particulars for a change and not having to complain about the paucity of ink print and air wave material.

I was surprised when I learned the House of Representatives had upset Adam Clayton Powell from his seat as chairman of his Committee on Education and Labor. I was surprised, too, that all of the negro leaders seemed they had to take his side. Perhaps that is the only way they can hang on to their racial leadership but if verbally supporting such a scoundrel is the only way they can hang on, perhaps it would be just as well if they let go.

And the promise of additional Powell news on the morrow ought to make the Fourth Estate happy at the prospect, not to mention some of the other points coming up for discussion when tomorrow unfolds such as the President's State of the Union message, the Bobby Baker trial, the Georgia Legislature's election of a Governor for the State and so on.

It's a pity the negro throw away so much good will when a segment of society put on the Watts and the Rochester riots and that so many vocal appeals from incipient and established leaders haven't had any luck, if, indeed, there may have been an impulse, to quell such outbreaks in which the whole racial movement got set back so far in such a short time. The whole business reminds me of the Stalin's stupidity at the end of World War 2 when he so recklessly dumped over board such a great treasure of good will, little if any of which could be hauled back or salvaged, -- and so far as I can see, to no point at all so far as Stalin was concerned. Of course the fact that Democracy works at all seems remarkable enough and if it strikes rough going in the



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racial groups, I suppose that is only to be expected.

On Sunday there was a rather peculiar bit of doings at the filling station on the highway at Cypress, the little place between Montrose and Bayou Natchez on Highway No. 1. The operator of the filling station is Earnest O'Quinn, a life long resident of the neighborhood and long time operator of the station. In recent years some of his customers have thought he hit the bottle too mightily. On Sunday a resident of the Cypress neighborhood drove up to the station, got out, went inside, bought and paid for a beer and drank it. A little later, the same white man returned in his car with a friend and both of them went into the filling station, each buying a can of beer which they took with them and sipped from as they sat in the car. In a few minutes, Earnest O'Quinn is said to have come out of the station and called to the driver of the car that he still owed him for one can of beer. According to Mr. O'Quinn, the man started to get out of the car with a gun and so O'Quinn shot him dead. All this must have been Sunday morning since J. H. mentioned it at dinner. Nothing was mentioned about the episode over the radio at noon. I alerted Mrs. Chopin so she might pass along the story to the wire services. She contacted first one and then a second funeral home but learned only that a man had died, nothing being known about the shooting on anybody's part, certainly not on mine since J. H. had merely said a man had died at the filling station, --nothing about a gun shot. I assume Mrs. Chopin has put the story on the wires of AP and UPI but I have heard no reference to the doings over any of the Shreveport, Alexandria or New Orleans radio stations. Perhaps there's too much other news in the State and local brackets to bother about a mere shooting although it does seem as though the bottom of the local barrel must be pretty well scraped as they cast about for time filler. I'm sure nothing will come of the matter, the whole unhappy business shelves on grounds of self defense in that the person firing the shot could tell from the way they manstarted getting out of the car that he intended violence. How much that sounds like cases in which negroes have been convicted of "intended rape" on the complaint of a "lady" who could just tell by the way the man looked he had in mind to rape her. Oh, Lord..... I'm not especially hungry but something tells me I ought to sample a slab of apple pie and a glass of milk and I think I shall do just that and then fold.....

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Tuesday, January 10th, 1967.

Memorandum: Cloudy in the 40's all day, clearing at sundown with a promise of a hard frost in the upper 20's for tonight.

For once, major events on the national scene unfolded just as expected, the President delivering his State of the Union speech, Arkansas getting a new Governor named Rockefeller, Georgia getting a new Governor named Mator or some such, Congress divesting itself temporarily of the services of Mr. Powell and in Hatchitoches one of the banks getting a new President named Cobb.

The morning post brought a picture of the Register dog. James called about 10 to ask if Loreatha could put another cup of water in the soup. She could and so we were four at a table, --J. H., James, the clerk and Lestan and it was all very pleasant. James had dropped in at the shopping center on his way down, bringing me some fruit and a pretty Mexican woven basket, --how odd, --basket, one with a handle which is at once decorative and utilitarian.

James brought with him the book about the Prince de Ligne. He had inserted several slips of paper in places holding passages appealing to him particularly. Of course I was glad to run through some of these with him as it must have been more than 30 years ago since last I read them under my own steam. As he ran through certain paragraphs, I was impressed at the same time by points I had forgotten and at the same moment by what I had remembered. One thing I had not remembered was his enumeration of the major trips he had taken and I found myself wanting to get out a map to consult his route when he mentioned 34 trips he had made to Vienna from Beloeuil via Paris. Recalling that in the days of Eleanor of Aquitaine, the Crusades traveled down the Rhine and thence on the Danube, it would seem that for any one like the Prince, living near Brussels, to go to Vienna via Paris would have been covering two sides of a triangle instead of a direct line from Brussels to Vienna but perhaps the "longest way 'round was the sweetest way home".



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Mrs. Walker 'phoned this evening, having much to say about planning an outing in July or August with Puerto Rico as the terminus of her meanderings. When she had mentioned such a trip a few weeks back, she had mentioned she might invite her sister-in-law of Phobatz, to accompany her. Tonight she said that she had been thinking about it further and might invite her mother-in-law and one or another of the late husband's brothers in Illinois to go along. I bluntly asked her if she had ever thought of going to the West Indies by herself. The idea seemed to take her breath away. I told her I realized there was no accounting for taste and that I thought she should make her plans to suit her own desires but it would seem to me that in taking a whole boat load of relatives along with one on any kind of a vacation, one would simply be at home all the time, surrounded by nothing but relatives, all of whom would fare better if they got away from each other rather than gangling up like a floating island of home floating along for days in the midst of their accustomed encroachments of kinsmen's personalities.

To my way of thinking, the best possible way to travel is with a congenial companion, --the one being the important number. The next best is in making the journey alone but heading out with six or eight relatives strikes me as much worse than not going at all. She said she would like to spend a week or two in New York this summer. I hope she has the good sense not to round up a flock of her husband's relatives for that trip, too, but that, of course, is her funeral, not mine.

One thing I seldom discover in the ether waves is a book review. I encountered one last night, however, in which some reference was made to the new biography of Sarah Bernhardt by Cornelia Otis Skinner. Whether this volume has already come off the press or is scheduled to make its bow shortly wasn't indicated. If anybody could handle "the Divine Sarah", I guess Miss Skinner would be as capable as anybody I could think of, possessed as she is with a gift for writing, a sense of humor and a knowledge of the theatre. In a recent issue of McCall's magazine, James found some mention of a spiffy big quadrangle shopping center recently brought into being by some Texas oil millionaire in Houston or Dallas or some such place, one shop in the development being devoted to contemporary Art of the Southwest. One must investigate, as one already has done with Miss Hunter's wares in mind.....

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Wednesday, January 11th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Clear and cool, 25 by night 40 by day.

It was so wonderful having Friday's grand letter from Lyme. In spite of the hodge-podge of people coming and going, I found an opportunity this morning to gallop from beginning to end of little Miss Lee's letter, loving every word of it. I shall repeat the pleasure on the morrow, relishing it with as much gusto as during the initial go at it.

I chance to have a copy of the Hatcher publication you mentioned. I send it along under separate cover but enclose the portrait of the emancipator herewith. I haven't read a line of the publication and so cannot guess if it is any good or not. The column, the Hatcher story, was seemingly a review of this newest publication but actually it was merely odds and ends from my own memory of the Bluff City. I hope the printed material doesn't turn out too disappointing.

And thank you for telling me about yule-tide joys reaching Lyme from down this way. Wasn't it extraordinary that Natalie should have sent the item she did, somehow tying in with the dresses that Natalie and little Miss Lee once invested in and reminding me, too, of the time Natalie and Leston exchanged identical gifts, --the photograph of Natalie taken on the back gallery of Yucca one Pilgrimage time.

I appreciate, also, the thoughtfulness in mentioning the very interesting particulars appearing on the back of the Petit Trianon cover. The account of the mulatto musician is something about which I want to dig into, of course, and I'm so glad mention was made of the Pavillon de l'Aurore at Sceaux. I have been intending for some time to do some more reading in the marvelous book by McMillan about the 18th century pavillons for it seems to me the previous sessions I have had with that volume did not get as far as



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Sceaur and it's pavillon in whose shade I used to love to sit when visiting in that neighborhood. I think it is one of the best of its type and I only regret I don't know anything about it. The same duc du Maine whose name figures so frequently in the early chapters of The Sun King acquired the property after Colbert's son had relinquished the place and from its architecture, it seems to me it must have been a great one of the 18th century rather than the 17th. As a matter of fact, I think it is the only pre-revolutionary building still extant on the one time Colbert estate. It is so charming, it seems strange nobody, so far as I know, has ever copied it. There is one spot in Hodges gardens that was just made for such a pavillon but, of course, poor rich Mr. Hodges wouldn't ever have known about the virtues of 18th century pavillons.

It's good to know the New Year got off at such a good start. I must confess I smiled a little at the thought of friends remaining until 2 a.m., -- a noble gesture to dub such prolonged visitations possible on the part of friends although, I am bound to confess, I know some delightful people whom I would dub as friends who would do the same thing. How fortunate that New Year's eve comes but once a year.

Mildred McCoy 'phoned me this noon, asking if she and Lucille Conahan might make their holiday call this afternoon. They might. They, too, lingered too long although the entire sitting which ran into my supper time, was very pleasant. They brought many gifts which I liked, especially the home made wine and the petits fours. There were a couple of other bottles of commercial wine which, of course, were not opened and a book or two which I did not explore but shall shortly. Mildred is planning another Bayou Folks party and she and Lucille and I will be the only non-bayou folk present. It all sounds promising, especially as the featured guest will be a bayou lady about to celebrate her one hundredth birthday, -- the only person in the Cloutierville area who can remember Kate Chopin.

Lots more to chatter about but I guess I had better sign off at this point and finish up a lot of things I never got around to so much as glance at during the day.....

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Thursday, January 12th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair between 30 and 60 and withal mild as to the strength or lack of it in the department of vagrant breezes..

It was delightful being able to re-read Friday's letter again early this morning. I counted myself lucky in having such a communion before the day really began turning for it was busy the balance of the daylight hours and what's more, there was lots of mail arriving in mid morning, much of which I answered forthwith, including seven letters from thither and yon, several of them from people unknown to me, who wrote to ask about where a copy of the Hatcher story as mentioned in a recent column, might be obtained. There was also a letter from la Bourg who had asked for a tape to be aired on some garden club program. I thought I had already said that I would not make such a recording but apparently I did not express myself clearly and in consequence, there was something about a sound truck coming here from some place on Saturday morning to do the job, etc., etc. It goes without saying I quickly sent off a message discouraging that notion.

I did not join my neighbor across the fences for coffee at 9 this morning as she had told me yesterday she had an appointment at that hour for this morning with her dentist in town. She had planned another stop which she did not mention but, what with the grapevine functioning neatly, I learned about that stop from a couple of other quarters, that stop being at the clinic up St. Mathew's way where she stopped before going on to town to get a cholera shot, as is required of people planning to find themselves in Asia.

And so it turns out that the merchant-planter and wife, taking with them Love Hankins, I suppose, are indeed heading out for Australia by way of Hong-kong before long. According to some reports, there will be a trip to some place or other like Las Vegas first, with a view to attending an R. E. A. convention or some such after which there will be a return to home base for a couple days or so, after which the journey in the direction of "the continent down under" will be undertaken.

I have heard nothing directly from the participants about all this since some vague reference was made about such a possibility, -- mentioned last summer, if I recall as likely to come off sometime after the R. E. A. thing but nothing else has been mentioned about the prospect since then. If it takes less than a month, as it might, I shall be able to see how long Hong-kong and



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1967, January 13th, 1967.

I am happy to report that my initial efforts to encourage the blackbirds to roost somewhere other than in the bamboo hedges seems to be sufficiently persuasive and that the birds are indeed going elsewhere, perhaps to Montrose where they concentrated last year.

Just making a lot of noise in the neighborhood where our feathered friends decide is a likely place to spend the nights during the winter isn't enough. The volume of noise isn't the thing turning the trick but rather it's a moderate amount of noise, sounded off at just the right moment that produces the desired persuasive note. Naturally, it is useless to make a racket before they come in from the fields about sundown. It is equally futile to make strange noises, once the birds are cosily settled down in the hedges after darkness has set in. The magical moment is the one coming just as the birds are starting to settle down in the dusk but early enough for them to still have light enough to find some other resting place. When they get well settled and comfortable within the hedge and darkness is too far advanced, the birds simply rise up out of the hedge when disturbed by a racket, settling right back down into the same place if darkness prevents them from traveling further in search of better lodgings. Thus far this week I seem to have struck the right moment to get them rising out of the hedge and allowing sufficient light to obtain so they may go on to their roosting places of last year. I suppose there were several thousand birds. My next attack stirred up only a few dozen and tonight there were no birds there at all when I passed by the hedges swinging my ratchet.

In the human brackets of society, the seasonal colds are currently making their rounds. People passing this way are sniffling and wheezing while at the Post Office I hear nothing but coughs and barks proclaiming the presence of the distemper whenever another person enters the place. Carmen called me this morning complaining about her own affliction. It seemed to be centered in her throat and I had the greatest difficulty in understanding anything she said; her croaking soundin' more like a raven than a person.

I'm going to dash off an article about Talking Books for the Library of Congress tonight and then shall fold some peach preserves and a glass of milk waits me in the ice box but I shall deny myself their pleasure until after dark.

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Friday, January 13th, 1967.

Memorandum: A thermometer in the 40's. It began drizzling sometime after midnight, has continued all day but will break off, it is said, by tomorrow afternoon. The drizzle was sufficient to put pools of water in the gardens but on the rain gauge it measured only 2 inches.

As I had hoped to do, I knocked off the article for the Library of Congress publication or whatever last night. After finishing it, I thought I might use some of the material for a column which I proceeded to do, giving the title something like "For Whom the Talking Book Talks", the point of the original article being that those who can read under their own steam are lucky that Talking Books exist since it saves the sighted from having to read to the blind.

I shall send the first section of this Thursday's "Hatchitoches Times" along with the Leesville paper. On the back page of this first section of the Times are a couple of pictures, taken by Dr. Charles Cook, the Parish Coroner, of the O'Quinn store and what appears to be a photo of Mr. Russell, still in his car, after he had been killed by Mr. O'Quinn. According to Thursday's paper, Mr. O'Quinn was arrested on charge of manslaughter and then released on a five thousand dollar bond, -- a modest bond, it would seem, for such a charge but I reckon Judge Williams knew what he was doing. Since the Times went to press, however, it is said that Mr. O'Quinn has been re-arrested on charge of murder and lodged in a Shreveport jail. And so the Russell brothers, instead of going deer hunting as they had planned, altered their plans when Mr. O'Quinn got into the act. It is said that Mr. O'Quinn has a Hatchitoches lawyer, one Geohagan or some such name, a member of the bar who is gifted in getting anybody out of anything if anybody has the proper amount of money. Mr. O'Quinn is a hill billy and, since hill billies are not accustomed to going to jail for merely murdering somebody, I suppose Mr. O'Quinn will be returned to his accustomed residence almost any old time.

James call this afternoon. He had found any adventure with the local shoemaker that had annoyed him while at the cobbler's



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shop but filled him with merriment by the time he had reached home. The R gister dog is so strong that a stout harness is kept on him when he is tethered out or doors. James couldn't find a harness strong enough to restrain the dog and so he hit upon the idea of purchasing six leather belts, substantial ones of the type cowboys usually employ. Arranging them in just the order he wanted them, he took them to the cobbler, asking the man to tie a leather cord into the belts where they crossed each other, a request that seemed casual enough. But the cobbler who thought nothing of sewing a leather cord into leather shoes, threw up his hands in astonishment, exclaiming:

"But, man, I'm a worker in shoes, not harnesses."

James persisted, offering to give the man six dollars for 10 minutes work if he would simply insert a small leather thong where the belts crossed but the cobbler was adamant in his refusal. After James left it suddenly occurred to him that inadvertently he must have insulted the cobbler who apparently thought that sewing on a leather shoe was far superior to tying a leather knot in a dog's harness and that was that.

rs. Chopin and her son, Timmy, planned to leave this noon, driving over to San Antonio to spend Saturday with the Finleys, Mrs. Finley being Mrs. Chopin's daughter. Mr. Finley's papa lives in New Orleans where he has a business which he wished his son to take over. Mrs. Finley's grandmother and a couple of aunts live in New Orleans and everybody viewed the prospects of the move with enthusiasm. But it seems the air force needs engineers at the present time and so Mr. Finley's request for release from the Armed Forces was denied and so the younger Finleys will remain in San Antonio where they are expecting a visit from the stark sometime this spring. I guess it's about six hundred miles from Hatchitoches to San Antonio, a distance I should not especially enjoy in today's drizzles and fogs but if others like that sort of thing, it's all theirs without any envy on my part.

For the life of me yesterday, I couldn't think of the name of Alfred de Vigny, author of *Cinq-Mars*. On recommendation from the library which couldn't get anywhere with the mere title of the book, I called Madame Rylan or Rykind at the college, learning from her that she had lived in France for many years and as a girl, had been chaperoned to services at St. Cyr. She seemed almost startled when I mentioned that the present military Academy of St. C was housed in the school for daughters of the nobility in the 17th century, having been founded by Mme. de Maintenon. And so the week comes to a close. I trust the weather is more sunny and less damp than in or rather in Lyme than at this bend of the river. I must say it's pleasantly cosy inside however.

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Sunday, January 15th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Saturday drizzle and 40-ish until sundown when the skies cleared, the moon shone and the thermometer remained at 40. All clear today in the 50's with a promise the thermometer will sag into the 20's tonight. The moon is radiant.

Clyde Claude Emmett Davis died Saturday night at 9:30. Everybody with the exception of himself and his present wife and five or six children, had expected it. On Thursday or Friday, they had transported him again to the hospital in Shreveport which immediately sent him home to die, even as they had several times before.

On Saturday morning, his former mother-in-law, Clementine Hunter, had said she was "studying about" going to drop in at his house to see him one day this coming week. She said she knew it was bad luck to call on somebody who was dying but you could get around that danger by taking two pins with you and pinning them on the dying one's night gown and making a cross over them, leaving them in the night gown when you quitted the place. That was what she was going to do. Well, death has saved her the trouble.

In matters pertaining to postal affairs, I reckon the mail sacks intended for Melrose on Saturday may have traveled on to Melville or Belrose, as they have been known to do in past slowing down of deliveries. I had rather expected a note from Miss Kate of Monroe and the State Library of Baton Rouge had called Friday regarding some Talking Books and said they had posted a letter to me earlier in the day. But no mail sacks meant no mail and so I await the morrow with a measure of impatience.

I had a visit this morning from Morel who came to tell me he was planning about going to Houston on the noon bus. His cousin, Lee, son of Ezra and Doreatha, had secured a fine job for him over there and he was expecting to start work tomorrow morning. One wonders what fine job might be awaiting him since he only reached the 8th grade in school and somehow avoided learning to read either numbers or the alphabet. "If ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise." Big and powerful, quick with knife or gun to protect a friend, yet always gentle and sweet by nature, I think he is the nicest person I have known in the last 21 years in Louisiana, 21 years which is his present age.



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Dinner talk today covered va ying fields of garden work to politics and one or two things about impending vacations. It seems that the General and wife drove to San Antonio recently, --perhaps a day or two ago, with a view to having the General's re-set fingers looked after properly. Celeste thought under present foggy conditions was second best choice since there was no reason they should not have gone by plane. As for the R. E. A. convention, it will be held in San Francisco shortly, at least sometime within the next four weeks. Love Hawkins will go with Celeste and J. H. They plan to fly from Shreveport, not to San Francisco, but to Los Angeles and then rent a car and drive up the coastal highway within a day. What with the Hong-kong-Australia run somewhere in the offing, it would seem to some people that tucking in the Los Angeles-San Francisco run on this go-round is a bit odd but everybody has his own plans for route to getting from one place to another and how much should be compressed in the least possible time, and therefore one merely says "Oh" when plans of others have been formulated and carried through.

I got a bit of reading done in the Mitford opus over the weekend. I am delighted with all the particulars set forth in the book. In some places it appears to me that Mitford leans heavily on the supposition that her readers know their 17th and 18th century history pretty well and so that she does not have to extend her prose by explanation. A case in point appears some place where she is talking about the Louis XIV propensity for building and the absence of any such inclination on the part of any of his mistresses, remarking something to the effect that there was no Pompadour in the court of the Sun King. Perhaps everybody reading the Mitford volume knows that Louis XIV had a builder in the person of Madame Pompadour but probably lots of people such as James, for instance, probably doesn't have any notion as to what is implied. I had called James on Friday afternoon to ask the name of the stationer's store, thinking I would phone the shop and ask that a Royal typewriter ribbon be put in the mail for me. James said he could manage that easily enough and about 9:30 he tapped at my door with the ribbon on Saturday morning, cleaned the machine and put in the new phlegm and reels. So runs the weekend and may it have been a pleasant one in Lyme....

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Monday, January 16th, 1967.

Memorandum: Ice formed last night but melted by mid morning when the sun in a cloudless sky warmed things up into the 40's and tonight a nice fat moon presents a pretty lampto light the stroller's footsteps.

The arrival of this morning's post produced a double dip of mail, as expected. Right on top, there was a letter from Lyme, always a pleasant sight. The message from Miss Kate came through, too, and the letter from Baton Rouge, and several other pieces not expected, such as a letter from The Natchez Democrat, long supposedly to be one of those newspapers that never write. There was one small fly in the ointment but that will be eliminated within a day or two, I hope. This was the fact that every secretary I know in miles was down with a heavy cold. One can't expect to have everything in January weather but now that the in-coming mail is to hand, I'll hold the thought that the secretaries may be coming up for air shortly.

Something odd happened this morning at Yucca while I was at the store between 7:20 and 7:30. On re-entering my boudoir I felt a chilly air current and noticed two panes of glass in the casement windows by the bed to be shattered. Once in a while, winter or summer, a cardinal, catching sight of himself reflected in a window pane, will crash at it, either knocking out a pane or himself. The projecting roof of Yucca forms a fine mirror for reflecting things but I shouldn't expect one bird to knock out two adjoining panes within a short time. Yesterday I noticed the peacocks jumping up on the rim of St. Giffin's fountain to drink from the water in the basin and they were there again later this morning but I doubt if they would go to the trouble to try and knock out a bird in a window the way they do with the bird seen in their mirror at the African House. A wire screen inside the window would have discouraged a prowler from attempting entry by the window. In summer the lawn mower sometimes kicks up a cloud of dust which is a nuisance to the eyes.



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a grand flora burr or cone and shatters a window, but never two adjoining panes on a single go-round and besides, lawn mowers are seldom used in Louisiana in January. At one time or another a drunken field hand, begging alms, might tap on a pane harder than good judgement recommended but he wouldn't take a swing at a second if he let go with too much force on the first, and besides, Monday morning drunks would scarcely be broad at such an hour. But there are the shattered panes, covered now with some cardboard, until I can round up some new glass from town and get things restored to proper appearance.

Over the demi-tasses this morning I learned that Joe is stirring up another pan of biscuits, this time, journeying to Washington to file complaints against his immediate superior in the Arkansas R.E.A. When he proclaimed his intentions to his brother, the merchant-planter advised against it and that made Joe mad. And so the biscuits are being stirred and one is reminded of what the stirrer's son had to say about the stirrer a short time back, to wit, that the gentleman really should take psychiatric treatment.

Tonight's State news items includes a report that the Lieutenant Governor, one Paddy Aycock, and old Leander Perez, the racial maniac, journeyed to Montgomery, Alabama, to be present today when Governor G. Wallace turned over the office to newly-elect L. Wallace, his wife. Mr. Wallace apparently aspires to being standard bearer for a third party, --always a bad idea, more than two parties which can go often snowball into 10 or 15 parties as in pre-2nd War France. I don't understand at whom Mr. Wallace was pointing when he declared that Alabama could just as well supply a President as could New York, California or Texas. I can comprehend New York as standing for Bobby Kennedy and Texas for L. B. J. but I cannot imagine whom Mr. Wallace had in mind in California. Well, perhaps Mr. Wallace didn't have anybody in mind unless he is thinking of some Republican.

This morning toward noon three children, living with their parents in a cabin on the plantation adjoining Melrose on the south, appeared at the door of a neighboring cabin. They said their papa was at work somewhere and their mama wasn't home but they were keeping house until it got too warm for them and so they had presented themselves at the neighbor's door. The neighbor rushed out to see what was up and saw the nearby cabin collapsing in flames. Lucky children.....

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Tuesday, January 17th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Heavy clouds put off the dawn this morning. It warmed toward noon, thanks to a sparkling breeze from the south which gradually faded away into a calm. After that, the wind shifted around to the northwest and a chill took over. It will touch 20 tonight, it is said, and the temperature suggests the prediction is going to be correct.

By a happy conjunction of secretary and letters, I was able to attack yesterday's post today and liked everything I encountered starting off with Thursday's letter from Lyme which arrived yesterday, together with the clipping about Ulysses.

Needless to say, I relished every word of both letter and clipping, holding my breath for a moment on reaching the paragraph in the letter about the smudge and attendant descent of les pompiers on the neighborhood. I am so glad it was in another wing of the house so that little Miss Lee's home wasn't swept by smoke or inundated by water. There was something about the mention of the episode that recalled an interruption one night at dinner in Seventh Avenue South when firemen suddenly appeared at the door, shouting out that the apartment beneath the occupied by Lestan was on fire. The lady occupying the apartment below was playing in Grand Hotel. She had done some pressing just before going to the theatre in the evening and laid left her electric pressing iron standing on the ironing board which a few hours later had caused all the excitement.

Just as I started to push the carrier on this machine back to write the sentence above, the paper stuck. I suspect the machine will do better if it has a new roller one of these days.

I'm so glad you told me about the Grand Trianon in the plaisir de France. James brought me down his copy but he was in a hurry at the time and I did not have anyone to turn through it with me. I recognized one or two illustrations, the Galleries des Glaces, la chambre de la reine des Beleges, etc., but missed the front cover and all the other illustrations. I shall have an opportunity to go through these pages with a guide shortly, and shall, thanks to your letter, be able to keep an eye open for subjects of especial interest.



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I am so glad you mentioned having heard from auntie. I am wondering if one or my letters or another to her in early autumn and a month or so later may have failed to reach her. Perhaps she was on vacation at the time they arrive and they were forwarded and haven't caught up with her as yet.

As regards Mrs. Walker's impulse to take the Sun King home with her, I think it was based on the intention to read from it to me from time to time over the phone which she has indeed done. But I feel that this represents a great undertaking on her part, first, because I think she isn't at all interested in the subject but will plough through it thoroughly because she probably feels it a duty and, secondly, I suppose she feels by thus acquainting me with its contents, I may pass along the word to Esther that I am exploring the contents of the printed word in her gift.

From what little I have read thus far in the Mitford opus, I have especially appreciative of the identification of the plethora of characters and their family ties. The case of the Montez-Montespan of spring is a good case in point. What I have found missing to a degree of regret, -- possibly I shall discover this further along, -- and that is the absence of detail concerning the residences and properties of the people figuring at court. I should like to find a map of the Ile de France showing some of these and a paragraph at least about some of the view, sketched from the balcony of the King's bedroom, looking eastward across the Versailles courtyard, toward les Grands Ecuries. It shows a broad avenue in the center of the picture, -- the avenue de Paris, although not identified, I believe. What the sketch does not show but might have been mentioned in the caption, is the fact that starting at the point in the front of the court yard where the avenue de Paris starts, there begins the avenue de Meudon to the right, running some miles to the southwest to the property of the Grand Dauphin at Meudon, the chateau having been burned in the war of 1870 but the grand terrace still remaining, crowned by an observatory. Starting at the same point in front of the Versailles courtyard running northeast is another grand avenue, -- the avenue de Saint Cloud, leading off some 10 miles or so to Saint Cloud, home of Monsieur and la Princesse Palatine. St. Cloud, also burned in the war of 1879 also deserves a bit of description, it seems to me, too. Clagny did get a few lines but only casual ones and I guess not much more was said about Sceaux. Strictly speaking, perhaps these properties don't deserve much space in the story of the Sun King but to me they provided a setting of immense value in framing the picture properly, places that would never have shown, had it not been for the tone set by the King and places, in turn, which set off the glory of the reign with tremendous advantage. Without the rays of the Sun King, the elegances of these places and so many others would not have come into flower and, taken together, constitute integral parts of 17th century civilization which

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Tuesday, January 18th, 1967.  
Memorandum:

Cloudy with fine sprinklings that sometimes suggested salt-like snow. The thermometer never did get out of the 20's. Roads are described as icy which is understandable enough.

The wake for Clyde Claude Emmett Davis is being held tonight. Not many people are attending I am sure. For one thing, the wake is being held at a funeral home in town and country folks don't think much of wakes held in town at funeral homes. Secondly, the weather discourages people from venturing out for the trip to town. Were the wake being held in the country, a good store of logs would have been rounded up and a brisk fire kept going near the home where the people would have gathered. The fire would have provided warmth for the majority of people who never tire of spending hours out of doors around such a blaze while the minority remain inside the dwelling. But if one may employ an over-worked phrase in this instance of the wake, -- it simply is "no go".

The folks across the fence head out for New Orleans early tomorrow morning. I am glad to say they plan to remain there over night which ought to make it a heap easier on them than their round trip in one day as happened last week or when ever. They are scheduled to return late Friday night. It seems to me the San Francisco jaunt is scheduled for later this month and the Australi Hong-kong deal around the 15th or 16th of February.

I used today's cold as an excuse for spending more time in doors than usual. I had some work to do in the neighborhood of the Unicorn House for a while and turned out the flock of guineas, thinking they might want to peck away at brittle greenery. The breeze being so chilly, however, they didn't feel like foraging for food, preferring to fiddle arounds where I was doing some spading. This particular crew of guineas, however, are too enthusiastic in the gymnastic field, however, and seem to enjoy taking their exercises by flying more or less straight up into the air close beside me with a view to alighting on my head or shoulders. I reckon it is fun for them but it's a little wearing



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on my hatless brow when their sharp claws strike out to gain  
a foothold. It wasn't long before I had persuaded  
all of them to return to the protection from the wind that was  
provided by the inside of the Unicorn House and I could get on  
with my spading without having to dodge the over-energetic feathered f

I must investigate some fault in this machine which is showing a tendency to tear at the margin when I'm not looking.

Due to the heavy cloud coverage, it got dark earlier than usual and so I came home and read a page before supper on the reading machine. I had skimmed through the book before and wanted to attack it again more leisurely. --

Joseph Alsop's "From the Silent Earth". Perhaps I mentioned it before, a short book about the Bronze Age in Greece. Up until the 1950's - authorities delving around in

Greece and Crete seem to have been all mixed up about the earliest evidences of cultural developement

in that region. As the outstanding archaeologists in this field seem to have been Arthur Evans and von Schliemann, and since Sir Arthur lived on until about 1940 or 1940 there

really hasn't been too long a time for the experts to ponder over what both those gentlemen found. Sir Arthur and his son were apparently successful in breaking up the public opinion.

accepting their theories but after the 1950's, the contemporary trend is to confirm the correctness of the von Schlieffen plan.

assumptions the Bronze Age utensils and Art objects were not Phoenician or whatever it was the Sir Arthur thought

Somewhere between 2 and 3 thousand years B. C. artifax was going pretty good in this area. The Troy of Priam, destroyed by the Greeks, seems to have taken place about 1000 B.C.

800 B. C. is the date set for Homer's *Odyssey*, providing a 400 year span of time which really makes it remarkable that some of the *Odyssey*'s details really make it remarkable that

some of the palaces of participants in the Trojan war should  
in our time still be discernable and worth of archaeological  
I must say I find it exhilarating to find such a subject hand

such a gifted writer as Mr. Alsop.

sheet of paper and so I shall move over my margin even  
thought I haven't anything of interest to relate.

We are still drawing on pumpkins from last summer's garden and I am happy to report I have

a slab of cheese along side a goodly piece of  
pie awaiting me in the ice box for 10 o'clock  
sampling. -- the pie, not the ice box.

...the people, not the vice box.....

14651

Thursday, January 19th, 1967.

Memorandum: Last night about 11:15, I stepped out on the gallery to see what the weather was doing and discovered it had already spread a blanket of white across the gardens. During the night some sleet and rain had followed the snow so that this morning there was an inch of ice, gray rather than white, coating everything. The thermometer was in the 20's and never did get above freezing all day. Our cloud coverage was complete although fifty miles north of us there had been no snow and the skies were clear all day. The clouds remain solid here tonight. Obviously the ice on the big sugar pots is not thick for beneath the clear glazed surface this afternoon I could see gold fish swimming around merrily in the water beneath a smooth sheet of ice.

I had such a wonderful time with the post from  
Lyme today. Monday's letter was followed by Tuesday's,  
bringing me right up to date.

I never cease to marvel at the wonderful treasure house little Miss Lee can turn to and come forth with such splendid clippings about a hundred and one topics that no one else would ever have had the interest and sense of value that inspired the preserving of these "treasures".

I am so glad to have the additional sidelights added to the clippings themselves and, of course, I am delighted to know about the titanic work being undertaken on the old letters acquired by the Morgan Library. Isn't it wonderful that items such as these of the Voltaire collection, should have been preserved in the first place and that they should have survived in the second place. It is so kind of little Miss Lee to share these with me and I shall return them forthwith to be sure they find their proper places in the Lyme collection, so valuable in so many ways, not the least of which is the joy they provide in the sharing as between little Miss Lee and Leston.

whose words little Miss Lee found applicable to  
 Let n. It's so grand being able  
 to share all these things together.

from time.....  
to the two bundles of snuffboxes lying my way  
the January 20 turneth this day, a very happy one for me, thank



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And may I say how much I appreciate the trouble to which Miss Lee went to present a picture of the local scene and how they have twisted and turned during the past several months in business affairs. I can readily understand how much relieved everyone must feel, now that the Gordian Knot has been cut and a fresh departure paralleling the same road may now be taken after such a prolonged period of uncertainty and discontent all around. I hope this effort turns out just as it should and that in consequence of the cleared atmosphere everything will offer pleasanter prospects.

I am so happy to have the quotation about hyacinthes at Petit Trianon under the sponsorship of Madame de Pompadour and all the particulars regarding that first introduction into Western Europe. -- another star in the 18th century crown of civilization.

I am glad you mentioned the missing columns as of November 7th and December 12th. I think I can round up these items alright -- if, indeed, they ever appeared in the *Hatchitoches Enterprise*. There have been two times in recent weeks they did not appear because the Monday issue of the *Times* was not or were not published. I forget which dates there were, perhaps December 27th and January 2nd. I assume the other papers may have carried these two issues but I am not sure and I shall check on the matter to make sure it out them.

The people across the fence in spite of the weather took off for New Orleans this morning. As indicated above, the road conditions were worse the further south one traveled and the New Orleans stations were constantly warning radio listeners not to head toward the Crescent City in view of the ice on bridges and over-passes.

I started the day with a bang when I entered by boudoir just after breakfast, bearing a cup of very warm hot chocolate. The phone was ringing and in hastening from the door to the desk, I must have been making pretty good speed for when I reached for the phone on my desk, the entire cup of chocolate spilled right on top of the typewriter and surprisingly right up my sleeve. Fortunately the covering was on the typewriter so all the tick, hot stuff merely ran all around the machine as it dripped from the cover on to papers, books and all that finds its way to a desk top. One good thing about the episode was that the desk got a thorough scrubbing and my shirt and jacket and trip to the laundry. So turneth this day, a very happy one for me, thank to the two bundles of sunbeams flowing my way from Lyme.....

14672

07041

Friday, January 20th, 1967.

Memorandum: Cloudy all day. The ice has melted on the grass, thanks to the warmth of the ground but the big pots are still covered with a half inch thickness of ice and ice lingers on atop the gates, possibly to melt during the night since at sundown the thermometer was supposed to rise from the low 30's into the 40's. The clouds must be thinning for although one cannot discern just where the moon is, one can make out where small heavier clouds overlap and indirect moonbeams seem to indicate where stars may begin twinkling a little later when the clouds further contract.

Last night I realized I had better start contending with a cold that was "hovering" around. I accordingly took some cold tablets James had brought me a while back and I ate rather sparingly. On awakening this morning, I told myself I would do mighty little today, concentrating on combatting the cold that didn't seem very evident except in the inner feeling that one must obviously appear as "a torn down piece".

Before breakfast August put in an appearance to lend a hand at doing a dab of housecleaning. He was followed by Ezra who said someone had told him I had a floor lamp that needed some attention. And so, before I knew what I was up to, I was in the midst of turning the house inside out and that was all too the good since it allowed me no time to carry out plans to do nothing.

I ate sparingly at dinner, soup, collards and a demi-tasse. At supper I chopped up a tomato and a cucumber, putting on no salt or vinegar, covering same with a thick layer of cream or cottage cheese and pouring over the whole business in a bowl about a pint of buttermilk and it was grand.

I did get a chance to read a little from the chapter about the founding of St. Cyr, as presented by La Mitford and found it altogether charming. I believe the school for the young girls was established about 1695 and I like to keep in mind while reading about the King's active participation in the founding of it and the visiting of the place as that activity fitted in.



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with other undertakings in which he as busying himself at the same time. If, as I suppose, Marly was begun in 1679, I suppose things were going great guns in that quarter by 1685, not to mention undertakings progressing at Grand Trianon, embellishments under way at Versailles, not to mention the thousand and one things on a dozen economic, political, military and diplomatic fronts that would make one's head spin if anybody could gather together a simply statement covering a single day's various lines of endeavors.

The mention of the success of Racine's Esther, as presented b

--another tear in this sheet of paper caught on something or other...

Mention of the success enjoyed by the presentation at St. Cyr's rendition of Racine's Esther reminded me for the first time in how many decades I cannot imagine that once I had undertaken to memorize a few lines from Esther and for no reasons on earth, finding the lines to my liking, I went ahead and set to memory the entire Act which at the time didn't seem half long enough but which now, as I try to re-capture certain lines, would probably seem endless if I attempted to do the same thing now. It seems to me I tried my hand at doing the same thing with an Act from Atalie which entertained me at the time but which today I should probably consign to a great waste of time since culling out the worthwhile passages from the entire piece rather than concentrating on a whole Act must have been a segment of time that could have been better employed in some other mental exercise.

My phone just tinkled somewhat oddly and in picking up the receiver, I heard the voice of the merchant-planter, indicating that the visitors to the Crescent City must be back home. I had gone across the fence an hour or so ago to see about having the lights and things presenting a cheerful appearance when they got back and apparently my trip was timely although I had no idea if they would be back early or late. The hour stands at 10:00.

So begineth a weekend. I hold the thought that it may be a happy one in Lyme and that the weather isn't too rugged if little Miss Lee has in mind sampling the great out of doors.

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Sunday, January 22nd, 1967.

Memorandum:

Saturday's fog didn't lift until mid afternoon when a feeble sun, shining dimly through gauze, seemed almost dazzling after so many days of complete cloud coverage. It was pleasant to notice the thermometer climbing back up into the 60's. Today has been clear to partly cloudy and all together pleasant.

The nicest thing about Saturday's post from Lyme, dated Thursday, January 19th. I'm so glad to have companionship in such individualistic dating for I know I frequently engage in such notations and in the same post came a card from Miss Kate dated January 20th, 1966.

I love every word in the letter and I am so glad to have an opportunity to see the enclosure from the Times Book Review concerning Cornelia Otis Skinner. I am so glad she has written a full length biography of the "Divine Sarah". Yes, I did read the other book in which a chapter to the same "Divine Sarah" figures. I find the title of that book difficult to remember--something about Wits and Horizontals. Like Miss Mitford, Miss Skinner is very readable, I think, and both delightfully humorous. La Mitford tends to be a little more on the sexy side but both ladies show such an aptitude for delving into pertinent details that the fare they offer is exceedingly rich without ever becoming indigestible. And both ladies have touched on Belle Isle, la Mitford in mentioning Fouquet and his offspring, la Skinner touching on the place in regard to the "Divine Sarah's" country place there.

I'm so glad you had an opportunity to hear Wagner's Meistersinger a week ago on Saturday afternoon. I was listening, too, and loving it. I had hoped to tune in on Lohengrin yesterday but all sorts of people kept breaking in on me so that I couldn't enjoy the broadcast.

And thanks for telling me about the Kremlin boys being at the Chateau of Rambouillet about which I had not heard. I suppose we both are a little puzzled that nothing was said in the news media about where the Kremlin folks were housed. Perhaps they remained at the Embassy. It surely seems as though the Grand Trianon would have been mentioned if they had been housed there.

You mentioned the matter of the Madison County research. I just wrote "Avenue" rather than County, so accustomed I am to hearing Madison and Avenue used together. I think I shall have a few names of extensive land holders, emigres from the French Revolution, which I shall pass along as soon as they come to hand. I think we are fairly interesting in particulars about Albany, New York.



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The more I reflect on the letter from Natalie as reported by little Miss Lee, the more I find myself somewhat puzzled by the wheels and reels. I might say in passing that a couple of years back at Christmas time I received a white bedspread from Natalie's daughter's family. Of course I acknowledged it by letter but never did hear if the family received my gift. This year I sent along a little greeting of some kind at Christmas time but know not as yet if it was ever received. The same goes for both the senior and junior S. G.'s and the June Henry family. Everybody appears to be suffering from writer's cramp. Oh, yes, I intend to include the family from Crockett, Texas, too. It's all so very odd.

On Saturday just afternoon, I was quite surprised to glance out toward the front gallery from the vantage point of my desk and note the presence there of Motel, just back from Houston. He said he had a job on Monday morning following his Sunday arrival there. He had worked the week but had decided city life wasn't made for him and so had returned. For a country boy who doesn't read, the difficulties confronted in a busy metropolis can readily be imagined as formidable. He thought nothing of trying his hand at work in California last year but was obviously glad when he could return to his native heath.

I think the recent card from I. S. Willard mentioned she might be back in Hatchitoches on the 26th. Be that as it may, and although it's quite beyond me to imagine I. S. W. every being on time, let alone being ahead of time, still it must be admitted that she did indeed phone me from town this afternoon, having forgotten that she had likewise called me from the same place yesterday, announcing her arrival. Our conversation yesterday had been cut off and so today's was timely if not surprising.

She had lots to relate about her impressions of Washington and New York. In New York she visited quite a few places and seemed favorably impressed by some museum, -- Modern Museum of Art, or some such title, which she described as being situated at the junction of 59th Street and Broadway or thereabouts, on the south side of Columbus Circle. She said it contained some interesting exhibits, that the building is 9 stories in height with a nice restaurant on the floor with a fine view of Central Park. She also spoke of the restaurant at the Metropolitan Museum, to the left off the main floor.

As for Washington, she said people are still talking about how strange it seems that the White House continues to be unlighted at night. Her friend Nancy Horton, who has a house in Georgetown and she liked that. Ho, hum... I must get busy and wrap up a wedding gift for the nuptials of David Young's sister, scheduled for Saturday. And after that a cat nap before another day....

14676

14676

Monday, January 23rd, 1967.

Memorandum: The weather is partly cloudy and unseasonably warm in the upper 70's. If the thermometer maintains that level for a few days, the Chinese magnolias will be doffing their pussywillow caps one of these days. --silly flowers.

James called this morning at 10:15. He said that the broken windowpanes had been replaced in the Spanish settlement. When I asked him to be precise, he said that if I would give him the measurements, he would bring some down. I told him the measurements of three people who had tried to take the measurements had failed because of the oddity of the dimensions, something like 11 and 7 1/2 by 7 and some tiny fraction inches. I think the frames of the casements were turned out by some cabinet maker in the 1820's at a time when current measuring systems were not in use so that inches, half inches, quarter inches or whatever it didn't figure at all in the fashioning of the frames. So that contemporary measuring sticks could only hope to be approximate in dealing with this material which had to be precise. I told him I was going to remove one of the other panes and send it in to town to have it used as a sample to cut the other replacements broken last week. He asked if he might come for dinner and so arrived about 11.

Of course he had brought with him four windowpanes of large dimensions, together with a glass cutting instrument, putty and all the rest of the materials required. He said the company from which he procured the glass reported it was an inferior grade and probably couldn't stand cutting. The copy was right. Three of the glasses broke but the fourth one came through alright and so James set it in place and will return in a day or two with the other that is required to make the windows ship shape once more.

I welcomed the opportunity to examine several newspapers containing material I wanted to check on and at the same time I made the most of the opportunity to look into some proper names in some 18th century data. And this reminds me to remark upon my impressions of the Mitford book which I have read thus far up to 1700, the even of the War of the Spanish Succession. In these first three quarters of The Sun King I have found a great deal of excellent material that I should find difficult to gather together elsewhere. I rejoice about the availability of such particulars. There is no reason to suppose that the balance of the volume will not follow.



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the same pattern, offering information, especially regarding identity and thumbnail sketches of many of the people moving across the scene. I regret there is so little said about many segments of the reign which seem major outlines on which the material incorporated in the book should have been hung. Decorations without framework leaves one uncertain as to how it should all hang together but even so, every morsel of this decoration is important so far as it goes and one can seek the broader outlines elsewhere. One this is certain, there isn't much space given to accounts of the physical aspects of the settings in which so much of this superb drama of the 17th century is played out, --so little about chateaux and gardens, an absence of description of places like St. Germain, Meudon, Marly, Fontainebleau and so on. I assume Miss Mitford was acquainted with all these places she assumes the flowering of any age always fills the air. The flowering of the Renaissance of the 1400's and 1500's. The astonishing thing about the *Siècle de Louis XIV* is the fact that the inspiration, development and cultivation of so many aspects of civilization at the period should have depended so mightily on the master plans of a single master, emulated by so many of his courtiers. That one man should have wanted such things and should have had the strength and resources to bring them into being through the wisdom of selecting the right people to carry them into reality, --LeRoi, Mansard, LeBrun, Racine and Coysvot, Rigaud and all the rest, constitute the miracle of a point in the development of human society, it seems and while I rejoice la Mitford has given so many details about so much, I regret she omitted reference to so much, too. Few people, I suppose, are possessed of a sense of grandeur and of those few, much find it possible economically to create, vitalize and preserve the order of delights that seem to hold so much of the ingredients that in a limited way brings forth a tiny segment of heaven on earth. Louis XIV had it and while la Mitford has not given us a panorama of the scene, she has provided some rare vignettes suggesting glimpses that are stimulating.

An hour's interlude as between this paragraph and the above. Mrs. Chopin called to ask for some advice on some matters pertaining to some Press Association matters confronting her at the moment. I believe the annual convention of the Association meets in May and some planning in advance is required.

When I tuned in on the news earlier this evening, I bumped right into David Snell broadcasting from Southeast Asia. He continues as one of the Senior Editors of Life but does spend quite a bit of time in the field rather than in Rockefeller Center it would seem.

And now I must attend to a few chores, sample a piece of pumpkin pie James brought and then call it a day. May I silence you a wedge of pumpkin pie.....

14678

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Tuesday, January 24th, 1967.

Memorandum: The weather was Fair to vaguely cloudy and continued mild in the 70's.

I. S. Willard called me today. We spoke of two or three topics which, for me, were completely "Alice au pays des merveilles" so far as comprehending anything having to do about how she assembled her data for her 1964 income tax returns as compared and contrasted with those of 1965 and how she thought she was going to explain her 1966 ones. I must say, however, that while I understood nothing that was being gone into in such detail, I found the recitation mildly diverting much as one observes a sheet of paper in a telephone booth covered with endless doodlings.

Before the conversation terminated, however, I did get one thing straight, I think, and that had to do with David Snell and the broadcasts from Southeast Asia during the past year, the latest one of which I heard quite by chance last night. It seems that there are, not one, but three David Snells active in the news media. One David Snell is the son of Ada Jack Carver Snell who is a senior editor of Life magazine. Then there is a second David Snell who is prominent in public relations and on radio on the West Coast. Then there is a third David Snell and he is a special features broadcaster for the American Broadcasting Company and it is this third David Snell I have been hearing from beyond the Pacific during the past year.

There are three different individuals named David Snell. Off hand it would seem to me that it would be better for all concerned if in the case of Edward R. Murrow, each of the David Snells introduced an initial either before or after their first name. I'm certainly glad that as of the moment, at least, we have only one and not three Barry Goldwaters, for example.

At this advanced date in January, I finally got around today to add up the figures for the 1966 rainfall in this area. It totaled about sixty-two inches. "About" doesn't sound like anything very precise as indeed the "about 62 inches" isn't. The fact is that two instruments for measuring the rainfall on the plantation are not together and



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frequently there are greater or lesser amount of rain registered on instruments in their respective locations. For 1966, one gauge measured 62 inches, the other 63. I suppose one would have to have a half hundred measuring devices on a single plantation if one wanted to approximate the mean measure of the entire area. I heard on the radio the other day that Shreveport, still in a drought cycle that has lasted for some years, received twelve inches less rain in 1966 than in the previous year. It seems to me 34 inches as mentioned as last year's total. In speaking of the Gulf States area, it's no wonder some people opine that on reaching Shreveport, it seems as though one has already started invading Texas.

There seems to be some general talk about operations of "orthwestern", especially the heavy hand of political bosses fiddling with certain administrative and teaching phases of the college under the new Presidency of Arnold Kilpatrick or whatever his name is. The brother, I guess it is, of the Kilpatrick was a heavy contributor to the McKeithin forces when the last gubernatorial race was run and won by McKeithin. Apparently political debts are being paid by McKeithin in various ways, not the least of which is the replacement of Ed Kyser by Kilpatrick as a general pushing about and in some cases pushing out of heads of departments. I just tore the margin, as may be noted here. I learned a day or two ago that the head of the English Department has been advised he may retain his job as an instructor but that he will no longer be head of the department, representing, of course, a loss of prestige. I shall be more about such doings when and if I have a chance to converse with Natalie. I don't know where her high enough, I assume, to give her a pretty good view of what may be going on in the wake-up. I must admit I don't know how educational matters are handled in other States but I cannot believe that all of them are so gummed up with politics as in the Pelican State. One thing is certain, --I hope they aren't. I am enclosing a letter for two of no interest which you may feel you can drop into the trash basket without having missed anything, should you chanced to be pressed for time at the moment. Tonight's radio reported temperature of 68 today in Lyme. I'm glad little Miss Lee may thus sample this foretaste of Spring.....

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Memorandum: Wednesday, January 25th, 1967.

Clear to partly cloudy and continued warm in the 70's. Carmen remarked on the 'phone today that the big thermometer at the shopping center in town stood at 80 yesterday.

Love Hankins who accompanies the merchant-planter on his trips was here for dinner today. He tells me that Australia is off the impending agenda. It seems that one later plans for extended trips frequently so one is never quite sure where the next port of call may be. As of the moment, however, the itinerary seems to point to a flight to the West Coast, --Los Angeles, --on February 14th, when on the following day, one will drive up the coast road to San Francisco. From there one will proceed by air to New York. A plane will then be taken direct to Athens. Why it should be to Greece, I haven't the slightest idea since none of the travelers, so far as I know, are the slightest bit interested in that neighborhood. From Greece one flies to Cairo and thence southward to Johannesburg or some such place. After that, one takes a plane to Zurich and thence back home, --29 days being involved.

It's interesting that over the 9 o'clock coffee none of all this has been mentioned. Of course it is no secret but in a way it does seem odd it has never been referred to, the primary reason being, I assume, that the lady probably hasn't the slightest interest in all this traveling except as it offers an opportunity to be on the go. While I think of it, I put the current issue of The Hatchet Democrat -- Pilgrimage issue, --in the post this morning. I think you may have a copy of this item dating from some years back. Sometimes they add articles about one bellum homes and sometimes they subtract them from this issue. I rolled it the long rather than the short way as it had come to me in that manner. Should you find it cumbersome to handle or unhandy to manage comfortably, you will feel free to chuck it in a trash can without bothering to take it home since it probably hasn't anything especially new in it. This is the issue popularly termed the "Pink Papers" because of the color of the paper on which it is printed. I think I shall knock off a column about this newspaper shortly so it may appear in print about the time this year's Pilgrimage starts, --March 4th, --on the theory that some readers of Plantation Memo may be glad to



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Memorandum : Wednesday, January 25th, 1967.

learn of its availability. If I knock off the article prior to Pilgrimage, the knowledge of its existence may impell some visitors to the Blue City to pick up a copy or even to order copies for out of town friends who may be interested in the Hatcher area.

I. S. Willard called me this noon. She wanted to report that that book--I think she had mentioned it before--which she had ordered sent to me at Hatchitoches before Christmas, I--I never understood about sending it, having sent to me in Hatchitoches, I had just arrived. She hastened on to say that "that map.....errrrr....I mean that book.....errrrrrr....or may be it is a map.....well, anyway, it is here and I shall be mailing it to you.....errrrrrr....or maybe bringing it down one of these days.....errrrrrrrr....or anyway get to you shortly".

She hastened on to say she had seen it advertised some time before and had ordered it right away and couldn't understand why it hadn't arrived before, etc., etc., etc. That is all I know about the item and what it can possibly be, -- book or map, -- and dealing with what subject, I haven't the slightest notion.

In the best of well regulated weddings, the preparations by the general law of averages are bound to get mixed up once in a while, I suppose. The Crawford Youngs of Campti, La., have issued invitations for their daughter's wedding this coming Saturday afternoon at 5. My neighbors across the fence have known the Youngs for years and I have known them only slightly. But when the invitations went forth, I received one to the wedding the more intimate friends across the fence received an invitation to the reception following the nuptials, -- obviously an error. This morning over the demi-tasses, Celeste asked me if I planned attending the wedding. I did not. Then she asked me if I didn't want to go with her and J. H. to the reception immediately after the knot had been tied. I did not. If I haven't already thrown away my invitation, I might hunt it up and hand it to mine hostess on the morrow so she may find herself "within the ribbons", come Saturday, if she wishes.

The moon is nearly full tonight and, what with the sky being wonderfully clear, it's almost as light as day at this hour. I'm going to take a turn in the Ghana garden. I need nothing to stimulate my appetite but a brisk walk will add zest to the anticipation of a go at some pudding and a glass of milk.....

1483

Thursday, January 26th, 1967.

Memorandum: I was out until noon when the predicted drop in temperature arrived, pulling the mercury down into the lower 40's. A flash shower dumped three quarters of an inch of rain in about 10 minutes. Tonight the full moon is wading through big old clouds as the sky struggles to sweep away the bunting to keep pace with the prognostication for fair skies and colder weather tonight and tomorrow. At 5 p.m. the Weather Bureau said a brisk wind had just passed over Monroe breaking branches and was heading slap in the direction of Hatcher. Well, Hatcher has had bigger winds in the past and what is more, car count on at least a month for cleaning up debris before the Pilgrimage crowds begin to roll on March 4th.

At 12:40 this noon, James bailed just as I had turned off the radio which was making such a racket from static I couldn't make out a word. The weather looked rough outside but when I asked James how things looked in town, he said the cold front had already passed. He said he would like to come down if I did not expect pilgrims. I certainly didn't.

And so he appeared in half an hour bearing with him some new windowpanes. He deftly set in the one that had still been missing from the casement in my boudoir, putting it as casually and skillfully as any expert glazier.

He said he drives to Shreveport tomorrow where Kay arrives by plane at 3 o'clock. Apparently there were lots of house guests on the plantation during the holidays -- to such a point, in fact, that all the servants quit. At present Aunt Willie is in a nursing home in Charleston. Across the street from the institution is an apartment house where an apartment has been taken, sufficient in layout as to be able to accommodate not only Mrs. Crabtree at the close of day when she retires for the day but also for members of the family such as Kay and any others who might be in South Carolina. He said Kay would have to be flying back and forth between Hatcherches and Charleston frequently to look in on Aunt Willie. Kay said further



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1967, Jan 27, Friday

that whenever Aunt "illie no longer needs Mrs. Crabtree's attention, such as in case of death, Kay herself will arrange to have Mrs. Crabtree with her. One assumes that this might mean Mrs. Crabtree would be general housekeeper at 1226 Williams.

Last night at the college on the hill, the graduation exercises were held for those receiving diplomas during mid term. Everything reportedly went off nicely, but a ripple of resentment is sweeping across a portion of the college and swirling through Hatchitoches because the Kyers were not invited to be present. Although John is spending his last year as President of Northwestern as "on leave", he nevertheless is still President and Arnold Kilpatrick, succeeding him, will continue being Acting President until next summer. It is said Mr. Kilpatrick for some time has been dropping the "Acting" part of his official title of Acting President. It goes without saying, of course, that as a matter of course and of simple courtesy, the Kyers should have been invited to assist in last night's festivities but they weren't. And thus we are offered the spectacle of what happens socially when an educator of merit is replaced by the son of a politician. One of John's primary purposes while administering his office was to staff the college with as excellent teachers as could be found because John is an educated man and believes in providing the students with the best teachers obtainable anywhere. Mr. Kilpatrick, however, hold to his chief claim to distinction, the fact that he was holding a place as an athletic coach until through family political contributions to the McKeithin campaign, plums had to be handed out and the athletic coach got himself named President of the college and at least one other coach working hand in glove with Kilpatrick, got himself elevated to the job of Dean of Administrators of the college, whatever that means. And so the former coaches take over and John's brush aside into the discard.

Notice with this week's issue of Life, the price per copy of that publication has gone up to fifty cents. Lucky are those like Miss Lee whose foresight in entering subscriptions are in advance will be receiving the issue at the former more favored rate. And now for another dab of date pudding and cream, followed by some beard folding.....

14684

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Friday, January 27th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fainish and airish. Under clear skies, the thermometer dropped into the low 30's last night. A cold breeze blew all day keeping the sunshine down to a purely decorative element without any warmth. Tonight the mercury will sag into the 20's, it is said, and I can readily believe it.

It was grand finding a letter from Lyme, as of Wednesday, the 25th, in today's post. And so Lyme has had its heat wave, too. I hope the snow that has descended on Chicago to the tune of 21 inches in the last 24 hours has swept up the St. Lawrence River and out to sea, thereby avoiding little Miss Lee's neighborhood.

I'm so glad to have vignettes of life as it unfolds in little Miss Lee's neighborhood and news from across the water. It is good to know that auntie has had the holiday contacts with the immediate members of her family as on December 23rd and 24th and the subsequent visit to the cousin further eastward. I am holding the thought the latter outing has provided her with a heap of distractions to enliven her interests during the past month. As for the absence of greetings from that quarter, it will be nice if you will not mention the matter so far as Leston is concerned for I am quite sure she will resume her quill when circumstances are more favorable.

I am so appreciative of your kindness in advising me regarding her interest in books and the type of literature in which she has been indulging of late. I have long wondered about the possible American contacts and availability of the printed word at American libraries in that section of the country. I hope she finds both the human and the printed contacts are available to her as I should imagine both might be helpful in providing diversion in the established pattern of her existence.

And speaking of literary matters, may I say how much I appreciate the several items you mentioned and clipped on my behalf. Franklin and the Ladies of Paris ought to provide quite a framework on which many an entertaining portrait might be hung.

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14685

Trident, January 27th, 1967.

One hears much talk about travel these days, so many people making plans to head out in various directions. Mrs. Vernon Cloutier on, if one prefers, Madam Beaufort, is preparing to take off for the Far East but as the Far East seems to cover quite a lot of territory, there is no telling where she may have in mind to flit. I have no doubt Japan is on her agenda, specialist that she is in Oriental flower arrangements.

Love Hankins was here for supper tonight and lingered at table with me, talking about the impending African jaunt he is to take with the merchant-planter and Celeste. He asked me if Celeste seemed very enthusiastic about the trip. I said I had not heard her mention it. Love says that after the Los Angeles - San Francisco journey, flight will be directly from the Golden Gate to Manhattan where planes will be changed and the trip will go forward non-stop to Athens for one day, Cairo for two days and thence down through Rhodesia and thence back to Rome and Zurich and from there to New York non-stop, spending one day in Manhattan and thence home. Love said that in their trip around the world one of the places he thought he would like to visit again is Jerusalem which, like all the other stops they made, was done with such speed that as for himself, he scarcely knew where he had been before they were taking off again. As one ponders as to the reasons for all this mad chasing about, one is bound to end up confronted by a single, inexplicable word: Why.

In spite of the spanking breeze, we got quite a flock of orpene myrtles trimmed today and shall a tack a few dozen more tomorrow morning. I gathered some pretty camellias this afternoon to get ahead of Jack Frost's visitation tonight. There were some grand daffodills that looked too delicate to withstand a hard freeze and so I plucked them, too, and they are bobbing their golden chancies sedately here on the desk before me. There were a few delicate shrubs that got well draped before sunset and will escape the chill, I trust. The weekend is promised for a warming trend and the orange colored Kwakwatz will add a proper note if they don't fall off onto the ground from the freeze. So things turn, my weekend the happier thanks to the arrival of the message from Lyme.....

14686

**Sunday, January 29, 1967.**

A weekend of perfection weatherwise, --all clear skies with the thermometer ranging from the 40's to the 60's.

Telephone messages sometimes strike me as being quite like nothing else I can think of for telling a little of something and a lot of nothing.

A case in point suffices to illustrate. I passed by the store on Saturday afternoon about 4:30 when J. H. catching sight of me, waved me down to say that Mrs. Arnold Kilpatrick, wife of the new Northwestern President, had just called the office, asking if she could make an appointment with me for Tuesday afternoon when she would like to consult with me about doing the landscaping of the Madame Aubin Roque house site in Matchitoches which I have been delegated to do. J. H. said he had told her that he would pass the message along to me and if the hour were not convenient for me, I would advise her.

So much for the message which I accepted as delivered to me without asking any questions. The fact is that the house in question still stands down here in the country, so far as I have heard, --and I haven't heard anything, the City Fathers haven't decided as yet which site it will occupy, either on the margin of Cane River in the center of town on the level below the street or somewhere on the southern edge of town near the site of the fort about the restoration of which there has been so much talk.

As Mrs. Kilpatrick is said to know nothing about either site and, so far as I know, has nothing to say about determining where the old house will finally land, I cannot imagine who she should be wanting to communicate with me about undertaking the landscaping of the place. My guess is that she probably has found herself on some committee about to undertake some publicity concerning the removal of the old house from its present rural setting to some unspecified spot in town and therefore wants to talk with me about

the thought that a glorious weekend in Lyme...



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some data needed in preparing such publicity. Well, by Tuesday we shall perhaps learn what the message intended conveying a chance to bounce in on me at the same time La Kilpatrick arrives since the wife of the new President or Acting President is a bird of a different feather when lined up along side the wife of the old President whose tenure of office doesn't play out until summer.

At a quarter before 12 o'clock last night, the poultry cats called a meeting under the east end of Yucca. The aroma filtered into that section of the house, impelling me to arise from my downy pillow and retire into the living room after opening the windows and doors in the bathroom and boudoir. As a couple of nuns passing this way discovered this morning, the aroma still lingered on in the chapel, but by this afternoon the scent had pretty well vanished from the bath and boudoir. I must make a note to speak

to my furred neighbors about arranging their conventions at high noon rather than midnight, a time that should be equally convenient for them, and well calculated to discourage pilgrims

At dinner time I noted that some of the family and guests had said my absence was noted by some of the family and guests but as for myself, I didn't even think about the festivities when the magical hour arrived and I found myself engrossed in preparations for folding up the weekend.

I. S. Willard just called. She wanted me to ask her the name of some chateau I should like to have her read to me about from the book she had on the subject. I said I thought something about Meudon would be nice but the only reference she could find to Meudon was the Rodin Museum and nothing about the vanished home of the Grand Dauphin. I tried Louveciennes but that got us no where. Then we tried St. Cloud but that didn't get us any further and so, before she knew it, she was telling me about a wedding she attended at some place

in the opposite direction from Campiti and only yesterday afternoon. We returned the the aforementioned volume and I thought up a couple of other names but before she had traced down those, she remembered something about old hatchitoches that she had been intending to relate but before she had finished with that, somebody was ringing her doorbell and that was that.

And now I'm going to take a little turn in the Ghana garden before the moon rises for the stars are unusually bright tonight and besides, the two black cats seem anxious to take a little exercise before folding up their beards. I hold the thought it was a glorious weekend in Lyme....

14688

14688

Monday, January 30th, 1967.

# Memorandum:

The nicest thing about today was the arrival of the post bringing your dandy note of Friday, the 27th, together with some clippings I know I am going to relish.

In the midst of starting to read the Kennedy one, there was an abrupt interruption that carried away the secretary to attend some member of the family, just fished out of the river who, although considerably "water-logged", was nevertheless still alive and kicking but ruinous so far as the balance of my mail and clippings were concerned. I hold the thought that things may get quieted down again before I have finished this memo so that I may remark upon the contents of the clippings but if not tonight, they'll be returned to same on the morrow.

There seems to be quite a lot of stirring around and about the Madame Aubin Roque enterprise. The project is being sponsored by Museum Contents whose membership includes none other than Studie Lawton, a great one for civic planting. But Museum Contents has appointed one of the town Garden Clubs to handle the maintenance of the Aubin Roque garden, if and when there is one. Then, to get things nice and murky, the Garden Club has appointed Mrs. Arnold Kilpatrick chairman of the garden part of the thing. And then just to deepen the doings a little more, I have been asked to supervise the landscaping which, as one can see easily enough, is probably going to find Studie trying to lock horns with me right in the middle of the garden. But that is not coming to pass since I shall have it thoroughly understood before taking the first step that either Studie or I will undertake the laying out of the gardens and that will be that.

There is a minor ripple that is rather amusing and that has to do with the painting I. S. Willard made of the Madame Aubin Roque garden 30 or 35 years ago when it was at its prettiest. The picture was framed and placed at Melrose at the time. In 1948 the picture along with so many other things, was thrown out as trash. I rescued it and preserved it until I. S. Willard who had forgotten about its existence, was ready to make an exhibit of her Cane River paintings, an excellent undertaking that hasn't as yet and probably never will come off. In any event, I consigned the picture to her as seemed just to me. Then, after a while, when it was decided to move the former house to town, I asked for a photograph of the Willard painting and although some effort has been made by an excellent photographer to secure the



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likeness for me, I. S. Willard hasn't found it possible to let a picture of her painting be made. And so the things spin and there will be more on this subject forthcoming on the morrow, I suppose.

Kay called me tonight. She told me lots about Aunt Willie and her general condition which Kay thinks is rather weaker than in December. But she is comfortable house in the Halreston Nursing Home with three nurses to look after her needs and Mrs. Crabtree occupying an apartment across the street so she can join the three nurses on the one nurse during the hour vigil whenever she pleases. Apparently Aunt Willie gets about but leans for support on the stronger arms of her nurses. Kay wants me to come to town to have supper one of these nights before she returns to Charleston in 2 or 3 weeks,-- if not before.

My secretary has just returned. We did not discover the clipping about Versailles although the Kennedy ones are intact. Should you chance to recall the particulars about the discovery of something at Versailles, I should welcome hearing about it if you chance to recall. And while on home ground,--Versailles,--I am reminded of a pretty illustration in La Mitford's The Sun King,--sort of toward the end of the book, showing an interior,--a sort of Galerie des Glaces, which is incorporated in what today is the Banque de France but which in the time of Quatorze, I believe, was the town house of the Comte de Toulouse. If you stand in front of the Opera, looking down the Avenue de l'Opera toward the Louvre, on the Palais Royal, the Banque de France is in a maze of streets off to one side. I assume this old mansion was probably built around 1680 but, oddly enough, I don't seem to remember anything about it except its appearance, that is to say, nothing about its beginnings. My guess is that it is really worth knowing something about as an historical heirloom of 17th century architecture in the grand manner. My day has been a busy one, most of it spent digging in the rich earth, trying to put back into some sort of order all the disorder occasioned when during last night a number of hogs belonging to Cousin Lug,--a few houses down the road and an equal number of hogs belonging to her son, Bookie, living up near Fugabou's, the hogs having spend the night in the gardens, rooting up everything that was rootable and something that weren't. My guess is they destroyed about a thousand dollars worth of bulbs and the Lord knows how many exotic bushes and small trees. One thing is certain, I shall have some difficulty in summoning up enough weariness on the physical side to fall asleep. But first I must round up a "petit four" or two and a glass of milk before folding.

14690

14690

Tuesday, January 31st, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair to partly cloudy in the 70's. It was an unexpected event when Sister blew in at first dark. It is said she will remain for several days.

Mrs. Kilpatrick and a Mrs. Stephens, the latter's husband having something to do with Agriculture, kept their appointment promptly for this afternoon's session. They remained for a couple of hours. Mrs. Kilpatrick was gathering floral data to be used eventually for planting the new site of the Madame Aubin-Roque house. Inasmuch as the site has not as yet been determined, no plans can be formulated for landscaping it. I guess some organization thought it a good idea to get the names of plants figuring in the original gardens so they may be referred to at such future time as the old house may indeed find its way to town. Under interruption. Carmen just 'phoned to say that she had just received a call from Mrs. Kilpatrick. Carmen said the lady had called her to tell her what a fascinating afternoon she had had with Leston and that she wanted to return for another round. It seems Mrs. Kilpatrick was born in Montgomery, Louisiana, which, I guess, is in Natchitoches Parish but I am under the impression she has successfully eluded the development of any interest in this area. I believe she is a Baptist of the somewhat restricted type, does not believe in the use of wine but whether she is a "dancing Baptist" or not, I wouldn't know, but assume she is not.

But she was pleasant enough and if she liked her little sortie into the countryside perhaps she will eventually re-act favorably to the neighborhood regardless.

Thelma called me between 7 and 8 this morning. She had a lot of things she wanted to chat about including her intention as of to step down as President of the Hysterical Ladies at the time of their annual luncheon which is this coming Saturday. She and John are going to South Louisiana,--Houma,--next week



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to give some attention to her old urban home down yonder, --  
an ante bellum town house. After a week or two there, John wants to  
do some research in New Orleans and perhaps they will run over to  
Florida to spend a few days with Thelma's brother somewhere in  
the Jacksonville area. My guess is that they both are anxious  
to take time out to grab off a little more rest following their  
round the world whiz as between October and December.

I. S. Willard called me when the Kilpatrick - Stephens  
ladies were approaching. She reported that she had found some  
reference to the Bank of France building, built in 1610 by Francois  
Mansart, -- the final letter, t, sounded strange since one is so  
accustomed to the final letter in that name being d. She said it  
was known as the Hotel de Brilliére, was given a going over during  
the Consulate, -- whenever that was, -- perhaps around 1800  
and now houses offices having to do with official bank business.  
I believe this is the former home of the Comte de Toulouse, that  
is to say, his town house in the 17th cent. It's strange I don't  
recall the names of any of his country places although Rambouillet  
may have been one of them during the reign of Quatorze. Unless  
memory is playing tricks on me, Toulouse, son of Quatorze, was the  
same Toulouse who was the father of the duo de Penthièvre who was  
the father in turn of the Prince de Lamballe whose wife, a princess  
de Savoy, was the ill-fated friend of Marie Antoinette. The next  
time one finds one's self in Ile de France, it would be pleasant  
to take time out to devote a few days exclusively to the town and  
country residences of some of these people, being guided more or  
less by the same concentration on the residences of a single person,  
as in the manner of a "Weekend with Madame de Pompadour" thus  
gaining some notion as to the geographic and residential places  
to and from which in his time the particular individual moved.

As you may have noticed from the margin, this machine  
is misbehaving again. I must see about having a new roller  
installed on the old Royal.

And now I must attend to a few little chores neglected during  
the daylight hours and then round up some other little matters  
before another dawn breaks and the merry-go-round of dog  
mistress gets under way.....

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14692

Wednesday, February 1st, 1967.

Memorandum: Fairly to partly cloudy and 70. James called tonight just as  
Chet Huntley was starting to say that Barry Goldwater is complaining about  
D. vid Brinkley and Eric Severain. I certainly wanted to hear what that was all about but, of course, did not. One of the things that made a profound impression on me when Mr. Goldwater was delivering his acceptance speech in San Francisco at the time of his nomination was the pot shots he took on that and on subsequent occasions, -- shots he took at the whole press media. At the time, it struck me that if ever a man needed all the assistance he could get from the news media, it would be at just that moment when he was starting on on a Presidential campaign. Perhaps Mr. Goldwater thought he didn't need the press but obviously subsequent events proved him in error. That he is again harping on a couple of eminent commentators is suggestive that Mr. Goldwater still hasn't learned about the press.

James said Kay had gone over for a little chat with S. Willard. As Kay lives at 406 Williams and I. S. W. at 612, they really aren't too far apart when at home but I believe this is the first time they have seen each other since Kay's return last Friday or when ever it was.

James had been reading an article in some man's magazine about an American Admiral who had retired following World War 2, making his home in Hawaii where for the past couple of decades he has been mulling over in his mind the book he is going to write some day about the big plot on the part of F.D. R. to let the Japanese wreck the American fleet at Pearl Harbor. James figures that if Admirals don't retire before the age of 65 and if this particular one will take care not to rush into his revelation but spend another 25 years on making his notes, he ought to be all set to tell all by the time he reaches 100.

Last night Mrs. Wilker and son, Kenneth, had Hampton Carver to their apartment for dinner. I believe Mrs.



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Wednesday, February 1st, 1967

Walker and Hampton plan to take a course in literature this semester as they did last semester. They study sometimes together which is probably good for them both since they are both so different in personalities and yet each is so keen in the mechanics of literature. Another graduate student whom I have met only once got my phone number from Mrs. Walker the other day and called to ask if she and Hampton might come down to see me, explaining that Hampton wanted to chat with me on some literary matter or other but felt he had neglected writing me for so long that he was hesitant about calling, fearing I might be offended. I laughed and said Hampton ought to know me well enough to sense that I don't care who honors me with a visitation just so long as the person isn't tiresome and I could never think of Hampton as likely to fall into that category. It seems to be the general feeling among Hampton's friends that he cannot make up his mind what he wants to do, once his college days are over. I think lots of people in school days feel the same way. From what I hear from Mrs. Walker, she continues making plans to move to Porto Rico to teach in an Episcopal college there as soon as she gets her son through his high school and headed out for college. My guess is that Mrs. Walker, even as Hampton, simply can't make up her mind what she really wants to do. In Hampton's case, he will eventually end up doing something and will probably end up by being fairly contented. As for Mrs. Walker, however, I have a feeling that she will probably forever be running away from where ever she happens to find herself and probably Puerto Rico will be just as fine a place as any other toward which one might run in anticipation of satisfaction being where ever the place is until having arrived at the spot, some other place will sooner or later loom as an even more desirable place and on and on and on. I didn't see the peacocks until late this afternoon. Where they spent the morning and afternoon, I have no idea except that I am quite sure they were trying to keep away from Sister's dog as they did last time. There were a few pieces of mail this morning but nothing that looked very promising and, of course, as is always the case, the secretaries simply vanish into thin air.

14694

14694

Thursday, February 2nd, 1967.

Memorandum: I have not yet had time to write you but I am sure you will be interested in what I have seen and heard today. Three quarters of an inch of rain between 3 and 10 this morning was followed by a day of cloudiness in which the ground hog never got a glimpse of his shadow, not at this end of the river anyhow. Perhaps this means that in another six weeks Spring will start making up her mind. The thermometer is around 40 but we are promised blue skies and warmer temperatures on the morrow. I never stopped to think about the matter before but today I found myself wondering if there are many other species of animals other than the ground hog and the bear that fold up their beads at the approach of winter and enjoy a nice long nap until Spring rolls around. Off hand I don't seem to think of any others in the animal world although I suppose there are several members in the reptile section who do. Today's in-coming mail was fairly heavy and what with yesterday's mail still unopened, I ought to have quite a few letters to answer as soon as peace returns and secrets come up for air. I don't see any envelopes that look particularly promising and so I hold the thought that there isn't anything in particular demanding immediate attention. In tonight's Morgan Beatty newspaper, something was said about a tempest in a teapot at a White House dinner recently, perhaps last night. At one table, according to the report, there were gentlemen, perhaps one of them being the Secretary of the Interior, and two ladies, one of them Joan Crawford and the other Mrs. William O. Douglas. From the account of the doings, Miss Crawford caused something of a ripple in taking a pass at Mrs. Douglas. The Executive Mansion is not a place, it seems to me, where any lady wilfully causes a ripple. Whatever, --if, indeed, anything took place, it seems to me the news media would be well advised to omit reference to it. Good manners constitute one element in society and especially so in high places that should not always be encouraged and bad manners should never be publicized when occurring at the executive center of things, it seems to me.



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Today I heard an echo of the broken plantation bell, --the one about which a column was devoted a few months back. A phone call came through today, advising me that something had been done, --welding, I suppose, of course that puts the three pieces back together again. Of course the tone is lost forever or at least until such a time as the bell may be melted down and re-cast. But in the meantime, all the pieces are joined together and the original shape is restored. The point in the phone call to me revolved around what best should be done about it by way of making it available to inspect by those interested in such souvenirs of a vanished age. Some thought had been given to the best means of hanging it which, of course, involved quite a problem since the bell is very heavy and the broken parts include the crown from which it formerly swung. My suggestion was that since the bell cannot be rung again anyway, it would not be necessary to suspend it but rather to construct a suitable base on which it might stand, constructing the platform or stand so that it would bring the bell up to about the level of the eye so it could be readily inspected. As for the place where it should be placed on its circular base, it seemed to me it would perhaps be best to have it stand where formerly the pole had been situated, --the big cedar tree with its two branches, the whole framework, --trunk of the tree and its two branches, forming a gigantic shaped Y on the top of which a horizontal pole had been placed, the bell itself formerly having been suspended from that pole allowing the bell itself to swing in the space formed by the upper section of the big Y. I shall run down to the plantation one of these days to see about all this and to point out to the owner and the overseer a big big cedar tree growing nearby that would serve as a duplicate of the one that was broken when the whole thing was pulled down and smashed in the doings last autumn.

I had a call from Mrs. Walker this afternoon, asking the zip number of this address, -- 71452. Why she wanted the zip code, I did not know and, of course, did not inquire. She called back this evening to say she had mailed an order for a birthday gift for me from Merborot Books and could not think why she had ordered it sent direct to me instead of to herself so she might forward the gift at the proper time. I couldn't imagine why either or why the zip code had to accompany the order. Things are odd sometimes but one is better advised not to inquire into them. And so runs the day and may the ground hog be sleeping peacefully.....

14696

14696

Friday, February 3rd, 1967.

Memorandum:

Cloudy in the 40's. If the ground hog came back out to see if he had made a mistake yesterday in missing his shadow, he certainly didn't make up for lost time and has no reason to waste any more time sleeping before la Primavera puts in her appearance.

It was a busy day in the garden and just chilly enough to encourage one to keep on the jump. August, Ezra and Fugabou concentrated on trimming the crepe myrtles and hauling out the limbs. Clement and Morel found plenty to keep them busy, bringing in truck loads of rich soil from some place back toward Little River and building up the pathways between the front gate and the side gates, especially beneath the old magnolia tree where water has been tending to form canals after recent rains. A few truck loads of gravel on top of the truck loads of dirt raised the ground level nicely and after the next rain has demonstrated where low places may remain, those spots can be filled in easily enough by digging shallow trenches on the outside of the borders of giant's beard, throwing the dirt into the pathways flanked by the borders and thus build up elevations to make boots less necessary when dampness descends.

This noon Sister drove down to Alexandria to see Blythe Rand. She took the darhund with her which gave me an opportunity to turn out the guineas for a bit of sampling of tender green grass but guineas are silly and spent most of their time on a frolic, running in and out of their wire enclosure and coming around where I was trying to do some out of door projects, forever flying up and trying to land on my head or shoulders, playful but worrisome, what with their sharp claws caring scratches on one's skin as they lash out their legs to make sure of ample landing facilities. They are so accustomed to associating food hand-outs whenever they see me that they obviously believe that all they have to do is to fly up to announce their presence and cracked corn will begin sifting down for their delectation which seems to be more to their liking than having to bother about scratching around for greens although the latter are plentiful enough, now that the surge of Spring is beginning to come forth with abandon, especially clover, wild carrot and so on.



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14697

Regarding her call on Blythe, Sister reports that she found her looking rather frail but says she plays cards until 11 o'clock at night and has recently taken some kind of a driving test showing she is capable at 76. In the opinion of some people, Blythe was never famous for her skill in driving but, apparently, like T. S. Willard, she doesn't need to be an expert in that field since she has been endowed with a guardian angel who looks after her whenever she takes the wheel.

Mrs. Walker called last night to read me a chapter in The Sun King. In the text there was some mention of Marechal Villars, his successes in the field in the latter part of the War of the Spanish Succession and the Quatorze gesture of appreciation which, it seems, included Vaux-le-Vicomte, which at the time, according to La Mitford, was styled Vaux Villars. It was also said that Voltaire was a guest of le Marechal a t the time Voltaire was compiling material for his Siecle de Louis Quatorze. I don't recall ever having read anything from Voltaire's pen that gave an account of any of the 17th and 18th century buildings he frequented. Unless he may have written letters to one person or another from Vaux at the time, it is probable he never had much to say about the place although he may have done so in his Siecle de

Quatorze since it is at that place that the king usually in most of the biographies seems to emerge as a distinct personality.

Mrs. Walker says she is going to Alexandria for the weekend, planning to appear in some discussion at a meeting of the Louisiana Press Association there on Saturday.

Mrs. Chopin called tonight, too. She said Frances Phelps, --remember her, --wanted her to go to the movies with her to see the Living Stone story of Michel Ange.

And so we head into the first weekend in February and I hold the thought there soon may be a hint of Spring at Lyme...

14698

14698

Sunday, February 5th, 1967.

Memorandum:  
Fair skies with thermometer in the 40 - 60 range.  
The bulb flowers are bubbling.

The nicest thing about Saturday was the post bringing the Lyme letter and clippings as of Thursday last past. It is so good to have so many vignettes on so many varied scenes and I feel the happier for all the spacious views they provided sorry to learn about the distemper that has been making its round in the Lyme area. I trust by now the patient is easing back on the way to improvement.

I hope, too, that the grandchildren are not exposed to the germ and that everyone coming into close range may ward off the bug. I somehow had luck in eradicating my cold, having leaned heavily on some patent medicine pills James brought me against such a contingency well before the visitation. I worked until midnight Friday and awoke rather tired Saturday morning, mostly due to the exertions of Friday in the chilly dampness and breeze. But I immediately took another cold tablet and I believe that knocked out the greater force of the affliction.

It is good to have an account of how things in the world of business turn. I shall be holding the thought that the perfect secretary's work may not be too arduous and that fancy footwork midtown may be negotiated readily without too much need for circumspection.

It is good to have news as to how things turn at Auntie's house, too, and how communications with the outside world jog along. What everybody hopes, of course, is that she may become so busy in local interests that she may honestly not be able to find time to keep abreast with correspondence and that will mean that the difficulties of a year ago may have been pretty well solved as she begins concentrating on matters outside her immediate self.

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823M1

14699

I was so glad to have the clipping about the bath tub in the Quatorze manner and the mention of the bidet. While I think of it, too, I want to say that in regard to the other Versailles clipping which I mention as not having discovered in the letter earlier in the week, it did indeed come to hand, much to the excitement of my curiosity as to the contents and the whetting of my appetite for additional particulars. The reverse side of the clipping chanced to be rather dark, perhaps an extra wide bit of printer's ink of an advertisement and as it was removed from the envelope while I was sitting at my desk, it had somehow fallen between the row of typewriter keys and being dark, eluded the sharp eyes of my secretary. That was the one about the junk dealer at Versailles who had found the roll of gold coins and the ingot of gold in the old automobile tire, such an unlikely place. What I am curious to know and regret the dispatch did not mention was the date of the coins, certainly pre-Revolutionary since few if any gold coins were probably minted for general circulation after that date.

Saturday morning's breakfast opened unpromisingly what with Sister announcing that Blythe had made her sick to her stomach during Friday's visitation down there. As the return to Shreveport had been announced for Friday and then, as usual, indisposition was trotted out as usual for further delaying the departure and automatically visions arose of a prolonged and unpleasant Saturday and Sunday. About 10 o'clock in the morning, however, as I learned at noon, she went to the store, got mad at J. H. because he was listening to Joe, recently returned from Washington, and so, as has happened before, thought she would show all of us how she could pay us back by denying the pleasure of her company and so jumped into her car and headed out for home. She declared on leaving she wouldn't be back for at least a month but whether that can be counted on or not remains to be seen.

On learning things had quieted down, James called to ask if I expected to be at home Saturday evening. I did. And so he dropped in for a little visit and it was all very pleasant. He said Kay had gone to the Hysterical Ladies luncheon and, as I learned later from Celeste who had also been present, had accepted on behalf of Aunt Willie the thanks of the Club for the floral decorations sent by la Sotm for the table decorations. She had also sent orchids for Thelma as President of the organization. Later I learned Thelma resigned from the Presidency during the business meeting following the luncheon and Mrs. Herman Taylor was elected to replace Thelma with Carmen retaining the post of Vice President. I think Carmen isn't going to feel happy about that and I shouldn't be surprised if the Society may suffer considerably without the guidance of Thelma's deft hand at the controls.

May things have turned smoothly at Lyme.....

105M1

14700

Monday, February 6th, 1967.

Memorandum:

It began drizzling around midnight and kept up until noon, a little over an inch altogether. The temperature at 5 this morning was in the mid 40's but sank slowly after first dropping 6 degrees within an hour. At sundown tonight it was 34 and will go down to 24. It is said this morning's radio said that a wet snow was falling on Lyme while New Orleans was receiving 6 inches of rain in 6 hours which must have made things damp for the Mardi Gras parades. Tomorrow will be colder if not damper in the Crescent City which must be sad news for the celebrants in that place on Fat Tuesday. At the sunset hour, the clouds overhead were looking mighty thin and a few feeble rays of the sun seeped through from the Montrose hills, suggesting that the skies might be expected to clear early tonight, giving Jack Frost a better chance to "cook" the unprotected blossoms of the Chinese magnolias and some of the more tender plants. Though I covered the kumquats type of bush, the camellias and so on.

Mrs. Chopin 'phoned me at noon for a word of advice. Much to her surprise, she learned from a friend that Charles Cunningham had asked Mrs. Chopin's friend if she thought Mrs. Chopin would be interested in joining the Hatchitoches Times staff. I think the friend was not expected to pass the word along but rather to hold everything until Charles had called Mrs. Chopin to inquire about it. The friend, however, had found an opportunity to 'phone Mrs. Chopin and the latter called me at once. I assumed that Charles might think it would be worth while for him to get her on the Times staff and once she was there, tell her not to maintain her connections with other Louisiana newspapers. It has annoyed Charles, I believe, that Mrs. Chopin keeps a flow of local news going along daily to Shreveport, Alexandria and Baton Rouge papers and frequently such news appears in those papers before it comes out in the Times which most of the time doesn't even bother to publish Hatchitoches items. I recommended she answer that she would of course have to consider the matter, the salary, etc., for 24 or 48 hours and then when he calls back, tell him that she would under no circumstances relinquish her custom of supplying other papers with day to day stories. I shall be interested to see what comes of all this.



00541

14701

1967, Feb 27, Tuesday

Memorandum

Without any intention, it is thought, that she is causing quite a stir in town, the wife of the Episcopal minister is supplying considerable material for the gossips to indulge in extra tongue-wagging these days. I may have mentioned Madam Treadwell before. She and her husband worked hard to put themselves through a school -- somewhere in east Texas to begin with and going on to graduate at Northwestern in Hatchitoches after which the Reverend went on to religious training and proceeded upward to occupy by the top pulpit of Protestant persuasion in Hatchitoches for the Episcopal Church is the prettiest church in town and has the most distinguished congregation. My friend, Father Wilson, formerly occupied the post. While the Treadwells were gradually getting themselves established, they also begot three or four children. In both the parents and the children are low in stature, kindly in personality and generally rag-bag looking in appearance which somehow seems awfully out of joint. -- the rag-bag appearance in their station as head of the fanciest church, the most conservative church in town.

Today little Mrs. Treadwell made a striking appearance on the street in Hatchitoches with her three children. The weather was cold. Mrs. Treadwell was wearing knee-length black velvet britches, no stockings and openwork sandals that revealed brightly painted toenails. She wore a green blouse and, being hatless, added to her striking appearance by sporting a large jeweled comb in her hair. They say that, contrary to appearance, she is not wacky mentally but simply has no taste in dressing at all. Thus far, I have heard a peep about such doings from Episcopalians such as Carmen, Thelma, Ursula Walker and so on but kindly people of other persuasions are beginning to express astonishment. Poor Reverend Treadwell, -- if only somebody could cultivate his wife's taste to bring her sense for raiment out of the Mardi Gras category.

Today's town paper carried the column about Talking Books. With some modifications, the message in this column will be used by the Library of Congress for the article to be included in the magazine for the half million users of Reading Machines.....

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00541

14702

1967, Feb 27, Tuesday

Memorandum

According to my radio, there's a blizzard in progress in Lyme. Broadway, it is said, long known as the Great White Way is indeed a great white way tonight. I am holding the thought that little Miss Lee is all snug at home and not venturing abroad while Grandfather Frost is on such a tear.

Last night the local thermometer did go down to 24 and there was a coating of ice, perhaps three quarters of an inch thick on the big old sugar cauldrons this morning. The day dawned fair, however, and by noon the ice had melted. The mercury rose to nearly 40 during the afternoon and will sag only to 30 tonight under cloudless skies. For tomorrow we are promised cloudy skies with a 70 percent chance for snow turning to sleet, followed by rain. I hold the thought the prognosticators may be wrong and that we get no snow at all.

One lady in town called me today to ask about some point or other and related her adventures in the Crescent City on Sunday and Monday. Last week her husband had asked her what she wanted for her birthday and she promptly said she would like a trip to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras. And so they went down on Saturday, found the place crowded beyond capacity, the race track bogged down in water and the temperature too chilly for standing out to watch parades. And so they decided to come home on Monday without waiting for Fat Tuesday. Their intention to get out of the city, however, was side-tracked for a while by the torrential rains and finally when they did get to higher road levels and well out of town, they turned on the radio to learn how things were going in the place just left, only to be started by broadcasts from the Weather Bureau warning travelers of the tornado expected to appear momentarily in the neighborhood into which they were just heading between New Orleans and Baton Rouge. She said they were mighty glad when they got out of that line of skirmishing and so found themselves back home before dark. With New Orleans in temperatures around the 30's and Lyme under a snowbank, the 1967 Mardi Gras should be one likely to be remembered.

I am happy to report that the more tender plants covered last night came through without frostbite. I covered them again tonight although

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14703

14703

I think they would have come through alright on tonight's go-round without being tucked in. I have never quite understood why it is that many a tender plant can survive the first night's on-slaught without much damage, only to be thoroughly "cooked" if they have to experience a second night in a row to the rigors of a heavy frost. Perhaps all life is that way, capable of withstanding an initial shock but unable to pull through a second in rapid succession of only 24 hours or so.

Mrs. Walker 'phoned tonight about some point in a column. The Spring semestre has started and she continues teaching a couple of classes, sandwiching in those with some English studies of Shakespeare, the comedies, beginning with Henry IV. I don't seem to remember much about the 4th Henry, mostly historical, I guess, but styled comedy, perhaps because of the character of Falstaff that puts it into the comedy bracket. It may be that Falstaff as a character somehow captured the interest of the theatre-going audiences down the ages without Shakespeare ever having dreamed Falstaff would do quite that, just as the Merchant of Venice, as a character in the play by that name, captivated audiences more than the author had ever anticipated. When Mildred McCoy and Lucille Conaghan were up from Cloutierville a few weeks ago, they told me of an old resident of their community who would be celebrating her 100th anniversary on March 8. They asked me if I would attend a birthday party they were thinking about giving in the lady's honor at the Museum. Tonight Mrs. Chopin called me to tell me about the impending celebration and said when she was a girl living in the Kate Chopin house, she, -- Mrs. Chopin, -- used to go to this old lady's house to practice her piano lessons, only a house or two being between the two residences. By means of rapid calculation, I came up with the thought that the centenarian must have been 16 when Kate Chopin lived in Cloutierville and it turns out that today the old lady who is very forgetful about things that happened yesterday has a wonderfully clear memory of the old days and can remember Kate Chopin very well. With all this in mind, Mrs. Chopin with Mildred's assistance, ought to be able to round up some excellent photographs of the old lady, the Chopin house and thus turn out a feature story what will give the ancient lady some pleasant publicity, provide Mildred's museum with the same thing and give Mrs. Chopin an opportunity to turn an honest dollar to boot.

So turns Mardi Gras and I hold the thought the snow is already beginning to melt in Lyme.....

14704

14704

Wednesday, February 8th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Today's radio has much to say about the weather conditions in Lyme, -- all that snowfall as of Fat Tuesday with a promise of more snow on the morrow following this Wednesday. I hold the thought that there is nothing insistent in the agenda requiring little Miss Lee to venture abroad until the February rigors have subsided. Locally the thermometer surprised everybody, including the Weather Bureau, by dropping further than had been predicted. I had covered the rare delicate things and so they escaped the freeze of the low 20's but the ice was thicker on the big sugar pots than yesterday and tonight the skies are clear and it is said it will be even colder tonight although a warming trend is promised for the morrow.

Having gotten thus far, I was interrupted by a 'phone call. It was just as well because, as the above script may reveal, my typing must have been rather haphazard since I had just come in from attending to Tom and TomTom and my fingers, unwarmed by the warm water I used in washing them, did not hit the typewriter keys with much facility.

It was Mrs. Chopin who was calling. She had chanced upon a story for the newspapers having to do with some real estate transfer in the Spanish Lake area, up Grand Ecure way and finding herself bogged down in completing the dispatch and wanting to get it off the wire services, called me to lend a hand. It turned out to be simple enough and the only reason she had encountered difficulties was probably because she had been contending with so many minor details about the various transactions that she had momentarily got lost in bringing the tale to a satisfactory conclusion.

I talked with Clara Genung this afternoon. She reported that she and her daughter, La Walker, are going forward with their plans to fly to Porto Rico this summer. Her



14705

14705

Wednesday, February 8th, 1967.

My daughter had told me earlier in the week that while attending the Louisiana Press Association conference in Alexandria last Saturday, she had met a former newspaper associate who had mentioned that some gentleman they had both known in the old days was now living in Porto Rico where he was running a newspaper. According to Clara Genung's report today, her daughter still has printer's ink in her veins and the mother thinks the daughter would like to return to the newspaper field, trying her hand at things in Porto Rico. The mother's notions on any subject may or may not be worth paying attention to but one never dismisses considering their possible import since there is sometimes a chance that they may have a kernel of plausibility in one or another of them.

The daughter had mentioned the other day that she had ordered a copy of some paper published in the West Indies, --possibly entitled The Island Times, or some such publication. She did not know if it was published in English exclusively or if it might be a bi-lingual paper. Since Spanish is probably the major language spoken in Porto Rico, the sheet, if bi-lingual, would undoubtedly be in Spanish and English rather than in French and English. That's one thing that has probably tended to keep some of the islands in the West Indies from joining together since there seem to be quite a marked cleavage of languages, especially Spanish versus English, not to mention the smatterings of English, Dutch and a quaint mixture of patois negro, Indian and God knows what. Mrs. Walker is currently trying her hand at spinning Spanish instructions by commercial records in anticipation of her summer visits to the islands. One thing or perhaps two things I am bound to say for her, --she has a perfect genius for doing things the hard and at the same time the thorough way which probably usually gets her no where since so much of the expenditure of energy probably robs her from enjoying whatever it is she finally achieves.

I seem to have quite a lot of stuff to knock off for tomorrow's post and so I guess I had better get busy. I shall continue holding the thought Jack Frost relaxes his grip on Lyme real soon and that the weekend snow that is peiced may turn northward, by-passing Lyme completely.....

14706

14706

Thursday, February 9th, 1967.

# Memorandum:

Fair with the thermometer rising from the 20's this morning to the 50's this evening. It is said we shall not get below the mid 30's for tonight. I couldn't find a thing about conditions in Lyme although there was a prediction of more snow scheduled for that area this coming weekend.

Reports continue seeping in from Mardi Gras in the Crescent City. Somebody remarked it was difficult to imagine how some people could withstand the cold when dressed only in short pants and carrying a spear, their bodies leaning on the black paint smeared over their bodies which couldn't have been too much protection against the biting wind.

I was glad to hear the Zulu parade was in full swing again this year after some fumbling around about having any at all in the late 1940's and early 1950's. The radio had announced that the colored folks making up the Zulu parade would not toss out coconuts this year because of the danger to pedestrians who might instead of catching them in the hands, receiving them on their heads but it is said that thousands of such heavy projectiles were tossed to the crowd to everyone's obvious delight.

I. S. Willard called me this morning with a long rigmarole about something or other that wasn't very clear to me but I caught on to the general drift that it had to do about some item in her tax return, a deduction of some kind which revolved about a picture she stated she had sold to me for 25 dollars and later had jumped the price up another five or ten dollars to make some addition or subtraction come out perfect. She said the Treasury official had told her he would be checking on the statements and she wanted to let me know that when the long arm of the law inquired of me if I had either bought or sold, --I couldn't understand which I was supposed to have done, it would be nice if I knew about the transaction and so might declare that it was all so true. It seems that I. S. W. couldn't remember ever having sold such an item to me but she thought be logical that I might be purchasing a painting and therefore if I didn't mind, she would be glad if I would say I did. I feel sorry for the poor Treasury official who gets entangled with I. S. W., for although he doesn't know it as yet, he



14707

14707

Thursday, February 9th, 1967.

is going to discover before he gets through with her that he  
is going to have much more to straighten out than he  
or anybody else ever dreamed, once I. S. W. gets all  
the wheels and reels and sour flour spinning.

Thanks to the freezing weather this morning, I made the  
most of the opportunity to do a bit of work on the  
sundial, knowing full well that the honeybees living  
within the white pillar on which the dial is  
poised would be too cold before sun up to take  
any passes at me. I wanted to install a new  
arrow, the other having been knocked out of  
service by the winds and rains of the past year. The  
work went along smoothly enough and about sundown  
this evening, I think I successfully plugged the crack in  
the pillar through which the bees had been passing during the  
last couple of years. A slight interruption at this point was occasioned by  
a call from Mrs. Walker who wanted to read me the Genet letter  
appearing in the November 5th, 1966 issue of the  
New Yorker. If you have seen the Genet letter, dated  
a week earlier, the first part of it is devoted more or  
less to Art's show then in progress in Paris and toward the  
end of the article there is much said  
about the movie, Paris Burns, whatever the precise title  
may be. It reminded me of the excellent account of  
a review provided me by little Miss Lee and, if I  
may say so, the Lee letter provided me with much more fare than  
the Genet version. I had supposed I might knock off a column tonight but  
I find myself sleepy after much physical activity out of doors  
today, finishing up some tree trimming including the balance of the  
crepe myrtles and the Chinaberry trees. In  
passing, I might remark that local "sons of the soil" call  
the Chinaberry the Chinieball whose horticulture or  
botanical name is always listed as *Pride of India*.  
And now for a raid on the icebox and thence to a dab  
of beard-folding.

14708

14708

Friday, February 10th, 1967.

Fair and mild in the 40 - 70 range.

James phoned this morning at 11 saying  
he would like to drop in if I expected to be at  
home. I did. He declined my invitation to  
dinner but arrived at 12:30. He was in a happy frame of mind and al-  
though neither of us had anything particular in mind to chatter abo-  
we did undertake to settle the affairs of the world  
in a pleasant afternoon chat. It was a coincidence that a few days ago in some Baton  
Rouge paper he had read an article which, from what he had to say  
about it, sounded like a program I had stumbled over on the  
radio sometime last night. From what he had to report plus what  
heard, interspersed by a few catnaps during the week hours,  
I gather that the writer of the article believed that whenever  
a political force from the lower orders of society begins  
to stir, the rise will not be even in its striving  
to elevate the whole social order evenly but will tend to  
buckle and then break into fragments. After that  
point, almost anything can happen and often all the  
other layers of society are thrown into confusion and dis-  
order will continue until another force comes into being  
with sufficient strength to get the fragmented  
layers back into their accustomed levels. According to the  
article he read and the one I heard, the upward  
movement of the racial strata buckled and  
broke in June, either 1965 or 1966. After  
that date the several public forces assisting the  
gradual rise withdrew their sympathetic support and  
the whole racial business is likely to remain at that  
level, arising no further for an unpredictable time  
unless fragmentation erupts further. Several colored  
leaders are said and did themselves declare they recognize  
this to be a fact, that no colored leader has exercised  
sufficient strength to captivate the adherence of the  
vast colored majority and at the same time white  
leaders, up until June, who made strenuous efforts to  
assist in the rise of the colored strata of various  
colored groups and white sympathizers, now realize all the  
steam has gone out of the cause, punctured for the most part by



80741

14709

irresponsible groups, comparatively insignificant in numbers but sufficiently strong as a nuisance group to make all further advances impossible for an indefinite time to come. How correct this reading of the record may be remains to be seen but it will be interesting to keep in mind as the future unfolds.

Reports covering last night's for the Chamber of Commerce awards all seem to agree that it was a darling evening. I must confess, however, that the reports coming to hand thus far are rather meager. --J. H. Celeste and Cammen. Apparently both the Man of the Year, Cousin Arthur Watson, and the Woman of the Year, Martha Robertson or Robinson, I don't know which, --both apparently new the crown was scheduled to be placed on their respective brows and I should think this is the way it should be. In any event, both recipients had the good sense to voice their appreciation in a sentence or two, leaving the long-winded speech to the orators of the evening. Everybody seemed to agree the Kilpatrick speech was at once endless, inappropriate and tiresome. The mail has been playing at high-jinks for the past several days. There has been some throw-away stuff but that is all and Life magazine which always comes on Tuesday got here on Thursday, --possibly snowflake got in its way out bound from Chicago. A Louisiana weekly publication, The Market Bulletin, which I had ordered with a view of posting it up Lyme way but only today did I receive my original order for it, returned with a printed slip saying the order could not be filled. Perhaps Cupid lost his arrow in the big wind, and so things go. -- pardon't go on and on. The column I should have knocked off last night will be undertaken right now. The day has been consumed with so many distractions, I should be sleepy but I am not. I guess I shall write something about nest building times since the birds will be busy at that undertaking 2 or 3 weeks hence when it's publication time. ....

14710

14711

Sunday, Februar 12th, 1967.

Memorandum: Cloudy at dawnning on Saturday with the thermometer in the lower 30's. A drizzle started at noon and kept on until 5 o'clock this morning, an inch and a half of rain resulting. It cleared at 10 this morning, remaining cool in spite of the brilliant sunshine. We are promised more sunshine and rising temperatures for the morrow. After 3 days of scant mail, a whole handful of letters arrived by Saturday's post. But by Saturday the secretary had gone off on a basketball binge for the weekend and the other secretary had come down with measles. The mail awaits the morrow, tucked away in the armoire.

I suppose Saturday's rain and the ensuing dampness under foot discouraged road running. Be that as it may, there were no weekend pilgrims, affording me a fine opportunity to get some desk work attended to and I liked that.

In Saturday's Alexandria Town Talk, a headline read: "Mrs. William Manchester Meets the Press tomorrow." Thanks to the absence of pilgrims, I was able to tune in on Meet the Press and although I did not have the pleasure of catching up with Mrs. William Manchester, I was able to tune in on Mr. William Manchester whose radio personality seemed pleasant enough. I, for one, am always happy when I hear radio programs having to do with books and I am glad, of course, that even though Mrs. Manchester did not appear, Mr. Manchester did. I must confess, however, that I am a little puzzled as to why the present volume is getting so much attention. I assume, of course, that it is the political aspects of the question especially future political matters, that is giving the volume so much attention. Aside from this, however, I find myself surprised at the extent of the publicity as I was when, for instance, the Beatles made the cover of Life.



14711

Submitted, February 12th, 1967.

On Saturday night, I. S. Willard called me to chat about a variety of things, motly aspects of Art as displayed in current New York and Paris exhibitions. In the midst of things she digressed for a Mediterranean cruise which was prolonged, instructive and tiresome. She mentioned the Charles Cummings are leaving shortly, - she thought on the Queen Elizabeth, - for a two month tour of the Mediterranean and promptly from out of no where, opened a map of that part of the globe and began speculating upon which ports would be visited and which islands, especially around Greece, might be sighted. "Now, you see, on this map, there is a line between the island of Patmos and the mainland that curves around in a convex or not exactly convex but more concave and it swings around here toward Turkey a little bit.....errrrrr.....achhhhhhhhh..... or maybe it's the other way around..... well anyway when you are going toward salonika or let me see maybe that is Alexandretta or no, it does seem that perhaps it is going....."

Frankly, I thought that cruise would never end but I was mistaken and eventually we got back to dry land and I never slept so deeply after all that.

She called me again this morning to tell me how unexpected it had been that she had received a phone call from New York at a quarter to 2 as between the end of the curfew and this morning. Some lady from New York whom she had never heard of was calling her to get her son's address in Germany. She couldn't figure out how anybody in New York, knowing she had a son in Germany, would be calling her at that strange hour for such information. I couldn't enlighten her on that point.

The grape vine reports an unusual amount of drinking going on around and about. So many of the ladies whose husbands are in Angola, are leaving their five and six children at home for days and nights on end as the mamas go frolicking up and down the road from honkey-tonk to honkey-tonk, leaving the children alone to look after their own measles and hunger. It's shocking when one lady behaves thus but when half a dozen of them start going around in circles, it gets simply incredible.

It's this coming Saturday that the journey to Africa via California is scheduled to begin. al that hejira has its odd twists, too, it seems to me and so, perhaps, I had better play I'm just back from another Mediterranean cruise and fall back on to my downy pillow.....

14712

Monday, February 13th, 1967.

Fair in the 60's with a dazzling sun by day and a radiant moon by night.

I am happy to report a pleasantly plump incoming mail today and unhappy to report the secretaries are still languishing by the wayside. To tomorrow, we trust, will be another day, --secretarywise.

As I suppose I have remarked dozens of times before, I can never imagine in advance which column will exert some kind of a response and which will not. When I knocked off one about Talking Books, I never thought anyone but the blind would be interested and they wouldn't get it read to them. And that, or so I thought was that.

Irvy Hott came to supper with J. H. and the clerk. They had been talking about baseball and football when they arrive and continued the conversation at the beginning of supper. I must confess I was paying no attention to the fier points they were covering but rather was wool-gathering in some speculation of things long ago and far away.

"How was it, you said that," asked J. H. a second time, bringing me back to the present. I had told ~~it~~ laughingly that I had not been paying attention to their sports parade. It seems he had asked Irvy, a member the First Baptist Church in Hatahitokes, if he had heard y sermon. Irvy said he had and that he had listened with attention to what the preacher had to quote from the column about Talking Books. - There have been times when I have heard myself quoted in unexpected places but never before could I possibly have dreamed that the Baptists would be quoting me from their pulpit.

On quite another front and, happily, having nothing to



14713

14713

1891, 1891, 1891, 1891

either with the Baptists or me, I heard something else that came as something of an unexpected twist. It had to do with Weeks Hall's restored Shadows on the Teche.

Mrs. Chopin was in New Iberia last weekend and on Sunday morning, during a downpour, she and other Louisiana Press Association ladies visited the Shadows. She said she found the place handsomely maintained but could not express her surprise about one innovation. Because of the gloomy atmosphere outside and the absence of light within the old mansion, she and some of her companions asked the guide if there had been a failure of the lighting system as of the moment. The guide replied negatively, going on to explain that in effecting the restoration of the place, the National whatever that controls the place, -- the one that Helen Bullock has something to do about, had made diligent effort to put the place back as it was, -- way back, apparently, and that accordingly all the electrical fixtures and all the plumbing had been done away with. This surprising bit of intelligence quite took my breath away. Verily that is putting things back with a vengeance.

Something tells me I must drop a line to the curator of the Shadows, requesting confirmation or explanation of "this rumor" which has just reached me. I cannot imagine doing a Plantation Memo on the Shadows but this is sufficiently in the class of the man biting the dog that it might provide a vehicle to be get a laugh. The mention of electricity, more precisely, mention of the absence of it, made for casual news in Natchitoches today. The main Catholic Church in Natchitoches, -- Immaculate Conception, -- holds Mass at 6 o'clock in the morning these days. This morning at that hour the air was chilly and seemed doubly so to members of the Church arriving for the service since the place wasn't open. After a shivering while, someone of the group experienced an inspiration and crossed the lawn across the street and banged away at the door of the priests' house. One of the Reverend Fathers be-stirred himself, handed out the key through the slightly opened door so the church could be opened and then, in all good time, joined his flock. During the night the city's electrical system had been out of operation for an hour and a half and the Reverend Fathers thought it was only 4:30.....

14714

14714

1891, 1891, 1891, 1891

Memorandum: 1891, 1891, 1891, 1891

Great was my delight in being able to commune with little Miss Lee through letters of the 8th and 10th. A bright and early this morning. An ailing secretary, just getting over chicken-pox, must have responded to the surge of Spring and accordingly had adventured abroad, making Yucca the first objective. It didn't take me two seconds to open the armoire and extract the two important letters which were the only ones of vital concern to me. I could tell readily enough the patient wasn't feeling too peppy and so I restricted the labor to the reading of the two letters only, reserving all the wealth of clippings for a subsequent sitting with a more robust reader.

It is so good to know how things turned during all the weather that has been swirling around Lyme and to keep abreast with all the activities that maintain their accustomed paces, regardless of atmospheric conditions. I am so touched by all the expressions implicit in every line and it is understandable enough that Lestan should comprehend the references to the riches his friendship offers since he himself can never hope to express the same thoughts in relation to his blessings flowing from the little Miss Lee.

It goes without saying I like to be kept advised about how things fare in the household of the nearest friend and how the patient progresses. It is good that the puzzles are providing entertainment for the patient whose days must be awfully long both for the aforesaid patient and the one who attends him.

I am fascinated by the account of the treasure recently coming to light from the floor of the ocean off Florida. How tremendous the sheer bulk of the treasure itself and how fabulous some of the artifacts such as the long golden chain. It seems to me you mentioned the date of the disaster to the treasure fleet as being 1714 which takes us right back to La Mifford's account of the Spanish Succession and all the scuffling that went on, ending up with the grandson of Louis Quatorze firmly seated on the Spanish throne. This reminds me of a book I have possibly mentioned before, -- Princess des Ursins by Maude Crutwell, perhaps a Putnam publication of the 1920's or 1930's. It is all about this business of the Spanish Succession and fascinating, if memory serves after 30 years. If you should ever chance to stumble across the volume in a book mart, it would be just grand. Perhaps it is still in print but probably not.



14715

The artist just phoned as I was turning this page. As she never calls at night, I assumed she must have some compelling reason to do so. It turned out she wanted Mr Pipes' telephone number. She is forever calling him but never can remember his number. As she doesn't remember the number between the time I tell her and the next minute when she starts to dial, she always gets her grandson to stand along side with his pencil for she can "mark" numbers. And so I tell her very slowly, digit by digit, the number and she repeats them to Frankie Ray, after the call has gone through to town, the paper is promptly lost and a few days later we go through the same rigamarole. The artist said she had been having a cold. On Friday, she reported, Mr. Pipes and his wife brought her down some medicine when they brought the groceries Mr. Pipes brings every week. Her tonic, --meaning wine, was running low, she said, and accordingly she wanted to call him to refurbish her cellar.

On the home front things rocks along much as usual. Celeste was in town today. There seem to be many "going away" parties in her honor this week. --Sunday, Tuesday and tomorrow one in Alexandria and so on. She sent her servant to the big house to assist at serving dinner this noon, Celeste being in town and J. A. entertaining peon people at noon. There only were ten gentlemen at the table, several of them being quite interesting, and I welcomed the opportunity to catch with them.

Mrs. Chopin just called. She wanted my opinion on a matter. The chairman of the Christmas Festival Committee contacted her to accept the post of Program Chairman for the doings, come December. It's a pain in the neck job requiring a lot of time. I advised her against accepting it. Mrs. Walker was chairman of the program thing this last year and I still remember how many pitfalls she ran into and since Mrs. Chopin is holding down more than one job concurrently seems unwise she should get entangled in a civic thing with no end of detail and scanty appreciation.

A slab of pumpkin pie and a bumper of chocolate milk awaits my attention, not to mention a flurry of ether waves which I have been unable to sample all day. And so I am about to combine fruit cake and milk with world news including those curious Chicago without the e, a strange hodge-podge that ought to induce even stranger dreams.

1875

Memorandum:

Thin gauze-like clouds filtered the sunshine all day but tonight the sky is clear and the waxing moon magnificent. The radio says there's a chance for rain tonight and a dip in the mercury but a 70 degree temperature continues holding.

A fire at Northwestern this morning startled Hatchitoches at 4:30 this morning. Gaurdia Hall, built 30 or 40 years ago, was built of fat pine which generated such heat the fire fighters couldn't get close to it. It housed the offices of several professors, all of whose records were consumed. The Williamson Museum was also located in the building, a treasure house of early American objects, said to be one of the more important in the country, containing as it did a great number of artifact items dating from the days of the Kaddo Indians. There were a great many other items of post-Columbian periods right down to the present including contemporary pieces of statuary and ceramic pieces, executed by the artist, --Kenner or some such name, who did several fountains including one or two located at Hodges Gardens. It was one of his modernistic pieces that appeared in Mrs. Walker's Christmas greeting. The building was several stories in height and nothing remains of it. It was named for Ned Gaurdia or however the name is spelled, the same gentleman who used to do a lot of research at Melrose and who is perhaps best remembered for his volume on The Great Raft, having to do about the obstruction in Red River that prevented boats from ascending that stream until 1838 or whenever, the age old obstruction was broken up by old Captain Shreve who then navigated up river to the site of the place -- now bearing his name, -- Shreveport.

The Hatchitoches Times is so trifling, it may or may not have some account of the fire. If it does, I'll send it along in a day or two when it comes to hand.

I must now bore you with an endless account of my new coat about which I haven't spoke before, I think. A while back, perhaps 6 weeks, the denim jacket James gave me several years ago, started coming apart, frayed at the cuffs and threatening to part company at the seams. It was



14717

14717

Wednesday, February 15th, 1967

just the type of coat for gardening, not too heavy, water repellant and sufficiently inexpensive so that one didn't mind splashing mud on it, knowing it would wash off readily enough. And so after being slightly embarrassed by the "lace" developing at the wrists, I pointed out the sad condition into which it had fallen when encountering the merchant-planter at the store one day, asking him if he couldn't find me a new one. He said he would take a try at doing so. Two or three weeks elapsed and one evening at table and quite by indirection, I brought up the question of leather belts, asking if the Army and Navy stores still carried Kaki belts of woven cotton rather than cow hide. It was assumed there were no more Army and Navy stores and, as anticipated, the mention of gentlemen's raiment, J. H. remembered the coat and said he had been looking all over for a Kaki, water repellant jacket but couldn't find one but would keep on looking. Next day he presented me with an elegant jacket, soft as down, wonderfully warm and of an abundant nature that would catch and hold every particle of dampness it ever encountered, obviously capable of holding every drop of mud that might collide with it. -- in short a fine new garment that was just fine for street wear and completely and impossible for gardening. I expressed genuine admiration for the garment and, of course, said nothing about its inappropriateness for the purpose I had in mind for a working jacket.

I mentioned the coat problem to Doretha this morning and she said she thought she knew what sort of a garment I had in mind and that she had to take her grandchild to the doctor's in town this evening and would stop at "Low Paul's" to see if he had one. At supper time she sent her grandchild to me with a package. It was just exactly the thing I wanted and fitted me to a turn. After supper she told me she had told Mr. Low Paul Levy that the jacket was for me and he had told her to bring it down to me and if I liked it, I could send him the money and if not, I could return the coat. I am sending him the money on the morrow, rejoicing the while that at long last and by devious means I have secured the garment I want. What a lot of rigamarole about nothing.

I anticipate scant radio listening tonight for as of the moment I seem to be inordinately sleepy. A spanking southwest wind has been blowing all day, rattling the gourds along the gallery and wearing out the cords by which they are suspended. The same breeze has somehow induced the drowsiness implicit in sleep against another busy out-of-doors day on the morrow....

14718

14718

Thursday, February 16th, 1967.

Memorandum: I began to write this at 10:30 and it took me 15 minutes to get it done. A gloomy day, less like February than November. The thermometer stands in the lower 40's and it's snowing vaguely at the moment, melting as it touches one's hand. There isn't supposed to be much tannage in the clouds so I reckon we shall have no evidence of tonight's feather-bed shaking by morning.

I was in communication this afternoon with I. S. Willard. Perhaps I did my share of talking but I'm inclined to think she did anyway. I had recently mentioned to her, on her return from Washington, in fact, that I had been reading the Alsopopus about Crete because her Washington friend is doing something about a Greek museum at the moment, -- something about arranging an exhibition of artifacts. Nancy Horton's papa did in the archeological field a while back. I. S. Willard had seen the pictures and the article about Crete in this week's Life magazine and rushed right to the phone to ask if she might run through the pictures and the article with me. In an unguarded moment, I said she might. The clock stood at 3:20. At 4:50, I. S. W. was still going strong and we had not as yet finished with the pictures. The balance will come at some other session along with the article, perhaps. It was remarkable how she could find so much to talk about in each picture, speculating on what materials the figures in the pictures might be wearing, describing and wondering how they achieved their hair-dos, describing in detail every single architectural feature about every one of the dozens of houses standing along the waterfront in one of the illustrations, -- houses that obviously dated no from Minowan times but away down into the present, say only 400 years or so ago instead of four thousand. But I. S. W. was obviously having a wonderful time and I was glad to listen and thereby find an excellent reason for not being out in the cold, damp wind. If you have seen the article, you may also have seen the illustrations, there being but a single one of Knossos which, to be quite frank, was the only one in which I was especially interested. But I. S. W. found all of the illustrations equally fascinating and inspiring in the speculative field, as, for instance, what kind of material was used in making the modern suits the young gentlemen were wearing and of what design the frocks the tourist ladies were wearing. It was appearing in at the moment the camera clicked. It was so tiresome, the hour and a half touring Crete with I. S. W.



817M

14719

For the past 3 or 4 days I have been giving thought to the pea hen who seems to be in what might be described as "an interesting condition". Like many a pregnant lady, she seems to be having vapors on some such, standing around in a listless way, indifferent to food and generally vague about her relations to the rest of creation. This afternoon when I passed supper to the two peacocks, she was not present and along about first dark, August appeared on the front gallery, reporting he had found her down the road a few houses, he carrying her home under his arm. If memory serves, all the peacocks have brought forth their youngsters on June 19th. The setting period is one month. Thus this inclination toward parenthood in mid-February seems odd. I hope she isn't rushing the season to such a point as to get her youngsters out of their shells while cold naps can freeze them and spring rains drown them. Perhaps the peacock knows best and hope so. One thing is certain, I don't propose attempting to talk her out of her present inclination. I did not see my 9 o'clock coffee partner this morning and I shall not on the morrow, what with her schedule being full, prior to Saturday's departure for places west, east, south and all. Last weekend she was complaining of her bladder or some such business and one or two of her friends have called me to inquire why she and her husband would think of taking off for Africa under present physical condition. Even as in the case of the peacock, I wouldn't know. I hope however, there is no parallel between the bird's situation and that of the people for I certainly don't want the peacock to suddenly take off for the dark continent and neither am I prepared for a stork to flutter over the house across the fence. There seems to be lots of speculation about the fire at the college and how it got started. Some people think it was ancient wiring gone wrong while others like to suggest that it was oily rags in the Kenner studio that occupied some space in the basement. As for me I have no idea on the subject, only regretting that so many things, especially in the Williamson Museum were lost. and do some mail and

14720

157M

Friday, February 17th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Another November day, -- heavy gray clouds with an occasional sprinkle, the temperature in the upper 30's. My morning was a shambles. I began it bravely enough on this machine before dawn. About 8:15, the plantation findings it too soggy for field work, they sent me August to lend me a hand a turning the house inside out for a thorough cleaning. We promptly proceeded to move all the chairs, tables and bric-a-brac out onto the gallery with a view to making a clean sweep of things when the telephone rang. It was Hunter Pierson calling from his home in Alexandria. He never can talk for five or ten minutes but has to ramble around for at least a half hour or he doesn't seem to feel he has said anything. The upshot of what he had to say concerned some of his kinfolk who live in Fairfield, Conn., the man, Daniel Himes, having been born in the Alexandria area and his wife, the daughter or granddaughter of a one time Governor of Texas who, according to Hunter, had rounded up sufficient oil wells during his life to make his child capable of maintaining estates on Long Island, in Connecticut and God knows where all. These folks had spent the night in Hatchitoches, were coming to Alexandria for lunch, and simply had to stop at this bend of the river on their way. What Hunter wanted me to do was to receive them at 9 o'clock. I have done business with Hunter before and while I like him alright, I don't like the lack of concept and and everybody he knows. And so I said 9 o'clock would be just fine. And so, without doing a thing about house cleaning, August and I pushed and hauled all the stuff back into the house after which I found myself in a rather and rushed to the bathroom for a quick shower and some fresh raiment before the guests arrived in a few minutes. Once in the tub, I discovered somebody had selected the hour as ideal for "washing the water", a process of changing things around in the pumping system during which operation all pipes are empty. And so I sent August out



OS711

14721

Friday, February 19th, 1967.

MEMORANDUM

to the big sugar pot with a bucket and somehow I got myself a chilly bath, rushed into my clothes and hurried to the front gate through the mud to greet the guests precisely at 9 o'clock. When they drew up in their five horseless carriage, the clock stood exactly at 11:05. and noon dinner here is served at 11:30.

Well, the guests almost met themselves going out as they came in the front gate for I gave them such a whiz that they nearly lost their breath. That was the morning and the afternoon was pretty much like the morning should have been, had Hunter not phoned. Such a day.

Carmen mentioned having had a dab of food the other day which has always, according to other friends, has been standard in New Orleans but which, for some reason, I have never have eaten. In its simplest form it is made like this:

Cut up a tomato, a bell pepper and an onion and simmer it slowly and not too much. Open a can of corn and add it to the vegetables. If you like it a little thicker, add a dab of flour, and that's it.

Of course the variations on the same theme are endless. One such would be to use a can of tomatoes, adding the bell pepper and onion, cooking them in bacon fat and then adding the corn. This might be juicy enough to use as a covering for rice or potatoes or toast.

If one has some left overs from a meat dish, the small pieces or, say, stake, pork roast, corn beef or whatever, such pieces might be added to the vegetables while simmering and then some sort of a cream sauce of white flour or a can of cream of mushroom soup or whatever kind of cream soup added.

By adding an egg to the first, --the simplest recipe, along with a dab of batter, one might create vegetable cakes, said to be too I think I shall attempt some of this business when tomatoes and bell pepper and onions begin flourishing in the garden.

May the weekend by bubbling over with good reading and the promise of mild weather in Lyme.....

14722

OS711

Sunday, February 19th, 1967.

Memorandum: Cloudy Saturday until noon when blue sky and dazzling sunshine took over, the thermometer in the 60's. Today the clouds returned, the thermometer dropping 10 points during the night only to rise again this afternoon into the 70's with a promise of a warmer night.

I suppose the folks across the fence got off this afternoon but I did not see them. In the morning J. H. had received word from Sister that she, her son, the latter's wife and family would all be at the airport where they had ordered dinner for the travelers and themselves. The travelers were supposed to leave Hatcherches around 5:30 and planned having dinner on the plane when it took off around 7. How the thing panned out and who ate what dinner where, only those participants can tell.

I learned this afternoon from Carmen who had been told by Nez Chaplain that the travelers would be in San Francisco today only and that they would be leaving for Athens tomorrow. As they were driving from Los Angeles to San Francisco today and leaving San Francisco tomorrow, it appears the visit to the City of the Golden Gate must have been brief and, it seems to me, scarcely worth all the exertion required to get to San Francisco in the first place.

I find it amusing that I learn more about what the travelers plan to do from second hand reports out of town rather than any information from the starting point.

I did have 9 o'clock coffee across the fence and learned that a perfectly lovely going-away party had been given in honor of mine hostess a couple of days back. I believe she said it was at Plantation Manor in Alexandria, everything just darling. The name of the house of entertainment impressed me, --Plantation Manor. I don't recall hearing such a combination before. And what with a plantation being an establishment in the country and a manor being an establishment in the country, it seems a little redundant to put two parcels of ground together in such a combination as Plantation Manor.



SSVAI

14723

Monday, February 20th, 1967.

Also from Carmen, --that invaluable bluejay, I learned that although the plans didn't carry through, Kay had expected to go to Charleston on the morning, Carmen getting her news from I. S. Willard. It seems Carmen had some papers of incorporation for Museum Contents that were supposed to be signed by Kay and, since I. S. Willard had told Carmen Kay would not be here this coming week, Carmen had gone over to 406 on Saturday with the papers, sometime in the afternoon. He saw James who said Kay had not had a good night and was sleeping but that he would be glad to take the papers for her to sign when she awoke and then get them to Carmen. But Carmen had to secure other signatures and so did not leave the papers. James told Carmen Kay was not going away this coming week. As for myself, I have not heard from either Kay or James during the past week and, naturally, I have not phoned, never knowing what hour of the day or night Kay might be sleeping. It is beside the point that I have talked with I. S. Willard two or three times during the past week and the name of Register hasn't been mentioned.

This afternoon I was in the midst of a fine yuletide column when visitors appeared --reverend sisters from across the way. They were from Our Lady of the Lake convent in San Antonio, visiting in the Cane River country for the first time. I thought it would have been nice if the local church or convent had advised me of their approach. How the girls got into the Yucca area, after having come on foot alone from across the river, I don't know. I always feel sorry for such nuns who probably don't have much fun in life and so I did what I could to make their visit pleasant and although they seemed a little restrained on their arrival, it wasn't long before all three of us were laughing and having lots of fun. I did learn something of interest from them on asking them about Sister Frances Jerome whose home base is Our Lady of the Lake. They told me they understood her book about this area was just off the press. Before folding up my beard tonight I must write Sister Frances Jerome, offering the space of Plantation Memo for a review of her book so it will get some publicity in Louisiana.

I hold the thought that some of the quiet obtaining here this weekend had spread as far afield as Lyme and that little Miss Lee has enjoyed a measure of quiet and pleasure as have I.....

SSVAI

14724

Monday, February 20th, 1967.

Memorandum

It rained an inch and a quarter during the night and has sprinkled off and on all day. The temperature was in the pleasant 60's until 4 o'clock this afternoon when it got down into the 30's. As for humidity, I have never understood how that is measured. Today it seemed to be at 100 but the Weather Bureau says it is only 97.

What with one thing and another, the house wasn't put to rights this morning but rather lingered on in disorder until nearly dinner time when someone knocked at my door. It was James, of all people, who seldom appears without telephoning in advance. I was glad he could remain for dinner.

I inquired about Kay's plans for going to Charleston. He said if I found out from Carmen or I. S. Willard, he would be glad to learn about them as he had no notion regarding same.

He brought me a book on behalf of I. S. Willard, --the Christmas present about which had spoken some time back. I is perhaps 6 by 8 inches or thereabouts in size, is published by Putnam and is by an author whose name I do not recall. It has several excellent photographs in it and somehow I have a feeling the text may be more informative than interesting, a factual sort of book which possibly accounts for a notation in the front about the copyright being held by some university in France. I recognized a few places in spite of the comparative darkness of the day, --Azay-le-Rideau, Chenonceau and so on. I'm sure Versailles must be represented, the Petit Trianon but I did not identify the Grand Trianon although it may be there, too. I thought I saw a section of Vaux-le-Vicomte also but I shall have to turn through it again before catching up with some of the other places although I do remember Chambord with its roof that nobody could mistake.

James said Kay had not slept last night and so he had run down for only a short visit while she was asleep today.

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ASTAL

14725

February 21st, 1967

Just as he was saying that, Clementine Hunter appeared. She giggled when I told her Mr. Pipes was here, asking if she didn't want to come in. She said she "knew" he was here because she had just called his wife who had told her so. There went Kay's daylight sleep, another reminder to me never to call 406. Miss Hunter wanted Mr. Pipes to advise her about a check she had received from somebody, the check seeming to be from some person other than the one who wrote the letter. When that was taken care of while I was absenting myself to put my boudoir to rights, James asked her if J. H. had gone away on his trip yet. She said that he had but that one day last week she had thought he had started on a trip which might turn out to be a much longer one. She went on to say that the school bus had passed her house in the afternoon heading down the road toward the junction of the two highways by the gin. J. H. was just behind the school bus, driving his car at breakneck speed. The school bus stopped to discharge a child and apparently J. H. hadn't seen the bus until almost on it when he swerved to avoid hitting it and brushed another car coming from the opposite direction at an equally high rate of speed. Neither of the cars stopped and by some miracle, the child getting off the bus was not struck but the artist couldn't understand how everybody escaped. It's a good thing Love Jenkins is going with J. H. and wife on their whiz through California and thence to Africa to do the driving. James recalled that last Spring when J. H. hit their car at the Bermuda bridge, he apparently hadn't seen them at all, just as he himself declared later when speaking of the matter. Perhaps he doesn't even know what a close shave he had last Thursday or Friday right here at home. I'm still puzzling over the article about Crete in last week's Life, both as to pictures and text. I invited James' attention to it and he couldn't enlighten me, both of us feeling that except for the single picture taken at Knossos, the ten pages of pictures might well have been taken almost anywhere in the Mediterranean world. It seems such a pity that a magazine with Life's resources, if a ten page story was decided upon, it couldn't have hit on some of the locales and particulars for which Crete is famous. Perhaps the general public isn't interested in the Minowan-Greek synthesis.....

14726

Tuesday, February 21st, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair and air-ish with the thermometer at 30 this morning, 45 by mid-afternoon, and expected to go back to 30 under a waxing moon tonight. The usual quandary about Louisiana holidays is to the fore on this Washington's birthday eve. The banks and the postal boys don't labor on the morrow. The Parish library is to be open for business as usual, however, and so is the Red Cross. All schools from primary through college are open and all business offices, stores, commercial enterprises and everything else. I am under the impression that if somebody wanted to get some cheap publicity across the nation, being at the same time prepared to spend a considerable amount of money, he could take this matter into the Courts and probably in the end get a favorable decision from the U. S. Supreme Court. So far as schools alone are concerned, the decision ought to be rather easy to secure, I should think. I hasten to add, however, that I am not intending to undertake such a test case. Perhaps, if I remember to do so, I might knock off a column next year to be published just prior to February 22nd. I was glad to be reminded over the air last night that somebody tinkered with the calendar about the time George Washington was a young man and that by some dab of legerdemain, the 11th had ended instead of February which was the date on which Mr. Washington was actually born, was juggled around to make the 11th take on a new status, that of the 22nd. If somebody had nothing else to do, he might shift the 22nd back to the 11th and somehow get Lincoln on the 13th and St. Valentine's on the 14th and by doing a little more decorative business with the 12th, engineer quite a sequence of holidays, one right after the others. But, come to think of it, that would probably knock all of them out since nobody pays any attention to any of these anniversaries as they already are, let alone what they might be if once combined. I am happy to report that the in-coming mail.....



14727

14727

Wednesday, February 22nd, 1967.

today holds a promise of happiness for me. Right on top was one letter from Lyne and it, along with the other things, has gone right into the armoire, what with the only secretary of the day stopping this way before the mail arrived, the aforesaid secretary being en route to see a physician in town about measles.

Within the past couple of days I have encountered a contradictory story about Kyser losses in the fire of last week at the college. Happily I think the lesser loss rather than the great one is the correct report. Toosie Millsbaugh told Mrs. Chopin that as soon as Thelma and John who are in South Louisiana heard about the burning of Guardia Hall, they dropped everything and rushed to Natchitoches. It was said John was weeping when he arrived as he had lost all his papers of 30 or 40 years and his invaluable library of films, many of which contained so much pictorial scenes of ancient houses and buildings, photographed in France from localities from which early explorers and founders of the Natchitoches region had come, -- many of these places having been blasted into obliteration during the 2nd World War. Toosie certainly knows the Kyser and so does Carmen. I called the latter and asked if Thelma might be in town. Carmen said John had been summoned the other day to deal with something regarding insurance of the college buildings but had gone back to south Louisiana the same day. She said that Thelma had not come up with him and that fortunately, the Kyser's at had all their possessions beyond the confines of the college campus and that only one sora pbook Thelma had made about the college was in Guardia Hall when it burned. So there we are, -- two authorities giving opposite coverage on a topic concerning people they both know very well.

There were four phone calls today regarding Pink Papers, -- two calls from town, one from Many, one from Alexandria, everyone of the callers asking where they might obtain copies of the aforesaid Pink Papers while all the time I thought I had made it quite clear in the column that the Natchez Democrat of Natchez, Miss. was the source of supply. And now for a turn in the moonlight and thence to my downy pillow.....

14728

14728

Wednesday, February 22nd, 1967.

Fair in the 30 - 60 range backed up by a strong March wind out of the west.

Today the travelers are in Athens, I suppose, having flown there last night. I remarked to the clerk at dinner today that it seemed rather odd Celeste had never remarked upon her trip and never mentioned any of the places the plans called for them to visit except for Los Angeles and San Francisco. He replied that he thought the places meant nothing to her and that she had indeed never given them a thought, not even to their names. I suppose this is true, and I wonder why she didn't suggest that she go as far as Athens and thence back to Rome and Paris to meet the others in Zurich after their hop, skip and jump through Africa. Possibly nobody ever thought of such a thing. The clerk pointed out that probably the all important thing in the trip was to be constantly on the move and it didn't matter where. Somehow it all seems so odd.

Mrs. Chopin called me this morning to say she had been to a concert at Northwestern last night and had heard something she thought would be of interest to me. -- not to the concert but just afterward when she and her companion, a lady in the Natchitoches Times office, who had spoken of it to her. This lady said that yesterday the owner of an embryo newspaper in Mansfield, La., had contacted her saying that Plantation Memo was popular in the Mansfield area, probably read in the Shreveport Journal, and that this owner of the embryo would like to publish the Memo to attract readers but was not prepared to purchase copy at the present time, wondering if the lady thought I would give him copy if the Times would send him some each week. The lady told him that he would have to consult Mrs. Walker on such a point. I assume the Times may have inquired of Mrs. Walker today. I have not heard from her but assume I may either later tonight or on the morrow in regard to the matter. It's interesting how news gets around.

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85711

14729

The program at the college was last night was one of the half dozen or so special offerings offered at intervals over the scholastic year. These are usually considered rather good and are attended by students and towns people alike at about 3 bucks a throw. Martha Graham's troupe constituted one of these presentations years ago. Another offering consisted of quite a galaxy of stars in the theatre, --Chaires Loughton, Alice Muirhead etc. A couple of weeks ago a mulatto singer named, --I forget the first name,-- Mathis Mathius or some such name. I was pleased to learn that his concert played to a capacity house and was enthusiastically received, thereby suggesting that the world does move albeit with some deliberateness of speed.

Last night's entertainment carried some such title as "The Rise and Fall of Composer Porter", the gentleman who wrote so many popular tunes such as "Night and Day", "Rosalie" and so on. The reason I mention the entertainment is because quite a few people today have phoned me about it. Carmen said she found it excellent in many places but definitely too broad in other spots.

According to her, there were 4 or 5 artists who presented skits, sandwiched in between pictures of the composer at various steps along his career from about 1913 to about 1965, --screen snapshots trying to convey or suggest how and when Cole Porter received his inspiration for a particular tune, one young gentleman dancing as Fred Astaire danced some Porter pieces, a young woman imitating stars who had success with the Porter songs, including Sophie Tucker. But what seemed to be a bit frisky for some of the audience was the young lady, imitating a monkey in actions, clad in a leopardskin, a real monkey and leaning rather heavily on a sample piece of lace around her middle in one scene and a dab of fringe in another. Following intermission, some faculty members did not return for the balance of the evening and today everybody seems to be taking sides about the appropriateness of the doings.

On the plantation there seems to be the seasonal shuffling around when time gets plentiful on idle hands. Robert's boy, Murel, returned from correctional school and glad to be out of that place. Freddie who went to Shreveport or its environs six months ago came back looking for a job and not likely to find one very readily and so things turn. And I must take a turn under the full moon. The fresh air will do me good for today's breezes made me sleepy....

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14730

Thursday, February 23rd, 1967.

Memorandum:

There was ice this morning and there will more on the morrow. A full sun in a cloudless sky melts the ice by day while at night a full moon sets the seal for Jack Frost to repeat the performance.

I am so happy to have Friday's letter from Lyme together with all the dandy clippings and today's post brings me the splendid copy of Match with all its remarkable illustrations.

One of the clippings answered a question that had arisen in my mind only last night. I was wondering if Mrs. Kennedy would be entertaining the King of Morocco and lo! the clipping answered the question slap. I was particularly interested, too, in the clipping about the appeal to Rome to re-instate Martin Luther after his prolonged absence from the list of the faithful. Something tells me the Pope will not grant this request but the idea is certainly a powerful suggestion.

I was especially struck by the picture in Match, the double spread of the four des Invalides showing the six airplanes over head, each two trailing long plumes of white smoke, red and blue, the like of which I had never seen before.

And thanks for telling me of the progress being made by your neighbors. I am so glad things are improving in the health department both for the patient and nurse.

I appreciate your thoughtfulness, too, in advising me regarding how Plantation Memo fares in the Leesville paper. I recall that the editor said he had to cram all the special features on that single page and accordingly the column had to be cut to get it on the page along with the other things. In future years I hope nobody uses the leader's files to extract articles by Leston for a book. Lots of the stuff in the articles could be cut and bridged but from what you have reported before regarding the cutting, I take it that often points are lost or the text that does appear often seems to peter out in pointlessness.



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Also in today's post came a package from Harboro of Varick Street containing a recording of Homer's account of the Greeks at Troy and their return home. As there was no card I simply had to wait to find out the name of the person who had ordered. Mrs. Walker called at 5 this evening and I asked her if she had sent me Troy. She said she had ordered it sent me on behalf of Margaret Dixon for my birthday. I said I would write to Dixon tonight. Mrs. Walker if I also received a recording of French poetry with the Home opuses or opi. I had not. She said there should have been two records in the package. At least I saved the wrappings but I fear they will represent scant assistance. Accordingly I look forward to a prolonged siege in straightening this out.

Last night about 10:30, Kay phoned. She wondered if she might come down to see me this Thursday afternoon. She might. I know not how she did it but she somehow got lost as between town and here, -- a road she ought to know fairly well after all these years. Somehow along the way she got tangled up with some ladies Wyoming -- of all places -- who were looking for Melrose. She told them she was sure I would be delighted to give them a tour. And so they sought out the place together, discovered me at the front gate and so, doing other things, we had a tour. After the Rockies Mountain folk had departed, Kay and I had a pleasant hour together. She had brought me no end of food, a flock of seashells filled with crabmeat salade, a halfgallon of oyster dressing, made by her own hand, some avocados, salade dressing, much sour cream and a gallon of ice cream and some more stuff I simply pushed into the ice box, hoping to explore further on the morrow.

The pattern of our afternoon followed after that of the pre-holiday visitation except that today's was much happier. She is going over to Charleston for a week or 10 days about the 4th of March. Just as she got ready to leave, she confided to me while at the door that "James and Farley are just alike, -- neither of them will believe me when I tell them we must prepare against the future for the world is going to keep on turning right along but the United States is going to pieces". My agents had already reported she had been to the college concert with Sudie on Tuesday night and Sudie is a sure-enough gloom-doomer. Kay wanted to tell me that shortly she is going away, -- one got the impression it would be to Europe, -- and there she is going to invest in property and prepare homes for the friends in America she loves best so they may escape to Europe when the American roof caves in. She had one special request she wanted to ask of me and that was that when the time comes, I will look after James and see that he will come with me. I didn't ask her who was going to look after Farley but that might have been trying to settle finer points prematurely.

So turneth the day, so happy for me, thanks to the messages from Lyme.....

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Memorandum:

Friday, February 24th, 1967.

Heavy frost during the night. The skies remain clear with the thermometer crawling along between 25 and 45, the sun and moon radiant.

I think I mentioned the other day that Lady Berkley, the spouse of Lord Berkley, Governor of Virginia in the 1640's, is said to have owned South Carolina. It seemed strange to me at the time as I ran through names of South Carolina towns I could remember, that Berkley did not figure in any of the lists I could conjure up. When Kay was here yesterday, I spoke about this to her. She couldn't recall any place bearing the Berkley name but she did remember that in South Carolina the name of the largest parish is, indeed, Berkley. I cannot imagine why all this Berkley business should intrigue my imagination but somehow it does.

The day seemed fairly busy and I was satisfied with these several lines of ends for I undertook but somehow I didn't seem to have much at close of day that I could point to with any degree of satisfaction either. It's curious how expenditures of energy sometimes seem to amount to something and sometimes they don't.

I had a pleasant break in out of door activities for an hour early this afternoon when Roberta Rue, mother of the former Mrs. Payne Henry, came to see me by appointment, bringing with her a couple from some place in northern New Jersey. All three are rather plain people but withal quite pleasant and the Jersey couple liked to talk about their native heath which enabled me to relax and listen to word pictures of the changing landscapes from the new bridge at the Harrows to the latest wrinkles in building programs around the Delaware Water Gap.

With a gust, I got the house clean without interruption which is always a piece of luck and August and I did a considerable amount of spading in various quarters at Chana where the plough would have difficulty in stirring the good earth, supposing the lower places in the garden may be sufficiently dry by next week to get some spring ploughing undertaken. There was a brisk, chill wind blowing all afternoon which made



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physical exertion the more pleasant, making the temperature  
just right when our jackets had been removed to give the  
breeze a chance to keep temperatures down below the boiling point  
I had an extra helper in the person of a small white guinea  
who seems to prefer my company to that of his several guinea kin.  
I had to keep a sharp eye on my little helper to avoid, as  
happened a couple of times, almost burying him with a spade-ful  
of newly turned earth. When I feed the guineas at  
morning and at eventide within the wire enclosure of the Unicorn  
this smallest member of the flock, instead of rushing along  
with his companions to take a quick pass at breakfast or supper,  
this little one instead, rushes over to stand close to me  
while the others are pushing each other around to get  
first go at the food. During the day when the flock is ranging  
about over the greenwards, the little one will de-  
tach himself from the others and come running to accompany  
me or merely stand by so long as I remain out of doors.  
I guess I shall have to begin feeding him out of my hand so that  
he can attend to his need for food which he neglects while  
the others are gobbling it all up while he escorts me where-  
ever I happen to be going at feeding time.  
The news media across the country seems to be giving lots  
of space these days to the assertion of Jim Garrison, District Att  
of New Orleans, and his insistence that he is going to  
uncover the plot that was designed, according to  
him, in New Orleans to kill President Kennedy. Locally  
the general impression seems to be that Garrison is  
making a mountain out of a mole hole. It seems  
odd he disdains working with F. B. I. on whatever evidence he  
may have. I assume that there are sufficient numbers  
of crackpots who threaten to kill public figures, the great ma-  
jority of whom never get beyond the talking stage. Perhaps if Garrison  
has anything at all, it is one of these kind of or this kind of th  
I listened to an interesting program over Station K O A,  
Denver, tonight, one of those roundtable discussion, this  
one having as its star that same Mr. Caldwell who rote  
"You Have Seen Their Faces", back in the 1930's. It was mostly  
on the subject of writing. Oddly enough, although the vices  
of the two men were not alike, the voice of the writer reminded  
me throughout of the voice of the senior Senator of  
from Illinois the latter possessed of a voice which one CBS comm-  
tor once described as having a coonskin cap quality....

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It occurs to me as I turn this page that the graveyard  
mentioned in your clipping from the New Orleans Times-Picayune, 1957 at, not 115th Street  
but rather at the 155th Street and Broadway location,--  
another locality I remember rather clearly. There is  
no northeast corner of 115th Street and Broadway,  
since the plot of ground between Broadway and 114th to 116th Street  
Memorial Campus of Columbia University and there is no  
115th Street between Broadway and Amsterdam. When  
I knew the city, the northeast corner of the corner of  
Broadway and 114th Street, --northeast and, al-  
tough, I know, to the northeast corner of the corner of  
in yesterday's past, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
of the city, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
for the city, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
be kept as a part of the city, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
tiny, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
much, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
the west side where the London Terrace apartments were erected in  
1930's, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
disappeared, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
Broadway and 115th Street, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
and, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
resting place. I want to read the clipping again more carefully for  
I was interested in the corner of the corner of  
initially, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
in Talk Book deliveries, going over the head of Mr. Wellman  
who was sure that the corner of the corner of  
It was sure that the corner of the corner of  
drug, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
known, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
son of the corner of the corner of  
Fanny had another son beside Lamy and his name is Mathew Chopin  
who is the husband of Ann Chopin, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
and, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
as, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
Chopin are the corner of the corner of  
secure this painting through Frances Hue Henry Parkle because  
she thought she could get one for three bucks less than  
I could have gotten one for three bucks less than  
it was sure that the corner of the corner of  
Ann Chopin, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
and, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
efforts to get one for three bucks less than  
tries to resume her relations on that subject with me and  
Alie and Lamy, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
last autumn, Ann and Mathew have three or four children, the  
youngest, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
lived together now, I was sure that the corner of the corner of  
Ann in the corner of the corner of  
see the corner of the corner of  
route to Athens more than to switch from one  
plane to another. I have made it quite clear to my 9 o'clock  
return from Africa is also planned to merely change  
from one plane to another in returning home.



14735

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From the FRANCOIS MIGNON PAPERS, #M-3889 in the Southern Historical Collection,  
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PUBLISH MUST BE REQUESTED. WARNING: MOST MANUSCRIPTS ARE PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT.

14735

P. S.

On removing the accompanying memorandum from the machine,  
it struck me the one side of the sheet looked mighty pale.

I had made the envelope at the conclusion of the memo  
and that writing seems clear enough. I suppose whatever hung up  
the ribbon must have unhung itself.

Don't bother, therefore to read the last page of the memo if it  
is difficult to make out. What I had to say thereon was simply  
this:

I realized that in speaking of the graveyard, in the  
quote from the Tribune about the burial place of Audubon, Moore et al,  
the location is not at 115th and Broadway but 155th Street and Broadway.

I also remarked that the folks across the fence did not linger  
in Lyme but merely transferred from one plane to another and thence on  
to Greece. Before they left I underlined the fact that only by  
letter should one communicate with little Miss Lee, --a gentle reminder  
that this was a absolute. It is my understanding, however,  
that even as in going, so in returning, the set down at Lyme will be  
no more than to change planes



14732

On receiving the accompanying memorandum from the machine,  
it struck me the one side of the sheet looked mighty pale.  
I had made the envelope of the conclusion of the memo  
and that writing seems clear enough. I suppose whoever hung up  
the ribbon must have been making a mistake.  
Don't bother, therefore, to read the last page of the memo if it  
seems to make out. What I had to say there was simply  
this:  
I realized that in speaking of the graveyard, in the  
note from the Tribune about the burial place of Andrew Moore et al,  
the location is not at 15th and Broadway but 15th Street and Broadway.  
I also remarked that the folks across the fence did not linger  
in Lyme but merely transferred from one place to another and thence on  
to Greece. Before they left I understood the fact that only by  
letter should one communicate with little Miss Lee, -- a gentle reminder  
that this was a business. It is my understanding, however,  
that even as in going, as in returning, the set down at Lyme will be  
no more than to change planes

14736

Monday, February 27th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Drizzle all day with a moderate temperature in the  
50's with a promise of blue skies sometime tomorrow.  
In a land where the thermometer varies from 20 to 30 degrees be-  
tween 3 a.m. and 3 p.m., it seemed odd enough that the  
fluctuation in temperature was only about 5 degrees in the  
past 24 hours. Regarding the plans of the travelers, I learned  
today that they expect to be arriving in Lyme on the 14th or  
15th and home on the same day or, at most, the following  
day. It seems there is little time to squander along the  
way, what with the 14th and 15th being a Tuesday and a  
Wednesday followed by March 16th when present plans call for  
them to take off by car to Georgia, -- somewhere near Athens,  
Ga., for some pow-wow about peacan culture. I should think  
they both would want at least 24 hours to catch their breath but obvious-  
ly they don't require anything of the kind.  
James call this morning about 10:30 to ask about running  
down for dinner. I was glad he got here by 11:15 for that  
gave us time to have a dab of soup, stake and stuff before  
a 1 o'clock appointment I had with some Methodists  
from town, Dallas and some place else which I have already  
forgotten for the people were fine Methodists but not  
the type for whom Yuca and environs were fashioned.  
James reports that Kay takes off by air on Friday  
for Charleston. Although I haven't done so as yet, I might  
invite him to come down this way on Sunday so he and I  
might drop in at Bayou Folk Museum for the birthday party  
being held there on that Sabbath afternoon. That is only  
tentative in my mind, however, for I think most  
of the people present will be, indeed, bayou folk, and for the  
most part they are pretty much on the dull side. They are  
white, of course, and uneducated and rather rough, in striking contrast  
in personalities to the colored folk who might be possessed of  
virtues of all bayou folk but unlike the  
whites, always somehow able to be gay and amusing. It  
will be time enough to decide about Sunday plans later in the week.

Today's in-coming post was amazingly dull, --ridiculously so.  
I. S. Willard, for instance, after telling me on the 'phone last week  
about some rigamarole with the Income Tax people, proceeded to send me



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Monday, February 27th, 1967.

did endless statement about things she had acquired from me over the years, --note paper, tiles, plates, etc., --having to do with nothing I can think of since her tax scuffle seems to be for the year 1964. And then, just to gum up the whole thing beautifully, enclosed a check to the amount of ten dollars, --covering what, I haven't the slightest idea since she certainly owes me nothing. This, of course, means I must try to extract the information about the thing her and that will be just like chasing a will-o'-the-wisp around Robin Hood's barn. Perhaps the check represents a gift or a slip of paper to prove something to the tax gatherer or something else but trying to get the thing straight in her mind or mine is going to be up hill business.

The Louisiana Presswomen Association got a jolt today, or, more precisely the several members of that organization with the Shreveport Times were given quite a turn. The annual awards for lady writers across the State are made from articles submitted on February 1st and processed by an out-of-State organization. This year it chanced to be the University of Arkansas. The decisions by that Board are forwarded to the State Contest Chairman, duly noted and then forwarded to the National Chairman and must be in the latter's possession by March 1st. On Saturday the State Chairman communicated with Mrs. Chopin, saying the work had indeed been transacted and the names of the several winners forwarded to National headquarters somewhere in Oregon or Indiana or some place and, just by chance, remarked that it seemed odd that the Shreveport Times had no entries at all. Mrs. Chopin immediately communicated with the Shreveport Times simply to say "How odd". That's what the Shreveport Times said, too. It seems the secretary to the President of the Times had sent a big bundle of stuff, all entries, not to the L. P. W. but to Deep South Writers of Baton Rouge. Since February 1st, the package, 1st class, has been sitting on the desk of the Baton Rouge director. In the mean time, Arkansas has made the rounds, and the Times ladies today are all in tears but still trying to get Arkansas to start all over again, not bothering to realize it would be impossible to get anywhere with such tomfoolery and have their findings filed by March 1st. How odd indeed.

I must knock off a few letters now if I can resist the gnawing impulse to take a pass at some pound cake and cherry ice cream beckoning persuasively in my direction.....

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Tuesday, February 28th, 1967.

Memorandum:

A glorious sunshiney Spring day, --40 to 70 range. Under so-called normal conditions, Life magazine comes to hand on Tuesday. It was on time this week and my heart leaped with delight as I caught sight of the sketch of the horse on the cover for although I could not make out the fairly large print beneath it, I felt instinctively it must be from the newly discovered note book of Leonardo. I haven't had a chance to read anything in the issue as yet but it goes without saying, I am impatient to begin.

I assume this must be the model from which the clay likeness was developed with a view to casting it in bronze for the Sforzas. Wapiti the French soldiers destroyed the clay model. At least one lesson history teaches seems to be that man is past master at destroying things whether in the Bronze Age 2 or 3 thousand years B.C. or in our own time and I am thinking about that article in the Readers Digest last summer in which an account was given of the young American officer who had his artillery trained on the steeples of Chartres, intending to blow that place to bits, at the close of the 2nd World War.

In turning through the pages of today's Life, I notice a full page portrait which I assume may be the picture from Leonardo's brush which the National Gallery in Washington was reported as having recently purchased from Lichtenstein. If I am correct in this assumption, what with this portrait and the several pages of reproductions from the note book, this issue may be remembered as the "all da Vinci" number.

It was merely a coincidence, of course, that Henry Luce should have died today, too, and I shall never consult this Leonardo issue of Life that I shall not think of the departure of its publisher.

I heard a news flash over the TV in the store when I went to pick up the mail at just the moment I was looking at the cover of the magazine. Some salesmen were standing about and quite without intention, I pulled the worst pun of



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which anyone could be guilty,

"Lifewill go on in spite of Henry Luce's death," I opined

but fortunately the salesmen had been chattering among themselves and had not heard the news flash and so had no notion as to what I had observed until they asked me what I had said and I could change my sentence to observe my regret to learn of Henry Luce's passing. It turned out that none of the three gentlemen had ever heard of Henry Luce so even had they heard what I had exclaimed at first, it wouldn't have meant anything to them.

The clerk closed the store rather earlier than usual and departed for town before supper in order to attend a basketball game in which his son was to play. Accordingly one matter or another having to do with plantation details switched to my attention, one result being that I got none of the regular news casts between 5 and 8 o'clock this evening. I should have liked to hear what Edward Morgan had to say about Henry Luce. Perhaps I shall catch some re-broadcasts tonight and I suppose, too, that there will be other broadcasts regarding his career tomorrow and perhaps for the balance of the week. Perhaps I shall hear something about his wife, -- C. Booth Luce, of whom I have lost all track since that Eisenhower appointment of her as Ambassador to Brazil which somehow never came off..

Nobody at this bend of the river has heard from the travelers since they left for California. I believe they have quitted Ethiopia and were in Kenya today. Perhaps the telephone service in the Dark Continent is no better than it is on the Congo River line which, as of the moment, is nothing to crow about. Usually, however, no matter in what part of the world he chances to be, J. H. makes it a point to call knowing full well, I suppose, that neither the mail from here addressed to him or his cards to us will ever get delivered before his return.

I tried to get Carmen on the wire this afternoon. I could hear a Red Cross phone ring but the moment she picked up the receiver to answer, the wire would go dead. I tried contacting the operator and although the phone would ring, it would immediately afterward si track to a conversation going on, -- God knows where. It reminded me, however, that one really should be particular about using names on the telephone if one doesn't want the conversation overheard. And now I must get busy and knock off a column about my pet guinea, -- either Audley or Audrey, and thence to bed....

14740

Sevigne

14740

Wednesday, March 1st, 1967.

Memorandum;

Another perfect day, duplicating yesterday.

It was so pleasant on awakening this morning to contemplate the fact that this is birthday month which is just another way of saying that Spring is on the way and the Flower Show will be reminding one in Lyme and of these days that this is so. In this area March certainly came in like a lamb but it was more like a lion in the northeast from the Great Lakes to New England, the radio reported. If it was lion-ish in Lyme, that only means it will go out like a lamb and that is really what we want most. I have a question about the Research Department of the New York Public Library that perhaps little Miss Lee can enlighten me. In one of her letters, probably to her daughter, Mme. de Grignan, la Marquise de Sevigne devotes quite a lot of space to a discussion as to the relative merits of chocolate and coffee and the two schools of thought obtaining in France at the time she was writing the letter as regarded the two schools of thought as to the relative merits of the one and the other.

I do not know of any edition of the collected letters of the Sevigne Letters that carry an index. If I were to write the Reference Department of the N.Y.P.L., asking the date of the Sevigne letter in which this matter appeared, do you think the Reference Department would find looking up such a matter would fall within the sphere of their reference.

Northwestern State College in its library has a seven volume edition of the letters of Mme. de Sevigne, translated into English. Quite by chance a couple of days ago I mentioned this chocolate-versus coffee letter to I. S. Willard. On the following day, without mentioning her intention to me, she marched to the college and began pawing through the volumes and triumphantly reported to me that she had found what I had mentioned the day before.

What she had come up with was a Sevigne letter, dated, if memory serves, Wednesday, February 22nd, 1671. It is not the letter that discusses at some length on the chocolate versus coffee matter but does



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Wednesday, March 1st, 1967.

mentioned the word chocolate in some such fashion as:

"You poor darling. You are not feeling strong.  
What you should be taking is chocolate but alas!  
you do not have a chocolate pot....."

The above quotation is no verbatim but that is all it has to say on the subject.

Off hand it strikes me as mildly hilarious that a girl couldn't have chocolate simply for lack of a chocolate pot. Perhaps the method of preparing the brew in the 17th century differed from contemporary ways.

I believe most if not all editions of the Seivigne letters have each letter numbered and if N.Y.P.L. would give one the number, --that is the number of the one carrying the account of the chocolate versus the coffee virtues, I could easily enough ask anybody at the college to copy the letter for me. Of course the "hilland effort was fine as far as it went and she certainly did strike chocolate but not in the field I had in mind. Perhaps I shall simply write N.Y.P.L. on the assumption that such research is done and then, when I rec the affirmative answer giving the number given the particular letter, I can pass it along locally easily enough.

Tonight I heard the Chet Huntley news cast, always sponsored by Life magazine. Tonight no Life advertising was given, some advertisement about the Peace Corp being inserted where advertising usually goes. I wondered if the Life material was withdrawn until after the funeral of Henry Luce. It was on NBC. On the news cast over CBS, --a news program, however, which is sponsored by Time magazine, the Time advertisement appeared as usual. Perhaps somebody remembered Life but forgot Time.

There was another variation on another topic tonight on ABC station and a CBS one. The topic was about the sentencing of somebody in Alexandria, Virginia for having sold Pentagon secrets to the Russians. ABC reported the convicted one got a 20 year sentence while CBS, right on the heels of ABC, stated the sentence was for 15 years. There see is lots of news tonight. It would appear both Messrs Hoffer and Powell both got clapped, but I get the impression Powell should have been given more, he is so smart and yet such a bag.

Some bananas and cream are awaiting in the ice box. May I offer you serving.....

14742

Thursday, March 2nd, 1967.

Another Spring-like yesterday and the day before. The sky is cloudless and a gentle breeze, perhaps 10 miles an hour, blows steadily all day from the South and tapers off with sundown, the temperature remaining in the 40 to 70 spread.

Great was my delight this morning to find Tuesday's letter from Lyme awaiting me at the Post Office, together with the clippings about the unique pearl and the strange doings at San Francisco. The opening paragraph suggested that March was preparing to enter the Lyme area like a lion, what with the leaden gray skies and the swirling downpour of the snowflakes. I hold the thought the snow didn't last long and I shall be holding the thought that the month will go out like a lamb. I'm so glad you liked the piece about Mrs. Moore. Even as little Miss Lee, so with Lestan, the time of the initial visit sometimes seems but yesterday. Of course copies of "Pink Papers" were forwarded both to Mrs. Moore and The Hatchez Democrat. As a matter of fact, the column went forward a week ago Monday. I suppose we may expect to receive an acknowledgment shortly from one or the other of the recipients but Hatchez never hurries about answering letters and I have the added excuse just now because of the impending Pilgrimage. It was interesting that little Miss Lee and Lestan both had the same thoughts about the black eye the Hatchez bombing earlier in the week gave to the impending Pilgrimage. I haven't heard when the funeral for the victim of the explosion is scheduled to be held. Perhaps this weekend, at just the time the hoopskirts are getting adjusted and the red carpets unrolled. Perhaps the town's people will get some clear notion as to the effect of such murderous acts may have on their income, what with many a potential Pilgrim deciding not to place their lives in the jeopardy of such a community.

How nice that little Miss Lee should have so readily



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Thursday, March 3rd, 1967

placed her true hand on la Crutwell's *Princesse des Ursins*. When *The Sun King* has been finished, it seems to me it more than likely that little Miss Lee, already in the midst of the 17th century atmosphere, might find the Crutwell opus the next most logical step, what with all the characters revolving around the Sun King will be encountered even as one meets old friends, seen but recently, -- Quatorze, Mme. de Mantz, Maintenon, Madame d'Orléans, Philippe de Bourbon d'Espagne Saint Simon and all the rest. The meeting of these people is on familiar ground, too, -- Versailles, Marly and all the rest.

I am so appreciative of the particulars about Miss Mitford and her kinsmen, including her sister husband, Oswald Mosley et al. I did not know about this business. I am also glad to have the quotation from Mr. Poor's review of *The Sun King*. How wonderful it is being able to stroll through the 17th century with a kindred soul. Tonight on a CBS eulogy of Henry Luce, I heard the name of a place, familiar enough to some of us but perhaps never heard of before by millions of listeners, -- Moncks Corner in South Carolina where Mr. Luce will be buried in the graveyard of the plantation owned by the Trappist monks, across the river from The Bluff, about which we have heard quite a bit in the past. And speaking of the Bluff plantation, the thought of Aunt Willie comes to mind. Kay says that there is a growing failure in circulation, especially in the neighborhood of the ankles. This results in some pain and the doctors are supplying pain-killers as much as possible. It is hoped that no amputations will be necessary. I gather that the increase of such problems in a way will make it easier for Kay to withstand the shock that will be inevitable when the patient finally succumbs. It is interesting that while Kay is all wrapped up in her aunt and still under the spell of the latter's monieering personality, she can nevertheless as of the moment at least, contemplate the impending separation with a measure of calmness and acceptance, -- thank Heaven. I planted more mustard and radish seeds today and the fresh air, breeze and sunshine has made me sleepy....

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Friday, March 3rd, 1967

Memorandum: continued fair in the mid-40s - 70 range.

In today's post came a book from Aunt Willie. Its title, oddly enough, is "Willie Was a Lady". It seems to be a tale about a girl in the Carolina hills. The author is Archibald Rutledge. Surprisingly enough, the author has written in the front that this book is for his friend Leston. And that is that for South Carolina literature as of the moment.

Kay flew off for Charleston this morning, taking to the air from Shreveport. James returned from delivering her to the plane in time to call me before supper. He seemed to be in a happy frame of mind, I was glad to note. Kay had mentioned she would be back within a week. It seems to me she usually underestimates the length of time she is going to make. Although she resisted the idea of spending the winter in town, Aunt Willie, once at the Nursing Center, discovered that by being in the city, she is receiving lots more visitors that she would, were she out in the country and accordingly likes her new situation. It is said the dining room furniture at The Bluff is remarkably beautiful. Twice Aunt Willie has had expert packers scout to The Bluff to crate the various pieces, after which the crates have been sent to the American Express office in Charleston. Each time, however, just before the crates left town for the person or persons to whom she had given them, she had countermanded the orders, having the crates brought back to The Bluff. It seems the furniture has again been re-crated and is at the Express office in Charleston but nobody knows if the crates will get away before the countermanding order is received.

Three times today I was honored by 'phone calls from I. S. Willa;



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She in the midst of a dizzy fandango with the Internal Revenue or some such Federal agency and some allied commissions of the State, I believe. The doings concern Social Security or some such which, in turn, seems to involve all sorts of records concerning her income over recent years. According to the pattern now shaping up, various people have purchased prints from her, prints of her own design, always cash has been paid for same, according to I. S.W., and today I received a note of inquiry from the Revenue Department concerning something I had purchased. I am perfectly willing to help such a lady in such distress and am glad to report that I purchased for cash a print of limited edition, subject being Melrose., purchase date being in 1965. One thing I. S. Willard forgot was the fact that I have to get somebody to fill in the Federal form and point out the precise spot where my signature is to be placed. But I shall have no difficulty attending to that and I trust the purpose will be served satisfactorily. I. S. Willard is the last person in the world who would knowingly upset the Government on any point but if the Government doesn't develop a headache long before they get I. S. Willard's account in perfect order, I shall be amazed.

On the home front, many of the ladies, especially those having husbands in Angola, continue to frolic in and out of the honkey-tonks and, it is added, in and out of their respective boudoirs. Last weekend it was thought the wife of George Harris, an Angola resident, -- George, that is, developed case of mumps over night. It is said the lady has been helped by Morel whose papa is also at Angola with George. It is said further than what was attributed to mumps, swelling on either side of her head just below the ears, wasn't so much the mumps as a natural sequence of playing too roughly with Morel. A trip to the Alexandria hospital by the sufferer revealed that her jaws were cracked on both sides, a misadventure which must have been rather more painful than mumps. The lady is also said to be pregnant, giving her claim to additional interesting points in her condition. There are already six or seven children by George or some body in the family and nobody but the Welfare Department seems to worry about the population explosion and most certainly not George.

And so we head into the first weekend in March. I hold the thought it is going to be a night happy one, especially in Lyme....

Three times today I was honored by phone calls from W.2. I met also several by personal visit.

14746

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Memorandum: Sunday, March 5th, 1967.

Pure Spring with a spanking breeze from the south, clear to partly cloudy skies, thermometer ranging from 60 to 80 together with a promise for colder weather and rain on the morrow. The Chinese magnolia shows in much this year but even so the air is heavy with their perfume.

It occurs to me that I neglected to answer your inquiry as to news from Mesdames Ramsey and Word. The answer is so easy: I have heard nothing or about either except for the informat in Helen's letter a while back.

After breakfast on Saturday, I was pleased to hear a tractor in the direction of the Ghana garden. Fugabou had just arrived to disc some and appeared so busy, I did not halt his operations for a chat since he, well acquainted with the layout of the parterre from service there in former years. I had to make a couple of trips to the store and on my return was surprised to see that while most of the garden had been stirred up a little, not all of it had been undertaken and Fugabou and his tractor had vanished. I assume he had had a few snorts and perhaps was feeling an uncontrollable urge for more. Be that as it may, Fugabou never did show up again and so he will have an opportunity to finish his job tomorrow if it doesn't rain tonight and so delay ploughing until the water has drained away again.

In the afternoon, my luck was better. Not a pilgrim showed up and thus I was able to listen uninterrupted to the Metropolitan's broadcast of The Magic Flute. I liked the whole business and was especially charmed during the intermission not by what I heard but what I did not. If you had the good luck to hear the broadcast, you will understand perhaps partially when I say I even enjoyed what I didn't hear. A portion of the intermission was devoted to a recording of an interview, taped some years back, in which Clifton Adiman chatted with Bruno Walter. Whether the tape was poor or whether some momentary interference over the ether waves was in progress but whatever it was, the reception at the time was poor. In the second place the Bruno Walter accent seemed to get entirely out of and with the result that I could understand almost nothing that we being spoke and yet somehow the whole business, although painfully subdued, provided a delightful interlude of pleasure.

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sound that somehow seemed to make the music itself when the second act began seemed doubly delightful.

In *The Magic Flute*, it seems to me Mozart wraps up the 18th century better than any one else has done in this kind of a musical presentation and like many other great masterpieces in other media somehow projects the creator's personality more beautifully than could possibly be achieved by any other artist trying, objectively, to offer a portrait and character study of the composer.

One very pleasant sequence to the afternoon's presentation over the station was my own impulse to return to Petit Trianon for an evening in the same spirit as had dominated the better part of the afternoon.

In spite of the delightful weather today, I somehow missed all the pilgrims and not too many plantation callers. I am especially glad the weather was so pleasant since Mildred McCoy was having her Bayou Folks Museum reception for the 100 year old Mlle. Perrier and surely at 100, one should be blessed with fine weather for receptions. Mrs. Chopin called me about 2 o'clock to say she was driving down to participate a bit in the doings in the old house that once had been her home. She said she had been in Alexandria on Saturday where she had found some brownies, a box of which she had purchased for me, intending to leave them at the post office last evening on her way back to Natchitoches but had sailed right by, not remembering the brownies until she reached Bermuda. And so she stopped off here on her way to Cloutierville and so tonight I shall finish off my day with a couple of brownies and a tall glass of milk.

I took time out this afternoon to read a little further in Morrison's *Oxford History of the American People*. I'm still wondering why the word, *Oxford*, is used in the title. I'm expecting to entertain a couple of professors one day this week and perhaps they may be able to explain the presence of the word. It's a good history and seems to be well balanced in that it does not get out of shape in its allotment of space to pet subjects, so often the fault of histories written by men of one profession or another, like Lestah, who incline to dwell at too great length on some pet subject. Morrison holds the title of Admiral and was active in the Pacific in World War 2 but in spite of that fact, he doesn't let his life at sea sweep him overboard when he mentions Revolutionary naval engagements.

On Saturday the store received a letter, penned by the merchant-plantation couple of days before from Kenya. The letter was devoted primarily to agricultural operations off yonder, wages paid labor and so on. It was said that everything about the trip was going nicely and that is what counts.....

14748

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Monday, March 6th, 1967. A big day in the life of the community. The weather was warm at 6 o'clock this morning but within two hours the thermometer dropped from 68 to 38 within 2 hours. -Is fast you could almost see it and you could feel it without any trouble at all. Two tenths of an inch of drizzle came down before breakfast and it remained cloudy all day. It will be clear during the night and the thermometer will drop a little further to the freezing point. We are promised fair skies and cool weather for the morning.

Although the rain was of no moment, it was sufficient to knock off petals from the Chinese magnolias, what with gusts of wind that tossed the pink and white confettie of both magnolia and pear tree around and about, making pretty designs on the tender new grass.

About 7 o'clock this morning, the merchant-planter telephoned from South Africa, Johannesburg, or some such place. The connection was clear enough, but because of the huskiness of his voice, reception wasn't very satisfactory until Love Hankins took over and spoke for him. According to the conversation, everything seems to be rocking along just fine with the travelers.

For some reason, known best to the postman, that fellow made his rounds a couple of hours earlier today and accordingly my out-going mail was left high and dry but I think I got it taken to town for posting although I am not sure. If Sunday's memo should be received later than usual, this spurt on the part of the post rider may explain it. I may add that the in-coming mail was plentiful but there were no secretaries putting in an appearance.

I talked with James this afternoon and was relieved to hear his voice. On Saturday afternoon I had called him for an address but never could reach him, only a busy signal. I tried Saturday night, Sunday morning, Sunday afternoon and Monday morning, --always a busy signal. When I reached him today,



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he said he had taken the receiver off the hook on Saturday after talking to Kay and hadn't thought about returning it until this afternoon. In one way, it is certainly a great relief to know there is going to be no telephone interruption when you are busy trying to do things but I must say I think the practice is unwise when there is no one around since friends are more than apt to worry if the busy signal goes on for days. I. S. Willard had called me during the afternoon and my impulse was to ask her if she had seen James over the weekend but I restrained myself, knowing full well that if she thought I was worried, she would immediately crank up her horseless carriage and drive down to look in on him and I knew perfectly well that would please James not at all, especially if he was attempting some writing or painting.

I heard an interesting radio program last night out of Station KOA, Denver. It was an hour of talk by some gentleman of color whose name I understood to be Joe Brown and all the time I listened I wondered if it could have been James Baldwin. The names don't sound alike but there was static both at the beginning and conclusion of the hour so that the name might have been anything but Joe Brown. I am told by those who know Colorado that Denver really does devote considerable attention to the arts, lectures on all subjects, etc., although this particular program was originating in Colorado Springs, the broadcast was primarily intended for Denver and obviously spread far afield. I asked James if he knew one Joe Brown for he keeps up with lots of names in the literary field, but the name struck no bell for him so I reckon I was off the track so far as identification was concerned. Be that as it may, it was an interesting entertainment, the speaker delivered extemporaneously, I believe, and perhaps a little more daring in one or two places than one might have expected over the air but nevertheless well worth listening to and properly received vast applause from the audience.

I learned on tonight's radio that the funeral of the "atchez man, killed by the bomb last week, was held today amidst throngs of mourners. I shall be curious to learn how attendance was at Pilgrimage this past week at the opening of this year's season. Saturday and Sunday were such lovely Spring days, I suppose the attendance might well have been very high, were it not for the tragedy that happened in the bombing business that must have caused many an impending visit to be cancelled.

And now for a raid on the ice box and thence to dreamland.....

14750

14751

Tuesday, March 7th, 1967.

Memorandum: No. 1. You will find two letters in the box. There was a heavy frost last night but I saw no ice this morning. Thanks to a brilliant sun all day, the thermometer went up a bit in spite of a chill 20 mile an hour wind off the ice cakes. It snowed in Arkansas which was getting close enough. It is supposed to go down into the 20's tonight which ought to be a little rough on the greens coming up along with radishes and things from last week's planting, not to mention the tender new leaves on the Chinese magnolias. From what the radio had to say about snow streaming from the Great Lakes to the Eastern seaboard, up State New York and Boston getting ample supplies of snow, I was disappointed nobody mention how Lyme was faring weather wise. I tuned in on the 5 o'clock news this afternoon over the ABC network, thinking something might be said about Lyme but only Boston was mentioned. In the same 5 minute news cast, however, mention was made of several deaths, --2 in Paris, a member of the Guggenheim family and Alice Toklas. I made it a point to tune in on the major net works between 6 and 8 o'clock tonight but there was so much about other points, especially political with Harlem overtones and labor with prison implications and not a peep was mentioned about Alice. In due time the newspapers will perhaps have something to say about her will and it is possible that may be of interest, especially if anything detailed about her countless treasures in painting and literature. I shall be especially interested to learn if she made any bequests to Bernard Tave and Picasso. I intended last night to mention how sorry I was to learn of the death of Nelson Eddy. It always seemed to me that his voice and Jeannette MacDonald's were just made for each other as the ideal combination in singing the songs they did so beautifully together.

I had anticipated a busy day and I had one although it



14751

Thursday, March 8th, 1967.

turned out not at all the way I had anticipated. In the first place, I had not expected a secretary and one put in an appearance at 7:30 this morning which gave me an unexpected opportunity to run through a half dozen things that needed attention. I had reserved this afternoon for Doctors Wells and Wylie but that fell through when Tom Wells called me at 1 o'clock to say that Dr. Wylie's plane had encountered fog on its way from where ever to Shreveport and when it did arrive, fog gummed up the roads between Shreveport and Natchitoches so that instead of coming down here, Dr. Wylie had had to go to bed in anticipation of expenditures of energy in the late afternoon and ton speech at the college. Tom asked me to run up to a little reception the Wellses were giving for Dr. Wylie at 6 o'clock but naturally I declined since receptions are not exactly in my line just at present. He mentioned the names of a few people bidden to the reception, thinking that my serve as a "come-on". Everyone he mentioned were friends but "previous engagement" ruled out my attendance. And then at 1:30, James called from the artist's house, asking if he might pass this way. He might. And I enjoyed the visit, covering as it did a whole flock of current events both on the river and around the world. He said he talked with Kay on the 'phone last night. She reported that Aunt Willie was just back from a ride in the country and apparently was feeling as fit as a fiddle. I am through trying to form any mental picture of her state of health, the various reports so often sound so contradictory. I am happy to hear from a couple of sources that everybody had a fine time at the Bayou Folk Museum in Cloutiersville last Sunday at the birthday celebration for the 100 year old lady. There were only two mild problems, the first being that they experienced a little difficulty in persuading the celebrant to attend and second once she arrived, she was having such a fine time, they had a little difficulty in persuading her to re-turn home when the party was over, indicating obviously that the party was indeed a success. ....

I had anticipated a busy day and I had one in though it

14752

14752

Wednesday, March 8th, 1967.

Memorandum:

The weather continues fair and it wasn't so cold last night, only 34. The prediction for tonight is 26 but this afternoon the thermometer went up into the 60's and my guess is that the cold head in this direction has slanted eastward and that we shall have no frost at all. It was supposed to be cloudy tonight but the sky is radiant with stars and there's something that looks like a lamp tangled in the pear tree between Yucca and the artist's house which I take to be the crescent of a new moon.

This is the time when the ribbon grass or Cardener's Garter usually begins bubbling its milk-whitestems up out of the chocolate brown earth and today I noticed a couple dozen of these harbingers of Spring.

Today I talked with Dr. Yvonne Phillips on the 'phone. She occupies the Kyser's home on Williams Avenue a short distance from the J. H. Williams residence. She said she understood J. H. and Celeste are in Australia. I said they are in Africa and that it is the J. H. and Claudia Williams couple who are in Australia. She seemed quite taken aback, saying she had heard that J. H. and Celeste Henry had gone to Australia but didn't know that J. H. and Claudia Williams were out of town. Perhaps Yvonne has the same kind of a mental twist that her friend, Thelma, has for, as I am sure I have mentioned before. Thelma always says J. H. Henry when she means J. H. Williams. This peculiarity sometimes leads to puzzling if not hilarious results as when a while back when Thelma, the folks across the fence and I were chattering away on the gallery across the way when Celeste mentioned something about Claudia planning to run up to Illinois to visit her new grandchild and Thelma inquired if, in view of all the bad weather, J. H. Henry would let her go.

In yesterday's memo I believe I enclosed a letter from Clara Tyson in which she mentioned having seen Blythe Rand at work in her garden. Inasmuch as La Tyson lives

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in the 2100 block of Hill Street and la Rand in the 2300 block,  
it seems odd these girls haven't heard of each other  
after all these years, as indeed was the case, if Blythe is  
to be trusted which she isn't in such matters. Be that as it may,  
it now appears from the Tyson letter that they have met and  
my guess now is that one of these days, Blythe will be driving  
up with her Hill Street neighbor if la Tyson has no  
better sense than to entrust life and limb to Blythe's driving.

On the artistic front there seems to be a lot of scuffling  
going on. Yesterday James had stopped at the artist's  
house before coming here. The artist told him that her  
grandson, Ughmore, pronounced Ugh-more, after quitting  
his Melrose job, had gone up the road a piece to work  
at the Roque gourage, half way between here and St. Mathew's.  
But the artist stated that the Roques don't treat Ughmore  
right, having him work until 8 o'clock some nights when  
they are busy and although on the following day Ughmore wouldn't  
have to go to work until noon, it wasn't right to expect him  
to work after 5 o'clock in the evening.

What the artist didn't tell James and perhaps she knew and per  
she didn't, was the fact that Ughmore had already been fired for  
his triflin' ways. The fact that he has a wife and four children  
is just a detail and the fact that he does not contribute to  
their support and does not see them except on week-ends which  
he spends with his wife is just another detail. In short,  
there appears to be a vast scuffle going on in and about  
Ughmore and how that will ever unravel, if it ever does, remains  
to be seen.

Another grandson of the artist, Frankie Ray, Ughmore's  
half brother, spend much of his time with the artist and  
according to my grapevine, is doing quite well painting pictures  
and selling them. I guess Frankie Ray is about 15. I am wondering  
if the artist is smart enough to get Frankie-Ray to start a paintin  
factory and like Paul Peter Rubens, get a real business under way.

Returnin to Ughmore, although that isn't especially aluring,  
there is some kind of an unhappiness existing as between  
Ughmore and Charles Turner. Now Charles Turner, son of Charlie  
Turner, is married to Emmalie Solomon, daughter of  
one King Solomon, once of secretarial status. After Mr.  
and Mrs. Charles Turner were married here where Charles worked, they  
decided to go to town and live with Zelma,  
Emmalie's grandma but Emmalie wouldn't stay  
home and mind the children and Charles thought he  
better bring his family back to Canriver  
and so the Roque's offered him the job Ughmore had  
been working at and thus there is a froideur as between  
the preys of Charles Turner and Ughmore's kinfolks and so  
the wheel turns and, if you don't mind, what a rigamarole.  
My ice box calls and I must respond.....

14754

14754

Thursday, March 9th, 1967.  
Memorandum: --

Partly cloudy with thin clouds, the thermometer running between  
40 and 60.

The nicest thing about today's post was Monday's letter  
from Lyme. A flock of circumstances prevented  
me from going into any of the other letters but that  
disturbed me not at all since I was able to work in the  
only important one.

I am sorry to learn that the health situation of the  
girl friend is, yes, much to be desired. What a pity she has to  
contend with something that appears to parallel the  
difficulty of some time back. Let us hold the thought that this go-  
round may be taken care of more readily and without  
attendant medical requirements that obtained in the previous  
affliction.

As your weekend letters crossed, by now you will be  
knowing that little Miss Lee, Lestan, too, had a  
go at the Magic Flute. It is such a pleasant sensation for Lestan,  
thinking of little Miss Lee plying her needle and at the same  
time absorbing the wonderful musical program coming over the air  
on Saturday afternoon. Lestan, however, was the luckier of the two s  
on Saturday evening he had an opportunity to round out the Flute with  
an added happy hour at Petit Trianon, little Miss Lee being  
present in spirit.

And thanks so much for the clippings and for news about  
doings at the Coliseum where Primavera got  
ahead of the calendar date for the arrival of Spring.

In spite of the mix-up in the ribbon, I'm glad you could  
make out some of the very faintly typed memo and I am delighted  
to repeat the Phelps - Chopin relationship.

There are the McClung sisters, both of them now widows. Frances  
McClung Phelps whom little Miss Lee has met. Then there is her  
sister, Alice McClung Chopin. Alice McClung Chopin and  
Ann Amelia Hanlon Chopin married brothers, Alice having  
married Lamy Chopin and Ann Hanlon having married Mathew Chopin,  
the Chopin boys being sons of Fanny Hertzog Chopin of Derry, and  
that is that.



14755

It goes without saying I was delighted to learn of little Miss Lee's reaction to the reference in a recent memo about the pet guinea. After mentioning the little feathered friend in the memo, Leston felt perhaps a column was in order and accordingly knocked one off. It should be appearing within two or three weeks. If the column bears a title, -- perhaps some versions do and some do not, -- this particular one should carry the caption: My Friend Audley or Audrey.

Two or three weeks ago little Miss Lee referred to a column in the Satchitoches Times, written by some lady. I do not know the author and don't even remember her name but I did hear she is a lady living in Alexandria and that she offered half a dozen columns to Charles Cunningham with a view to selling him a regular weekly piece. He accepted the gift of the six without commitment to the writer but remarked to a couple of people in the office that he would run the gifts but would not purchase single one.

And this reminds me of something else about the operation of the Times which is rather odd. I got it via the grapevine, stemming from a member of the newspaper staff. Charles, being the husband of a millionaire, hasn't the slightest intention of paying any of his employees a minimum wage which a newspaper must pay if its circulation is up to or exceeding a certain figure per issue.

By some kind of contriving either with some member in charge of circulation on his staff or with an official who is supposed to check on such details, or both, he posts the issues, not all at one time but on the supposed day for issuance plus a day ahead and a day behind, rigging up whatever mechanical gadget registers the number of papers coming off the press on each day of issuing. In this way, it is said, he can avoid paying just wages as determined by whatever agency that decides such matters. Charles discourages increasing subscriptions to his paper because that would upset the guide lines he is already

paper because he would spend negative lives he is already trimming. As there is no other newspaper in town, he can get a maximum of advertising. It is felt that if he would print a good paper, drum up more advertising and increase the circulation, he would be able to pay salaries within the law and make more money or just as much. The condition of his workers, however, appears to interest him not at all and since his own nest is well feathered by his wife's fortune, he, himself, has nothing to worry about financially. It's a dreary, selfish, unimaginative existence, it would appear but...oh, well, we have known lots of other people just like that.

The clerk went to Alexandria to a basketball game tonight and so cook was given time off so far as supper as concerned. I made myself a fine salad of tuna fish, bell pepper, onion and cucumber, with a slab of poundcake and some bananas and cream for my repast which is beckoning me right now.....

1475

Friday, March 10th, 1967.

Memorandum

Clear to partly cloudy and with a warm wind, the thermometer hovering around the 70's and 80's.

There were a couple examples of vandalism in town night before last. I am wondering if the investigators will examine college boys who smash bells when they begin trying to solve the crimes.

I believe the People's Bank is one of the newer banks in Natchitoches. It is quite handsomely furnished, much carpeted from wall to wall and so on. A hose was somehow inserted into an opening, perhaps at the drive-in section of the building or some such and the water turned on. It ran all night and the bank was almost afloat next morning, the water being several inches deep.

On the same night a hose was inserted in a second story window of the fine new mansion Cousin Arthur is building somewhere down Pecan way. The water was turned on and ran all night, buckling the newly laid floors and ruining the walls.

I assume both buildings were insured and I assume the insurance people will demand some sort of an investigation and I'm quite sure Cousin Arthur will on his own hook since the damages in both cases must run into the thousands of dollars.

There is always a tendency in this Parish to let crimes go and no effort to bring the culprits to justice. When the crimes get into the tank and the lawyer's property, however, perhaps the tune will be changed a bit.

Well, we shall probably hear more about all this.

I think I mentioned Frances McClung Phelps and her sister, Margaret Phelps. She is making quite a name for herself in the world of theosophy. She is making a great deal of theosophy. She is in theosophy or theosophy. And so the world turns and so I find myself the happier that I don't have to worry about having a theosophy done in theosophy. As summer approaches, I find I contemplate meeting less and less time as the season advances.



14757

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alice McClung Chopin in yesterday's memo. Since then I learned that a daughter of la Phelps who lives in the Rhine area, -- probably having something to do with the Army, is going to get married to an American youth there in August. Frances will fly over for the wedding which is to take place in Frankfurt or some such place and her sister, la Chopin, will go with her, remaining there for a month or two after Frances returns for, as I understand it, Alice wants to visit there for a while. It should make a nice trip for both the former McClung girls and I'm glad they are going to have such a trip to look forward to this summer.

There was mail today but no secretaries, -- the latter too busy with winding up the basketball season or getting ready for the opening of the baseball season, I don't know which. In the post was a couple cartons of the conventional sort in which I receive Talking Books from the State Library in Baton Rouge. But this shipment seems to have come from Washington with a covering note they may be kept indefinitely. The two cartons are a recording of Prout's Cities of the Plain while the third one contains a flock of tape recordings. Obviously these are to be interpreted as a gift from the gentleman out of Washington as of January 7th. I shall go into the matter further shortly and shall refer to the matter in more detail when I have the whole thing quite straight in my own mind. Perhaps there is a covering letter in one or another of the unopened pieces of mail. In any event, it is nice knowing there are such items that don't have to be returned.

One person and another in town have mentioned having had cards from the J. H. Williamses from Australia and the J. H. Henrys from Africa. Both sets of travelers left Hatcher's on the same day for their whizes around the respective continents and both set expected back home on the same day, -- Wednesday of this coming week.

On the 18th of this month, J. H. Williams' sister, Madam Beauform heads out for her two month go at the Orient. She is making quite a point about preparations she is making to have a great deal of dressmaking done while she is in Burma or Hong-kong or where ever. And so the world turns and so I find myself the happier that I don't have to worry about having my dressmaking done in Pango-pango. As summer approaches, I find I contemplate wearing less and less raiment as the season advanceth.....

14758

14758

Sunday, March 12th, 1967.

Memorandum: The weather is quite good, being partly cloudy with the thermometer standing between the upper 60's by night and the upper 80's by day with a pleasant breeze sufficient to temper the warmth in the afternoon.

It was just grand to find Thursday's letter from Lyne in Saturday's post. First off, I hasten to pray, -- if it isn't too late, that little Miss Lee may not wear herself out casting about in the Seigne department. Glancing through the correspondence of la Marquise might afford a pleasant hour but I earnestly hope that one may not exhaust one's self digging for the two key beverages, chocolate et cafe. As for myself, I was never very good at glancing across the printed page and discovering a particular word being sought. On the contrary, I always seemed bound to plod along, word by word, taking me forever to discover what some people could grasp at a glance. I had hoped to find some letter in which la Marquise had something to say for and against chocolate and coffee. Perhaps no such letter exists. I used to read so much about the 17th century that it may quite well be that I have concocted such a letter in my own mind, attributing the distillation of my thoughts on the subject into a composition which I have gratuitously accredited to la Marquise.

Be that as it may, I sincerely hope little Miss Lee will keep on the brakes is she gets a chance to look over some of the letters, enjoying some of her reports on high society in and around the de rance at the time the Sun King was in the zenith. If chocolate versus coffee turns up along the way, all well and good but if neither does, may the exploration of the pages still provide a measure of pleasure along the way.

I find it a sad vignette, the accounts of what the neighbor encountered on returning to his labors following his illness. And at the same time I am thinking of him, I find myself also thinking of his spouse and holding the thought that the current cloud may tend to evaporate so far as any shadows it might have cast. I shall always appreciate being kept abreast with events in that quarter.

And so little Miss Lee finished the Mitford opus. I



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tend to find it an excellent collection of pertinent data on the 17th century, representing a mountain of culling and setting forth a lot of interesting data one might not easily come across if bent on doing research. I have in mind especially the over-all account of Saint-Cyr and the account of the English mission to France, prior to the War of the Spanish Succession. For this type of book, one mustn't expect to find everything and there is, of course, a great deal left out. If memory serves, no mention at all was made of Les Invalides, -- something that was rather unique from a military aspect of things and certainly unusual architecturally, the dome being the most imposing north of the Alps. But the book itself suffices to quick public interest in the reign and more books with missing sidelights will be forthcoming, one may be sure. I want to say, too, how much I appreciate the clippings. I have run through them very hurriedly and am impatient to take them more slowly within a day or two. I had not remembered, if I ever knew, that Henry Luce had two sons by a marriage prior to C. Booth, although I do remember that Miss Booth had at least one daughter before she married Henry. I want to go into the obituary of Alice Toklas more carefully, too. I never quite sure about leaving property to a university and what the intention of the donor may be. In the Toklas case, I assume her bequest covered manuscripts only. If there were objects of art, however, it will be interesting to see how Yale handles them. -- maintaining them in a collection or selling them promptly as the University of Chicago sold Myra Smith's Devereux. The weekend has been so pleasant, quiet and only minor interruptions. Miss Cam's old friend, Ruth Cross who married Palmer, wrote earlier in the week to ask about bringing some friends over from Winfield. I didn't get to open the letter until Saturday, too late to drop her a line but I was successful in reaching her long distance last night and so she came with three ladies this afternoon. It was nice to be able to do something in memory of Miss Cam and while the afternoon was tepid enough, it was at the same time pleasant enough. I still have 6 or 9 letters I haven't even opened as yet, -- Mildred McCoy, Rudolph and so on but I shall get to them eventually.

But now I must address myself to some supper, -- a small roast chicken, quocoda, sallade, cherry tart and a tall glass of tender leaf tea and that will do it.....

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Monday, March 13th, 1967.

Memorandum: enclosed herein are, enclosed as usual, a Pure Spring touched up with summer, today being the triplicate of yesterday's double of Saturday's original. One surprise of the day was a great racket on the Yucca gallery at 12 o'clock noon. It was Sister, of course, having just blown in from Leesville, she said, where she had been visiting her daughter since Thursday last past. By God's grace, she only lingered a quarter of an hour and then hit out for Shreveport. I asked nothing about her plans but I am quite sure we are more than likely to receive an Easter visitation. If only it would be Easter Sunday and not a whole week. Another surprise of the day was a letter from Crockett. As you have seen what little correspondence there has been from that quarter, you are probably wondering as am I what in the world has been biting her during the past year. One gathers from the letter, however, that a corner has been turned and a readiness for the resumption of relations has come into view. I shall do what I can to further that end, wondering the while that there are comparatively so few people in this world who practice steadfastness. It seems incredible but there was another dab of vandalism of the accustomed pattern in Hatchitoches either Friday or Saturday night. The marauder or marauders somehow got a hose into the offices of the local radio station. KNOX is on Front Street on the second floor. It is immediately above the Hughes Drygoods Store. The radio station suffered little damage comparatively but one can readily imagine what happened to the drygoods just below. If the town doesn't get busy and put a stop to such crimes, it certainly deserves all it is getting. A fan letter was written me recently, -- I suppose recently, -- and hasn't come to hand as yet although Mrs. Walker found it in her mail on Saturday and read it over the phone to me. I wish I had asked her what sort of an address the envelope carried. Perhaps Mrs. Walker will send it along to me in all good time. Be that as it may, it was a very delightful letter from



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a Mrs. Frances Lawton, some number Beechwood Drive, Baton Rouge. She began by saying that just as the lights of the theatre in Chicago were dimming recently the person sitting next to her did some speculating about "the goose man", for it seems that somebody had run across about some article about Louella, --probably the one that appeared about the 15th of May last year. It seems several people had spent some time discussing the piece, the discussion carried on into the evening. What Mrs. Lawton wanted to know if I had ever written any other articles and if so, where she might obtain same for she simply had to have a copy of the goose article, no matter what.

In responding to her letter, I said something to the effect that "This is the goose man speaking" but that sometimes I appeared under othersoubrquets such as the Bantam man, the guinea man, the peacock man, the blackbird man and so on. I went on to say I had a way of way of appearing in a different guise about once a week and gave her the names of a few newspapers in which she might catch up with the column. Somehow I got the impression from hearing the letter read only once that the lady did not know the Louella story appeared in a column. That's what puzzles me as to how a letter addressed to me carried Mrs. Walker's name and so on and so forth. It will be amusing to see what the lady has to say for herself if she ever gets around to answer my letter.

On the botanical front, there is every indication that Primavera has just about made it this far North. The German iris are unfurling white banners, blue banners and yellow banners. The violets are going it great guns and the red buds, like the Chinese magnolias, are on the point of perfection and almost on the way to passing their prime. By 10 o'clock this morning I had decided that if I didn't find time to hunt up some short sleeved shirts, I had better get busy with a pair of shears and cut the long sleeves of the shirt I was wearing along a bout elbow height. Of course I realize full well that somewhere in the offing there's another cold front that will pass this way before winter is finally unseated and summer takes over but wheathe thermometer reaches 90, one's imagination finds it difficult to picture chilly days still to be encountered in the weeks ahead.

I understand the travelers are in Zurich tonight, will be in New York tomorrow night and in New Orleans by 6 o'clock Wednesday night. The minor joke making the rounds of the New York Times is that the Russians are there to get out of the icebox and thence to my downy pillow.....

14762

Memorandum:

Another pre-summer day, partly cloudy, lots of breeze and the thermometer in the 90's. The warmth persuaded me to divest myself of a long sleeve shirt in favor of a short sleeved one, --temporarily. Once can scarcely expect this sort of weather to continue straight through the balance of winter, the ensuing spring and summer and on into mid October but while the present heat wave lasts, it certainly is pleasant.

Among other results of warmer weather may be noted a whole flock of new leaves and flowers coming out in foolish disregard of an inevitable cold snap before long. The leaves on the persimmon trees are as pretty as can be and the banana stalks are out of the ground a foot or more while the butterfly lilies are pushing up their greenery at a great rate. From mid July through the balance of the summer and well into November, people are forever asking me about securing a start of butterfly lilies. I am always happy to share them, only asking that I be reminded of the request in March which is the proper time to transplant such items. I, for one, cannot remember the flocks of people requesting these items and if they can't remember to ask me about the matter in March, they probably don't really want them very badly. But along about the 2nd or 3 week in July, they will be asking me about them some again and so the old rigamarole will continue going around and around.

On awakening this morning my head was buzzing with a dozen plans I had every intention of carrying out before sundown. I must say the day did turn out to be busy enough but I did not do one single thing I had intended doing. I guess I got enough done or at least I seemed to keep pretty busy all day but I'm a little disappointed that I shall have to start in again at dawn, hoping to accomplish at least some of the things I didn't even get around to consider today.

I have forgotten when James was here last, -- a week ago at least, I am sure. I suppose he is busy doing a lot of things, perhaps printing, -- things which



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Tuesday, March 14th, 1967.

he probably doesn't undertake doing when Kay is there if the jobs, such as working on a picture, do not lend themselves to dropping and taking up again, once one has made an initial beginning.

From tonight's major network reports about the doings in New Orleans today in court concerning the plot to kill President Kennedy, one gathers that the whole thing falls into the general classification of "Much Ado About Nothing". Right along people in the Pelican State have seemed to feel that District Attorney Jim Garrison was looking for a lot of publicity. He certainly got it. But now it's a question if it will do him any good and the probability seems to be that it will not. Successful politics seems to be an art and one gathers Mr. Garrison is not precisely an artist in his particular field. But Adam Clayton Powell seems to be something of an artist if captivating one's electorate signifies an artist. I find myself surprised that Martin Luther King especially and Dick Gregory have felt constrained to support Powell. Perhaps they are right in their understanding that this Powell thing is a racial thing. It seems to me the Powell is a smart man who has turned into a scoundrel, -- and a long time back. It seems to me the original cause for which King, Gregory et al were originally concerned has lost much if not all of its appeal to the majority of sympathetic friends and that nobody glances objectively any more. Perhaps such movements can go only so far at a given time and then an interval of do-nothing intervene. One thing is certain, the trend was going along at quite a clip until the riots in California, New York State, etc., brought the whole thing to a standstill and genuinely sympathetic supporters dropped the whole effort like a hot potato. Perhaps the potato will have to cool off a little before the thing gets started again which doesn't seem likely to be very soon.

-- A strawberry tart awaits my attention, not to mention a nice cool glass of milk and I am bound to attend to say herewith.....

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Wednesday, March 15th, 1967.

**Memorandum:**

Cloudy and humid all day and withal cooler in the 70's. Tonight the new moon reigns in a cloudless sky. The weather man says the thermometer will sag into the 40's which is just as well since all vegetation is advancing too swiftly under the heat of the last 4 or 5 days. There is already ample material for Jack Frost to work on when he makes his Easter rounds and the plants accordingly might as well conserve their energies for a renewed effort after the cold spell has made its rounds and departed.

I intended saying day before yesterday that on Monday night I heard wild geese honking northward. Verily Spring is bound to be in the making.

While we are dinner today, somebody from R. E. A. appeared, stopping here to leave one car and going on to New Orleans to pick up the travelers, scheduled to arrive in the Crescent City around 7 o'clock and so motor here by midnight, I suppose. Tomorrow's 9 o'clock coffee may give some notion about travel details, I suppose, although I am mindful of the fact that very little is ever related about such matters, forever reminding me of news releases by the major net works, --always what's going to be coming up just ahead but scant talk about things that have happened.

A kindly couple in their 80's put in an unannounced appearance at my door just at dinner time this noon. They refreshed my memory by saying I would probably remember that I passed this way 4 or 5 years ago when, as now, they were returning from their home on the Gulf to their home in Iowa. They brought me some grapefruit which, since it was cold-cold, must have been traveling in an amputulating ice box. I shall sample it on the morrow.

Cousin Arthur and wife are back from New Orleans, where they were when the hose was inserted in an upstairs window of their mansion, currently being built. I heard nothing about their reaction to that vandalism but I did hear that Cousin Arthur looked as though he had been given a going over by a Crescent City bunch of vandals for it is said he has a black eye with discoloration going well up into his forehead. The doctors have been advising him for years to keep off his crutches but like



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Wednesday, March 14th, 1967

other members of the family, he pays little attention to the advice of doctors although he continues consulting them. It seems his crutches gave way under his weight and he crashed on some piece of furniture, the black eye being the result therefrom.

I phoned James a couple of times today but got no response. Perhaps he wasn't home. I had thought of calling I. S. Willard to see if she had heard if Kay was planning to make it this week but on second thought, I did not call la Willard for there were half a dozen things I had awaiting my attention from dawn to dusk and I knew if I did reach la Willard, I might not get on with other business closer to home.

A. R. H. Although there were secretaries today, I did not get around to read Mrs. Moore's letter but may get to do so later tonight, should a reader pass this way en route home from the honkey-tonk. A lady from Jefferson, Texas, stopping in Hatchitoches today, gave me a buzz and mentioned having seen a column of mine in the Natchez Democrat, something about Pink Papers. According to this lady's report, the Democrat mentioned, --so she said, --that as a result of the Pink Papers article in Louisiana papers, the Democrat had received "literally hundreds" of orders for the Pilgrimage edition. Well, good for the Democrat. I suppose they are too busy with pilgrims to take up unnecessary correspondence at the moment.

Mrs. Walker phoned last night on some matter about a column. She reported having received a card from Charles Cunningham. He reported that 15 foot waves prevented the Queen Elizabeth from disembarking passengers at the Egyptian port of call and so the boat had proceeded to Athens. Charles had wanted to see the pyramids and hoped to get a chance to do so, --possibly the ship returning to Egypt after the waves subsided or perhaps they would fly. He didn't say. Apparently he addressed 43 nights in a row for dinner. Well, I power to him.

And now I must do a dab of mail and then fold up my beard against a busy day on the morrow.....

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P.S. - Like a Shakespeare tragedy, a part of Mrs. Moore's letter approaches dangerously near comedy when too much misere is reported. I removed the clipping but will send it along later.

Thursday, March 16th, 1967.

Fair and cool in the 40-70 range, with a brisk breeze to make it seem even cooler than the thermometer indicates.

There is only one word for it, --flooded, --and I was flooded, pure and simple, when today's letter of Tuesday from Lyme brought me the evidence of the extraordinary results of little Miss Lee's research on the chocolate-cake controversy running through the Seigne letters.

I am so filled with amazement at the enormous amount of work, accomplished in such a short time, that I cannot find words to express my appreciation.

Everything that I wanted to know is wrapped up in the data compiled by little Miss Lee's gifted hand. As the Seigne set in the college library will give forth everything that I need, so readily unlocked by the research paper to hand, that we may count that subject as more than adequately covered. The set in the college library is in English and can be transcribed as easily as pie. Again my thanks and let us hold the thought that eventually the letters may be dipped into without the pressure of looking for a spot of chocolate or coffee but simply for the sheer pleasure of re-capturing the 17th century as seen through the eyes of la belle Marquise.

As for the folks across the fence, they got home at 11:00 clock last night, following a rainy or rainy-snowy day in New York. The night before they had attended the theatre, --Auntie somebody or some such title.

So far as mine hostess felt about it, I gather, the high point of the trip was Interlaken and Zurich. Next to that port of call was a visit to a beauty shop in New York to have her perruque put into place. Without seeming to press for an answer, I inquired about Athens but got no where with that approach. Nothing at all was mentioned of the Dark Continent. The sitting was brief because of many



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impending social engagements. Perhaps I shall hear something about Africa from that source at some subsequent sitting.

I saw J. H. at supper. Except for large operating efforts in the Nile valley, he saw nothing agricultural in the balance of the journey that impressed him. He said the natives did a little with cattle but no agriculture. He thought the natives much less advanced than the American Indians. The capital of Ethiopia struck him as being about the size of Natchez, Mississippi, with the hotel mediocre. They did not hear any lions, except Love Hankins thought he heard one during the night. There seemed to be lots of wild animals in the Rhodesia area -- more zibras, giraffes, elephants and the like -- if you can think of anything like them -- than the grass in that area can support.

The line between white people and colored people is absolute.

It will be interesting to chat with somebody else making the same trip to see if the impressions jibe.

J. H. said he lost 10 pounds on the trip and is tired. All that I can understand.

James, to my surprise, appeared this afternoon. He said he picked Kay up in Shreveport yesterday when her plane flew in from Charleston. He brought with him a gift for me which I. S. Willard had delivered to him a week or two ago. It must be one of the books she mentioned in her letter from Washington while there for the holidays. It's a book with cardboard covers about the size of this sheet of paper and between a quarter and a half inch in thickness, including the envelope inside the front cover containing 15 or so photographic slides, each about the size of a postage stamp and another envelope attached to the inside back of the back cover containing a small record which is said to contain a story about travel in France as related by Charles Boyer. I am curious to see what the text of the book is like, what the record has to say but I guess I shall have to wait a while to see what the photographic slides may reveal. I do not have a movie projector handy. I paused here to play the Boyer text covering 30 not 15 slides. Picture my astonishment when I learned Louis XIV at 22, built Versailles to delight Madame de la Valiere and every time he fell in love with another lady, he built another wing such as the Gallerie des Glaces built for Madame de Maintenon. Imagine. Well, Lord, so thing turn and I am bound to turn to the ice box after such a record.....

P. S. When posting this memo, I shall also drop an Easter greeting, too.

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"The Easter Story"  
✓ Chap. Museum of Art

Friday, March 17th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Cloudy and breezy, the thermometer "hovering" between the 40's and 60's. The good earth is dry-dry but the weather man can nothing but further dryness for the next four days.

I continue probing for news of Africa but come up with little or nothing. At 9 o'clock coffee this morning, Juanita B. and son were there when I arrived. Our hostess dwelt on Parish social news and I departed in 10 minutes. J. H. spoke of his trip at supper but I learned little except that the planes fly low enough over the Dark Continent so that one may view the countryside although what is seen wasn't clear to me. The food was not very palatable. The hotels weren't very inviting. I asked if the windows were screened but he couldn't say. Being a hermit, I reckon I am perhaps more avid for news than most people. The gift of story-telling is unquestionably a great art although it is quite probable some people can't imagine anyone being interested in listening to stories or travelogues. In times gone by, I have noticed that an eager would-be listener finds scant fare. Come to think of it, it may just be that the traveler really hasn't anything to report. In view of all the time, money and energy involved in traveling, it would seem as though one might acquire some impressions along the way. However, if one has ample supplies of all three elements, perhaps there is no good reason for not wasting them.

From this evening's radio reports, I gather that the weather in Manhattan was inclement for the inevitable Saint Patrick's Day Parade. In thinking back over the years I chanced to be in Manhattan on St. Patrick's Day, I seem to remember most of them as being fair, often cold but seldom snowy. I understood there was a 5 inch snow today, however, but that that did not chill the spirits of the participants. It was reported that Senator Robert Kennedy marched "down 5th Avenue" quite hatless. I have heard it said that neither John nor Robert liked to wear hats and that is understandable enough. I was a little puzzled about the paraders marching "down" the Avenue, leading me to believe that such festivities must have been reversed since the old days when, if memory serves, the paraders used to march up, not down, the Avenue. It seems to me a little on the remarkable side that a single saint should



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have been accepted in toto by any racial group, filled with sufficient verve to unite and "hoop it up" altogether. Perhaps that's one thing that makes the Irish different, -- their ability to adopt and stick to a single holy man. I can scarcely imagine the English, Germans, French or Spanish being carried away with a solitary man of God. It seems to me a goodly number of Italians in New York used to concentrate fairly fixedly upon St. Joseph but somehow their parades always failed to get to the boiling point and therefore never completely jelled. Perhaps somebody will figure out the Irish phenomenon and tell us all about it in some magazine article eventually.

The other day I had a surprise visitor which I think I did not mention. I have to knock off a column tonight and I may report the matter in some such guise as "Fountain Silhouettes" or some such. Be that as it may, I noticed a shadow perched on the rim of St. Giggan's fountain the other morning at dawning. From its size, I took it to be a peacock but realized a second after glimpsing it that no peacock, self-respecting or otherwise, would be abroad at such an hour. But I had already picked up a corn muffin and started toward the door and so I kept going. As I opened the door and stepped down onto the gallery, the nice fat shadow moved as though turning to glance at me and then slid down onto the bricks and came toward me. It was a friendly raccoon. I broke the biscuit in two and handed him a half which he began eating promptly and as a matter of course. I sat down on a bench for a moment and when he had finished, he simply jumped up beside me on the bench, sniffing about for the other tidbit which I gave him and which he proceeded to eat there beside me. Someone knocked at the door on the other side of the house and when I returned to the back gallery, the coon was moseying across the lawn in the direction of the bamboo hedge. I should like to know to whom he belongs for he obviously is a pet.

And now I must get busy and do some work, feeling very noble about resisting my impulse to raid the icebox before tetting my chores done.....

14770

Palm Sunday.  
Sunday, March 19th, 1967.

Memorandum: Fair to partly cloudy this weekend with the temperature in the 40 - 60 range. Tonight the moon has the sky all to herself without the faintest suggestion of a cloud but we are promised widely scattered showers for the morrow. I hold the thought the scattering may be wide enough to bring an inch or so of rain to this bend of the river, thereby encouraging the vegetables, already up, to jump a little faster.

I am happy to report a quiet weekend in these parts. I enjoyed it to the fullest, realizing full well that Easter weekend will probably be gummed up with Shreveport et al and that we shall be lucky if the gumming doesn't stretch more over an entire week than a mere weekend.

Twice during the past week on the radio Farm Program out of Shreveport, I have heard Mr. Macdonald of the tulip gardens of Newellton talking on the air about the excellence of the tulips just now up that way. I haven't heard a peep on the radio about how things rock along in Hatcher but I did get an indirect account on that subject today.

Mrs. Chopin called me this morning for advise about journeying to the Bluff City for the weekend, saying she had in mind to run over there with her son on Saturday with the thought of having her mother and sister drive up from New Orleans so they all four might have a Saturday afternoon tour, attend the pageant on Saturday night, make another tour on Sunday morning and then, after dining together at Stanton Hall, the New Orleans and Natchitoches contingents return to their respective homes. Since my advise was sought, I gave it readily on the premise that Hatcher is always crowded on weekends during Pilgrimage and that it was likely to be doubly so.

I hold the thought it is serene in Lymé this weekend of Palm Sunday and that weather is a lot to make in anticipation of Spring's arrival on Tuesday.



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1967, March 19th, Sunday

at Easter weekend. I suggested, however, that if she really wanted find out about the situation, she might 'phone. She did just that and learned all hotels and motels had been long since sold out. There was a chance, and only a chance, that one might find a room in a private home, all such rooms being listed with the Chamber of Commerce, the charge for one night's being twenty dollars per person. It seems to me I have heard of high prices in Europe at tourist time. I take it the residents of Natchez must have heard about high prices, too.

And so, instead of everybody staging a family reunion in Natchez, the girls decided that the Hatcherbockes branch should drive to New Orleans where the family reunion could be consummated more pleasantly in the mother's home and where the Easter bunnies are probably just as pretty as they might turn out to be in bulging Natchez.

On Saturday afternoon I spent a pleasant hour with some college people who are stirring up publicity for the Madame AubinRogue house. It took a measure of spading to fill them in on the lady and her ancestors as none of them had ever ventured as far afield as the Cane River country. A Mr. Baker of somewhere down Lafayette way got the most out of the session, I believe and it will be interesting to see what he and his associates turn out.

While we were at dinner across the fence today, three ladies rattled the front door knocker. One of them, a Miss Marsh or some such name, formerly lived in Montroger before taking up her residence in Baton Rouge years ago. J. H. remembered her and invited her and the two New Orleans ladies with her to walk in the gardens when I would join them there when I had finished dinner. As J. H. is always the first to leave any table, he departed before I had attack my dessert and demi-tasse and so they got some entertainment from him before I joined them. It turned out they were all wonderfully dull and I was happy when they had departed and I could take up one or two points with plantation friends passing this way.

I hold the thought it was serene in Lyme this weekend of Palm and that warmer weather is about to move in in anticipation of Spring's arrival on Tuesday.....

14772

14772

Monday, March 20th, 1967.

Memorandum:

A gentle drizzle most of the day amounting to six tenths of an inch. Temperature in the 50 - 60 range. Although capable of absorbing more moisture, everybody was happy over the half inch, sufficient to perk up the pastures and hay fields and capable of making the vegetables in the Ghana garden jump.

The nicest thing about today's post was the letter from Lyme as of Friday last past. The impression I gained from weather conditions on St. Patrick's Day by radio was confirmed and I must say the weather all across the northern tier of States amounts to one great big misere. I am holding the thought that there may be an abrupt turn-about just ahead so that birthday time may be delightful and that March may go out like a lamb.

It was good to have an opportunity to compare notes with little Miss Lee's delight in the Mozart opus which seems to have coincided in every detail with the feelings of Leston. I am glad the reception of the Bruno Walter - Clifton Fadiman conversation between acts was up to broadcast standard in the Lyme area and I, myself, felt sorry for myself in not being able to hear it better.

And speaking of the Lincoln Center opera house, I am so glad to hear particulars about the old Metropolitan about which I had heard little or nothing over the air waves. The outside of that venerable institution was certainly no joy to the eye but on the inside, - the auditorium in particular, had a plush elegance I found altogether charming and I'm sorry it has had to vanish from the scene. And moving uptown a couple of blocks, I was quite taken aback at the news of the folding up of the Astor Hotel about which I had heard nothing at all. I had heard nothing about the dismantling of the Paramount building either. While it was indeed old in a manner of speaking, it was nevertheless of a slightly more contemporary era than many of its neighboring buildings. I can remember quite well when it was built but somehow I do not recall what occupied that site before Paramount took it over. In years ahead, I suppose, it will be possible because of the camera records, to have quite a succession of



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14773

Monday, March 20th, 1967

pictorial records covering particular sites where old buildings are removed to make room for new ones while the newer ones, in turn, are taken down to make room for the next and the next and the next.

Interruptions prevented me from getting to the enclosures in the St. Patrick's day letter but I shall get to them on the morrow. For once I had no complaints for lack of secretarial assistance but getting anywhere with the mail was impossible because of frequent telephone calls.

Clay Watson phoned from New Orleans to ask about some points regarding Cane River and Natchitoches. It seems he is writing something or other for one of the State agencies and required a bit of information. He has an apartment in the Pontalba buildings where Carolyn had her apartment. The opportunity would have been a good one to inquire about that lady but I never brought up her name, trying hard as I was at the moment to get on with the mail.

The Hysterical Ladies, -- the Board members, -- gave a luncheon for Thelma today and Thelma called me at secretarial time, too. She said Olive Long Cooper had phoned her from the local hospital to see if she couldn't drop in for a visit. Thelma said Olive had had a lot of surgery in New Orleans but had come to Natchitoches to recuperate. She said that of course the Longs are indestructible and that this sister of Huey's is no different from all the others. She saw the sisters Haupt while at the hospital, too, and found them somewhat droopy.

Regarding the enclosed column, I had given it the prosaic title of The Columnist's Dilemma, employing the phrase the column now bears somewhere down toward the end of the article. But Mrs. Walker seemed carried away with the pun occasioned by the gooster and called to ask if the phrase might be eliminated from the text and placed at the top. I never believe in tossing French phrases into an English essay but I conceded to the change in this instance which certainly will puzzle many a reader, especially those who can't figure out what a gooster is to begin with.....

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37741

14774

Monday, March 21st, 1967  
Memorandum:

And so Spring arrived -- officially at least, with much blue sky and brilliant but not too warming sunshine, the temperature being in the 60's, tempered in shady places by a cool breeze out of the northwest.

On Sunday I heard on the radio the swallows were right on time in arriving at Capistrano on that magical date and I trust the California weather in that area is milder than seems to be the situation farther to the North where winter still obtains, regardless of the calendar. I find myself wondering if the newspapers which make such a great racket about the Pennsylvania ground hog on the 2nd of February ever make a peep six weeks later which must be about now regarding the predicted re-appearance of that animal when he finally does make up his mind to emerge.

I think I mentioned yesterday that Thelma had called for a little chat. She said that while she and John were down in Houma, -- South Louisiana, -- her old friend, a sister of Senator Ellender, had died giving the Kyers an opportunity to see all of the Ellenders attending the funeral. I asked her how the Senator's grandchildren were making out in the color spectrum -- the whole 13 of them by his son, Allen, junior. She laughed and reported that the two eldest ones were still on the red-blond side like their Porto Rican mother but from there on down the line, the whole 11 presented quite an interesting study in the gradation of shades.

Thelma and John are going back to Houma to finish up some things on refurbishing Thelma's old bellum home there and then will run up to Oklahoma to go through a clinic that will take a week or 10 days, John still having difficulties with his back.

They plan to get off for Europe about the middle of May and are toying with the idea of "doing a Bellinger" and making use of some kind of trailer thing for their journey through France and Spain. Heaven knows they both have been around Europe by car enough to know what they are up to but I cannot help feeling that camping out in a trailer would be the ideal way to get about. But perhaps it will serve their purposes alright but I'm glad I shall not be roughing it with them.



14775

At 9 o'clock coffee this morning, I discovered we are living in the best of all kinds of worlds. The lady was departing for south Louisiana for a few days and it seemed to me I could sense the same manifestations of satisfaction radiating from a pet squirrel, about to step into his cage with the revolving wheel. The world is a toy designed primarily to spin around for those who recognize its original purpose.

Today's sun and steady breeze did much to eradicate yesterday's dews and damps. It struck me as an excellent moment to put some seeds in the ground to get the benefit of the moisture to start them germinating. Accordingly I planted a couple of rows of peanuts and 13 rows of okra and four rows of beans. The okra is especially hardy and ought to survive even if we do get some more cold weather as we probably shall.

The mustard makes pretty rows of tender green as do the radishes, now a couple of inches high. The beets aren't up as yet but the lettuce looks promising enough and the onions are flourishing. Quite a few volunteer gourds are now making up their minds and the castor beans are quite out-doing themselves. The castor beans like the gourds are products of their own self-sowing and I shall have to begin chopping them down in a day or two or they will be taking the place.

I learned today there was quite a bit of scuffling at the honkey-tonk, so many young gentlemen exercising their muscles and generally acting too boisterously. It is said Morel spent Sunday night in town in jail. Some other young gentlemen got feeling frolicsome to the point of breaking something or other on the Sheriff's automobile with the net result that the Sheriff made the honkey-tonk close and remain so until the guilty young gentlemen present themselves for admonition. The ladies are said to have been hitting the beer cans rather heavily, too, but none of them, I believe, were invited to spend the night in town. I reckon everything will be in order again before Good Friday, Holy Saturday and Easter roll round.

As between this paragraph and the above, I have been out of doors to gaze at the chimney top where the sheet of iron covering it has been grating like a tired lion during the past half hour. I could make out nothing and can't believe a peacock could be there at this hour of 10:45. The waxing moon is right over the house and even though the chimney could n't be said to be worth looking at, the jolly moon is....

14776

Wednesday, March 22nd, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair and sort of 45 to 75.

The weather news from Lyme today was incredible. I hold the thought that little Miss Lee did not have to budge outside all day and that nothing presses forbidding snowbanks is on the immediate agenda. I get rather scant reports concerning the status of the weather from most directions but you may readily believe I shall be paying attention to whatever is forthcoming from the direction of you know where.

This morning I felt so noble, I'm still to see my beginning with self satisfaction every time I consider my ridiculous exploit. Awakened at 4:20 this morning, I told myself there was no time like the present for de-frosting the ice box. Accordingly I jumped out of bed and attacked the job with gusto and so had it all in order again long before breakfast. It's a job that appeals to me not at all and so I always feel I deserve to pat myself on the back, not while engaged in the job, but after it is finished.

I had in mind doing a heap of things out of doors and I did them all and more besides. I must have been taking pep pills without knowing it. Well, there will be rainy days ahead, --I hope, --and then I can catch up on the energy expended on days of sunshine.

At supper somebody remarked that the Louisville Lip would be on the TV network tonight at 9, --NBC. I thought perhaps the fight makes the radio, too, but sample as I might, I never could track it down. Possibly I shall bump into a re-broadcast later tonight or in the wee hours of the morning. I think Mr. Clay has thrown away his popularity and something tells me that after the military interlude, he will never get back to his former



14777

14777

Memorandum

place in the punching business. I am quite sure that he will never be sent into combat. In the first place, I doubt if anybody who hates the thought of going into the army will ever make a very good soldier. In the second place, if he hasn't already made himself too unpopular, he might much better be used in military training camps than any other place. One occasionally gets a glimpse of army problems down the ages and why Rome and many a Renaissance head of State found it better, they thought, to employ mercenaries rather than to lean on people from their own States. There are other aspects of the contemporary problem revolving around the fact that children are often trained in Christian schools and perhaps some of them become sufficiently imbued with Christian teachings and Biblical teachings for that matter, so that they develop an abhorrence for killing people, only to have war break out, knocking out of joint the major theses of their childhood doctrine. It certainly must be mighty confusing for anyone who does a little thinking. It is well known, however, that military circles prefer youths as soldiers, not the least reason being that youths more than mature men rush into things, especially danger, without ever thinking which makes them the more valuable pawns.

I am knocking off a couple of columns about beverages and may write another one or two. On the radio I keep hearing the Post Master General advising people to put zip codes on all their mail. This inclines me to think I might do well to have something to say in print about such tomfoolery. It is so preposterous to imagine anybody being to keep up with zip code numbers. J. H. remarked the other day that he would give up all letters if zip codes were required on the envelope. It appears that some scientifically minded person has cooked up a machine to sort mail and is now trying to force the public to fit into the machine. By the way, I don't know if I ever mentioned the zip code number for this bend of the river, which is 71452. The telephone company doesn't like it when I make observations about their operations and perhaps the Postmaster General won't like it either but about that I care not a whit.....

14778

14778

Holy Thursday, March 23rd, 1967.

Memorandum  
A beautiful day, a transcript of yesterday. I heard no radio reports from Lyme regarding the status of the recent snowfall. I hold the thought the weather may be sufficiently warm to melt the snow and ice, if not by Easter, at least by natal day.

And mention of the latter reminds me to remark that in the same post with this letter goes forward by parcel post a package the size of an ordinary book, it being in the nature of a natal day greeting.

The attached notation came to me over the phone this afternoon while talking with I. S. Willard. She was talking about some of her ancestors, one of whom she thought might be a descendant of the duc de Maine. When she mentioned a book having to do with that gentleman. Somehow it never occurred to her that I might be interested in such a volume. I asked her for particulars and she said it is a paper back book which she had chanced upon in a New Orleans drug store or railroad station and, if she recalled correctly, it was priced at a dollar forty five or a dollar seventy five cents. She said there are several pictures in the book,-- people who figured in la Mitford's volume, not to mention a picture of Soeaux, Versailles and Marly. I know nothing of the publishers, --Doubleday - Anchor or some such but assume it to be American and possibly somehow connected with Doubleday of the old school. Be that as it may, since it came off the press in 1964, it would seem it might still be encountered in 4th Avenue or some such place and I should think it might fit in nicely along side the Princesse des Ursins.

I was pleased and at the same time not too but a little surprised today when parcel post brought me a package from Crockett, Texas. It contained a metal box, round and perhaps a foot across, containing a fine looking cake. I don't know what it might be called, for it seems to resemble a pound cake in everything but color which is cinnamon. I have sampled only a sliver of it as yet and am delighted to say it tastes like more, --a great deal more and I shall be attacking it nightly in the days ahead. I wonder if we shall ever hear anything about



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the great silence that obtained from that quarter during the past year. One thing is certain, I never expect to refer to that matter in any future correspondence or personal contacts if any.

I was glad to see Morel who came back from jail on Monday. He seems to be infatuated with a lady with six or eight children whose husband is currently in prison somewhere, --Angola or some such place. He, the husband, isn't likely to be back for a few months or possibly a few years and Morel will have had ample opportunity to fall in love with half a dozen other ladies before then. Like a frolicsome colt, he is probably right in the midst of the best time he will ever have in his life and he is obviously practicing the same line that characterizes so many of his associates, finding that sufficient unto the day is the delights to be found along one's pathway as from day to day.

I never did stumble over any broadcast of the pugilistic frolic that Mr. Clay experienced last evening. People who saw it on TV report that it wasn't much of a fight but that Mr. Clay did display his usual agility in fancy footwork about the ring. As in Morel's case, it is probably just as well that Mr. Clay is enjoying himself to his fullest from day to day for probably these are the happiest times that he, too, is likely to experience.

I suppose I am planting seeds too early this spring but I am going ahead with the endeavor regardless of the probability that I shall probably have to re-plant most of the stuff. I put down some rows of spinach today, plenty more rows of beets, okra, snap beans and so on. I was pleased to see that some of the cucumbers planted a week ago are already out of the ground with sturdy looking leaves giving promise they might be able to withstand any assaults in the next few weeks by Jack Frost.

As indicated too often before, I am still quite at sea about holidays in Louisiana. Easter holidays, for example, began in the schools today and will continue through Monday. I am all in favor of all the holidays anybody can get but I do wish Louisiana educational efforts might be intensified whenever schools are in session for I fear none of the students I know from kindergarten to graduate school are getting as much instruction as they should. All State agencies and many non-State business offices are closed on Good Friday but I know not if they will open on Monday or Tuesday. That's alright, too, so far as I am concerned. My only regret is that the holiday turns loose so many people, all of whom seem intent on "doing" the Cane River plantation country.....

14780

The Sunset of the Splendid Century

by W. H. Lewis

published by Doubleday -Anchor, 1963.

subtitle:

Life and times of Louis Auguste de <sup>Rochambeau</sup> Blount, Duke  
de Maine, 1670 - 1736.



08711

The Journal of the Southern Historical Association  
by W. H. Lewis  
published by Doubleday - Anchor, 1963.  
author:  
life and times of Louis Auguste de M... Duke  
1870 - 1938.

58711

14781

Good Friday, March 24th, 1967.

**Memorandum:**

Fair in the mid 70's and no suggestion of the  
rain as hinted at in yesterday's prognostications.

So far, so good, if one may borrow an out-worn phrase, in-  
dicating that thus far we have not been honored with any  
visitations by the family. One must admit, however, that  
the weekend is still young.

The morning was busy-busy with both indoor and  
outdoor doings and the afternoon was filled with people,  
all of whom were pleasant enough. Their presence, however, naturall  
precluded doing anything else but attending to them.

There were some people from Nebraska at 1 o'clock  
and some Hatchitoches people at 2. This group included  
the Presbyterian divine from Hatchitoches and his wife, some-  
body from Philadelphia and somebody else from some place, perhaps  
Minnesota or some such. After they were gone there  
were other local people to be attended to, including my  
neighbor, Alfred Llorenz who came with his grandsons, one of the  
Rogues. The youth was having to prepare a paper  
for his highschool graduation, I guess it was.  
I believe he may be entering one of the formerly all white  
colleges next semestre, perhaps Southwestern. I found it  
mildly amusing that the Rogue youth, when given a  
subject on which a paper was to be done, dealing  
with some aspect of famous plantations in this Parish, should  
have gone to the Chamber of Commerce in town in search of  
information when the youth himself was living  
on his father's plantation situated between Bermuda  
and Melrose, slap in the middle of more historic plantations  
than could be found anywhere else in the aforesaid Parish.  
At the Chamber of Commerce, the person in charge must have thought the  
youth something and recommended me as a possible source for such in-  
formation. The youth explained he had been here  
several years ago when Sister Edwina brought a class from  
the convent over here for a town one day but he had forgotten  
about that until he reached Yucca, saw the portrait of Grandpere, --  
one of his ancestor's, and only on beholding it this second time in hi  
realizing that the most likely material he could expect to find would  
right here in the neighborhood where he had always lived. I shall  
be glad to help him in his quest.



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14782

cast about and see what I can find for him as between now and next week.

Tomorrow I take on a bunch of Mormons and I must not forget to ask them for a precise statement of Mormon position regarding people of color. It seems to me the Governor of Michigan, an honored Mormon, was queried on this point recently but I heard only that some questionnaire was to be submitted to him on the subject and I never did catch up with the broadcast when it came off. At the time of the initial announcement, it seems me something was said to the effect that a person of color could not hope to get any place in the hierarchy of the Salt Lake City establishment and perhaps tomorrow's visitors can set me straight on this point.

I guess it was on Tuesday night that an unusual floral twist occurred. There are two restaurants in town, --the Town House and the Broadmore, both of which have private dining rooms for conventions, parties, etc. At the Town House on this particular evening there was a business man's gathering, composed of people from around the State. At the same time at the Broadmore there was some kind of a gathering given by the Hatchitoches Times staff. The Town House just before their business man's gathering, received beautiful flower arrangements to grace the tables and everybody thought them perfectly darling. At the Broadmore nobody noticed any flowers at all. The Times editor had ordered floral pieces but had had them sent, not to the Broadmore but to the Town House. Next morning everybody laughed at the Town House but nobody summoned up so much as a grin at the Times office and at the Broadmore.

According to the radio, there will be sunrise Easter services at Hodges gardens on Sunday. In the same news cast the weather bureau states that there will be "widely scattered" showers on Saturday and Sunday. I should think rain storms would not swell the number of people attending open air festivities of this sort. I can think of at least one person who wouldn't dream of attending, fair weather or not. I continue maintaining my position of a long time back, to wit: everybody ought to attend a sunrise service -----once.

And now I must attend to a few little matters and then call it a day, holding the thought the weather may be more promising in Lyme.....

18741

14783

Easter, March 26th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Drizzley all day Saturday, all night and most of today except for some sunshine around noon, the temperature remaining in the temperate mid 70's.

The nicest thing about the weekend and it was all very pleasant, was the lovely card adorned with Easter lilies and the grand letter from Lyme.

Post on Thursday, it reached here in Saturday's post and I was so glad to learn how things were turning in little Miss Lee's neighborhood and tentative plans for Easter itself. Verily the weather has been extraordinary in the North and today's radio mentioned it was still on the cool-ish side for the annual Sabbath Day parade.

As for the unending weekend drizzle in these parts, I didn't mind it at all. In the first place, it would benefit the tender new vegetables, thanks to the accompanying temperateness of the thermometer and, secondly, I had enough appointments and I knew there would be sufficient intruders without appointments so that everyone that the rain discouraged was just so much luck for me.

Saturday afternoon was quite a hurly-burly so far as people were concerned. I had made an appointment with some Mormons for 1:15 but some other people got here ahead of them and as the Mormons were late in keeping their appointment, that gave me an opportunity to do a waltz with the first comers. Then, before the Salt Lake City contingent were still here, the store sent me some Shreveport people who had come to Hatchitoches to attend a wedding, --some Pierson girl who is a half niece of R. B. Williams, and of course everybody from any place, arriving ahead of time in town, makes the most of the opportunity to "do" the plantations around and about.

As I said Goodbye to that group, the store had already pushed some Baton Rouge people into my arms and before they were gone, some Alexandria people so that the afternoon turned out to be a pure Pilgrimage except for hostesses to lend me a hand. But I survived and quite read for whatever swept this way

Dixon Smith  
(Interiors)  
...flaugh  
...  
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today, and there were plenty making the most of the Easter holiday, including half a dozen youngsters this afternoon about 4 who explained they were children of Dan Henry together with some of their friends. They said their mama was calling on Celeste and that was that.

Most of the afternoon was noisier with thunder from a big shower down Magnolia way where I imagine it must have poured but only sprinkles kept their steady slithering from on high in this area.

I got around to help some plantation students with some work they are doing for theses before calling it a day but decided that since it was Saturday night, I would go to bed by 10 o'clock at the latest but did not do so. Just before news time, Mrs. Chopin called me and I was surprised to hear her voice as I knew she had her son had planned to drive to New Orleans Saturday evening to spend Easter down there. They started out alright but got only a little below Bayou Natchez, about half way between Bayou Natchez and Montrose, when a big trailer truck coming from the opposite direction and going at a good clip, had behind it a passenger car that tried to swing out to pass the truck, forcing the Chopin car off the road, down a ten foot embankment and almost on to the railroad track paralleling the highway in that neighborhood. The car was knocked silly but fortunately as a hospital check-up revealed, neither the lady nor her son were banged up any more than some slight bandaging would correct. Probably the truck driver did not see what had happened although the car behind it, the one that had caused the accident, most certainly did but it kept right on going, Hell bent for Heaven. The Chopins were grateful they got out of the accident so well as they did as indeed they might well be.

Naturally I got no work done at all this weekend and perhaps that is just as well since the exercise I got in chasing around in the drizzle probably did me more good than staying glued to this desk. I was so happy that we were not honored by a visitation from Shreveport that I didn't care what other agencies were around and about to distract me.

And now for a slab of pound cake and a dab of ice cream and that will be Easter and may there be like blessings in Lyme...

14785

14785

Monday, March 27th, 1967.

Memorandum: All blue and gold by day, all blue and silver by night with the temperature just perfect in the 70's and the green grass growing all around.

I heard a casual remark today from a nun, the like of which I had never heard before. It was uttered casually enough but somehow it evoked mental pictures I had never envisioned before and I'm still, many hours later, find myself rippling with merriment at the mental pictures it set running through my brain.

At Hertzog down at Magnolia has a brother in New Orleans who is a doctor at Tulane. Dr. Hertzog was a beautiful daughter who graduated from some finishing school or college a year or two ago and became a nun. For Easter she and a couple of her sister-nuns came up to Magnolia to spend a few days. This afternoon they came up to have a little tour with me.

They are a jolly lot and in the course of our chit-chat, the daughter of the doctor remarked casually enough:

"Oh! we had a wonderful time this morning. All three of us went horseback riding....."

This must be Carmelite nuns for they were wearing white costumes. And as I formed the mental picture of these three white robed figures charging down the turn-rows, vanishing into the woods and then emerging on the far side into a field of startled field hands, it just about took my breath away. I don't know why I had never conjured up a mental picture of nuns dashing across the countryside on horseback but I never had. To the field hands, quite unprepared for such a spectacle, it must have been devastating, especially if most of them had witnessed TV presentations of Ku Klux Klan white robed riders dashing about in quest of prey.

.....a late meandering secretary.....



14786

14786

1967, March 28th, Tuesday

As I was turning the page, Mrs. Chopin 'phoned. She reported that she and her son were feeling pretty well but were of course still a little ruffled. She said that when she and her son were at the Town House this noon for dinner, a big Greyhound bus drove up and out scrambled a herd of Texans who were turing the town under the direction of Carmen Bredzeale who proceeded to accept the Texan invitation to dine with them. Just as all were seated, the loud speaker called for Carmen. It was her sister, Seesill, calling from home in town, telling Carmen that Seesill's husband, Jack Durand, returning by car from Lafayette or some such place had been hurt in an automobile accident and had been taken to a hospital in Alexandria. Mrs. Chopin, knowing Carmen had arrived at the Town House, south of Hatch toches, offered to drive her home in whose car, I know not, and that is all I know of that episode but something tells me on the morrow I shall hear many a particular from Carmen herself.

Returning to the local scene, regret to say that Easter Monday was just about as busy on the pilgrim side as were Easter Saturday and Easter Sunday. Sister Irma Jane Hertzog and her equestrienne nun companions were not the only costumed ladies of the Catholic organization to honor me with a visit today. There were two sets in fact, one group made up exclusively of nuns from where I never did bother to inquire and then there was Sister Edwina from St. Augustin's across the way who, after having been in Alexandria for the weekend, was returning to her home base across the river, bringing with her and stopping here before reaching the convent. In her flock were a number of mon-lay ladies, as dull as any a group I can remember ever having seen all under one nun's wing. I am very fond of Sister Edwina who is forever bringing stupid people to make a little tour. I think Sister Edwina, as sweet a person as one is likely to encounter, holds all the records for knowing more dumb people than anyone else in the world. Once one gets the swing of the thing, it is as easy as piloting the Sister Edwina people around and about the place for they are just like geese, comprehending nothing and easily guided right back out the front gate, invariably satisfied with the pause in their day's occupation of doing nothing.....

14787

14787

Tuesday, March 28th, 1967.

Memorandum:  
Fair and warm.  
My day turned out quite differently from what had been planned. The class from the Field School of Shreveport was scheduled to arrive at 9 o'clock. That meant there would be no 9 o'clock coffee across the fence and a bus load of children and shapersons meant some preparations in advance of their arrival.

I did my part in getting things ready and placed myself on the store gallery about 10 minutes before the bus was due to arrive. --at 9. It was exactly 10:20 when it finally pulled into sight. There were five or six adults besides serving as chaperons, I suppose, and none of them seemed to be thinking anything about the hour that they had kept me waiting while they fiddled around in the highways and byways.

Just behind the bus was a station wagon full of people. That car was not from Shreveport but from Northwestern being driven by Dr. Cross of the Science Department who had a flock of people from Chicago he wanted to have visit ye olde plantation. He asked if his crowd might join the bus crowd. Ordinarily I would have said No but since the bus had kept me waiting, I had no qualms at all about gumming up the tour by letting additional people join in the frolic and that was that. And that is that for one wasted morning.

I did not talk with Carmen today, having been away from Ysacod the major part of the day. I gave her a few buzzes but understand, bly enough, always encountered busy signals. I suppose she must have a lot of talking to various people about her brother-in-law's auto accident yesterday. Jack Durand, the brother-in-law, was traveling northward on the highway near Boyce, a few miles up this way from Alexandria. He attempted to pass a big truck or trailer going in the same direction but succeeded in pulling out just in time to slam into a passenger car going south. The woman in the southbound car was killed.



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Jack is 76 and never was famous for his skill in operating a car but I reckon he will get out of the financial problems that may result from the accident for his brother-in-law, Payne Breazeale of Baton Rouge, is a lawyer of some repute and will probably get things patched up for his kinsman. Jack apparently didn't get hurt too badly since it is said he will be coming to "Hatchitoches" from the Baptist Hospital in Alexandria on the morrow.

There seems to be a considerable amount of scuffling going on among the plantation ladies these days. A white family living near the "goorage" had a fine dog which was found near the bridge yesterday, bound up with haywire and floating dead on the margin of the river. It is said that Fugg bou's wife, Maude, is probably the party who "did the dog in". The lady to whom the dog belonged, dissolved in tears and Maude laid her out for acting so silly and the scuffle eventually found its way to the store where the merchant-planter was called in to settle the matter, -- a typical plantation merry-go-round which may or may not be one of the elements invading the scepter which the merchant-planter really secretly enjoys.

Easter weekend tourists invested heavily in Hunter canvases, it is said, and the artist continues expending her income lavishly on her no-account grandson, Ughmore, and the latter's half brother, Frankie Ray. Miss Hunter has recently invested in three new musical instruments for Frankie Ray, a saxophone, a coronet and something else. Frankie Ray saw them pictured in a catalogue recently and found them pretty to look at and that was enough for Miss Hunter who promptly proceeded to invest in them even though Frankie Ray apparently feels disinclined to try his hand at bringing forth music. Frankie Ray is also the proud possessor of a new bicycle and Miss Hunter has also promised him a new car although Frankie Ray isn't old enough to carry a license and never has manifested any desire to drive Miss Hunter's car. In money matters, Miss Hunter has always appeared somehow less than human and so I now rejoice that there are signs of a softening of her former metallic make-up even though it approaches the ridiculous. And now to the icebox and thence to be

14789

08741

Wednesday, March 29th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair in the 50 - 80 range.

It was a good day, all in all although it didn't turn out a bit the way I had rigged it up to unravel dawnning. Fortunately there were no pilgrims which gave me an opportunity to concentrate on a lot of gardening I had been planning for several days. For one thing, I got the three major parterres in the garden laid off to my satisfaction. I cut six foot posts into three equal sections and then drive them into the ground to form triangles within triangles inside each parterre. On the next go-round I shall connect the posts with bamboo poles horizontally place between the posts with branches six or eight inches in length left on the bamboo so the tomato plants when they are set out in these triangular patterns will have ample support when they begin growing. It is still a little early to set out tomato plants as yet but I shall be doing that before long and I am glad to have their places all marked out so that I can jump in and start planting as soon as the magical moment for getting them into the ground arrives.

I took the opportunity to lay out the lines for the pepper plants, too and although I am fairly fatigued physically, I am enormously perked up in spirit to know that the lay-out for the vegetable garden for 1967 has been taken care of.

I suppose all viewers of TV and listeners of radio are mildly confused over the absence of familiar ether wave personalities tonight. There seems to be some kind of strike going on but I have not the slightest idea as to what it is all about. Paul Harvey whom I sometimes hear at noon over ABC was not at his accustomed post this noon. Tonight the Morgan Beatty news programs on the air but Mr. Beatty did not appear. Chet Huntley on the same NBC network did appear but I couldn't even find the Chicago station from which I usually try to extract Edward Morgan. As for CBS, Douglas Edwards did not appear but the "World Tonight" news cast came through under some other person's wing. It's all very confusing and I think it high time that some system



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be initiated so that strikes of all kinds may be handled in such a way as to remove the threat, as in the case of the impending newspaper strike, so that the public is protected in their precarious position between the pulling and hauling of highly paid union workmen and richly endowed businesses. I'm surprised there aren't more strikes against the great American Tel and Tel company. Every time I think of that one billion nine hundred million profit the phone company realized last year, I can only tell myself people are certainly fools to let a company of that sort gouge the subscribers so outrageously.

Carmen called me this morning to give me a detailed account of her brother-in-law's health. She did not mention the funeral of the lady who was killed in the accident, the funeral of the lady taking place this morning. She was in her early 40's and leaves several children.

Carmen thinks they will be moving her brother-in-law from the Alexandria hospital to the Hatchitoches one tomorrow. The brother-in-law is inclined to be a little on the senile side under ordinary circumstances and as a result of the bang he got on the head, he isn't lucid at all times in the wake of the mix-up which is no wonder. Why anybody at 76 in frail health should be driving a car on trips involving hundreds of miles is quite beyond me. I suppose it must be quite beyond the reasoning of the family to which the victim of the accident belonged.

I found Juanita B. and her 5 year old son at the coffee circle this morning. They seemed to be doing nicely and making many plans in anticipation of occupying their new Hatchitoches home a month or so hence. I must admit it a point to visit Hatchitoches one of these days and see all the new buildings springing up all over the place, including Cousin Arthur's slightly dented new residence.

It's so pleasant tonight to be thinking about the morrow and holding the thought it may be the happiest natal day imaginable for little Miss Lee.....

14791

14791

Thursday, March 30th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair in the 80's.

It has been such a pleasant day all around and my thoughts have been flowing in the direction of Lyme, hoping that it has been pleasant all round in that quarter, too. But sunshine or showers are really secondary on natal days for happiness bubbles up regardless of atmospheric conditions and little Miss Lee's natal day has been happy hope with all my heart.

If memory serves, this season of the year is always especially busy in Lyme and opportunities for correspondence are infrequent but before long a letter will be coming to hand giving me some notion as to how things really turned and I shall be so glad to learn if they did indeed turn out ever so pleasantly.

On the news front, radio wise, there seems to be lots of talks about strikes and impending strikes. Last night I was impressed that Chet Huntley did appear on radio although Morgan Beatty did not. Tonight I couldn't tune in on the usual Huntley program what with the station having faded into silence. But it was different with the Morgan Beatty program. Just prior to the beginning of that news program, an announcer said The World Tonight program of Morgan Beatty would follow forthwith but nobody could tell who might be speaking for Mr. Beatty but probably some NBC Vice President. Then the chimes sounded and the program came on the air with none other than Morgan Beatty doing the broadcasting. At the conclusion as the final news item, Mr. Beatty reported that he had not appeared last night, having been in Indiana to assist at the celebration of anniversary of some radio station in that State. Up to the present writing, I understand nothing of all this "hide and seek" business.

And now for some more cake and ice cream and I shall turn out little Miss Lee's natal day.....



18741

14792

In mid afternoon, while passing along the front gallery of Yucca I was impressed by the sight of a couple figures in the opposite side of the house, as glimpsed through the open front and back doors. I investigated and found one man to be above average in height and impressively expansive about the middle. The fact that he was clad in white probably heightened the impression of bulk. With him, dressed in a dark red sweater and black pants was a thin low man, perhaps about 4 and a half feet tall. On contacting them, I learned from the big man in white that he hailed from Chicago and then he introduced the little low man as a native of Tokio. It certainly was a "Jutt and Jeff" combination if ever I saw one. The little man from Japan apparently didn't know much English and so I spoke very slowly as I proceeded to give these strange strangers a little tour which included much picture-taking by the son of old Hippon. The gentleman in white explained he was returning to Chicago on the morrow while his little friend would be proceeding to San Antonio and thence on to Mexico City before returning to the Orient. There is nothing more to this meeting than what I have already related and why I should mention it at all, I cannot say, except that it all seemed a little more odd than the usual oddities encountered in the gardens of ye olde plantation.

I had a 'phone call from Tyler, Texas this noon. It was from some lady who had passed this way sometime or other and had remembered some gourds. It seems, as near as I could make out from what the lady said, that Texas has a new Governor's mansion at Austin, Texas, and that the wife of the Governor is interesting herself in the landscaping of the grounds. I gather that my Tyler informant had sent Mrs. Connelly the Times-Picayune article about local gourds that appear 8 or 10 years ago and that the Governor's lady had asked the Tyler number if she could contact me to gain some particulars about gourd seeds for planting in the gardens of the Executive mansion. What a Robin Hood's barn and all about gourd seeds. But perhaps Texas is as hard headed as the Federal Department of Agriculture in thinking that Louisiana gourds are bigger and better than those raised anywhere else which, of course is all tomfoolery. But having supplied the Agriculture Department at the Beltsville, Maryland Experiment Station with gourds, I suppose I can cast a few in the direction of Austin, Texas, even though I'm sure ample supplies of gourd seeds are available right there in the LoneStar State.

And now for some pound cake and ice cream and so I shall round out little Miss Lee's natal day.....

18741

14793

Friday, March 31st, 1967.

# Memorandum:

Fair this morning, partly cloudy this afternoon with the thermometer in the 60 - 80 range.

The partial cloudiness was most timely this afternoon since I had a flock of young eggplants, bell pepper and tomato plants to set out, a job one doesn't undertake when the direct rays of the sun are such as to knock out the tender young plants after five minutes of exposure to a scorching glare.

I guess I set out a dozen or two eggplants, and a like number of peppers and a little over a hundred tomato plants which was enough for a straight go at such a task and there will be more to be set out on the morrow. The surface soil is dry-dry but down a couple of inches or so, there is just the right dampness to encourage the plants to take hold, especially after they received a good watering as soon as they were placed in the ground.

Of all the vegetables I like to fiddle with, the bell peppers are my favorite from beginning to end. The young plants, three or four inches in height, are always sufficiently sturdy to make handling easy and once after they get started, they are so easy to manage when hoeing and weeding time rolls round. Then, too, when they become grown plants they generally stand up pretty well and seldom go sprawling all over the place the way tomato plants do. Another thing about peppers is the ease with which I can locate the fruit which is ten times easier than tracking down tomatoes in the shadows or complete darkness.

Naturally enough, I suppose, there are some people who don't like bell peppers but I am not one of them. I remember that Kenneth Walker would never eat anything with bell pepper in it. I understood it was simply because he didn't like bell pepper and that was that. In the case of the sisters Haupt, however, they say they can't eat anything flavored with bell pepper since it makes them deathly ill. I suppose there are people like that but again, I rejoice I am not one of them.



14794

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I had intended to do some more gardening after supper but had to alter my plans when a lady appeared at the door while we were supping, saying she was a friend of Mrs. Walker and had half a dozen ladies with her to tour the place. I discovered later that she is the person who is at present renting Mrs. Genung's home. My guess is that this descent on me and especially at such an hour was not known to Mrs. Walker. The latter will probably be calling me tonight prior to her departure on the morrow for Baton Rouge to attend the Gridiron Dinner there tomorrow night. I shall put a word in about this evening's visitation, suggesting she put a flea in the lady's ear about assaults on me at the supper hour or another any other time without an appointment.

The 43 day cruise of the Mediterranean by the Charles Cunningham is supposed to come to a close this weekend. One gathers there is work to be done by the publisher of the Natchitoches Times on his arrival, what with things going by sixes and sevens at the Times office. Marian Colton, the lady in charge of running the paper is well known as a disagreeable person. She appears to enjoy being outrageous to everyone coming within range of her editorial desk and she put on a fine display of fireworks during the past week that made quite an impression on various residents of the town. Last Saturday, the daughter of Ed. Pierson was married in town. Ed Pierson is President of the bank in town that handles some matters having to do with financial indebtedness of the Times. When the mother of the bride took a picture of her daughter and an account of the wedding to the Times, Mrs. Colton denounced Mrs. Pierson for having permitted the Shreveport Times to use a bridal picture, insisting that the Piersons should have withheld news of the church wedding until Thursday so the local paper might publish the account first. Mrs. Colton did such a thorough job of denouncing Mrs. Pierson and Mrs. Pierson took up the matter with her husband and the latter, as President of the bank, immediately notified the Times office that all advertising by the bank was to be withdrawn completely from the paper and that several financial matters concerning the Times as handled by the bank would be brought to a complete conclusion. And so Charles, after dressing for dinner 43 nights in a row while on his Mediterranean cruise, now comes home to divest himself of his dinner clothes, roll up his work-a-day sleeves and try placating his banker while everybody in and out of the Times office except Mrs. Colton, snicker up their sleeves.

I hear a gentle patter of rain outside, much to my own delight and to the well being of the newly set-out plants in the Ghana garden. So begins another weekend and a happy one, I trust, in Lyme....

14795

14795

Sunday, April 2nd, 1967.

# Memorandum:

Pair to partly cloudy yesterday and today, thermometer in the 60 - 80 range, humidity at 97.

Saturday's post was just grand, bringing as it did the lovely card, so handsomely decorated with such a splendid bouquet and bearing such a complete account of birthday prospects all around.

I am so glad the weather began so promisingly, too, which made the prospect of going midtown that much brighter. I shall be impatient to learn how things turned out at luncheon with old friends and how the balance of the day completed the natal day.

It was good to learn how things turned out on Easter Sunday for everybody and the fact that some could "stay put" made me glad, too.

It was so characteristically thoughtful that an account should have been included concerning the Easter Story. The package reached this bend of the river in such perfect packing that it seemed best to change the wrapper only and not open the package which appeared so well encased in its own box that it went forward without ever having been glimpsed at this point of call. I'm glad it had some pretty illustrations to round out the message the package itself was supposed to convey.

On learning that a stop was contemplated following luncheon, I find myself holding the thought that Catherine of Cleaves may have reached little Miss Lee's true hand on the proper day but if it was laggardly about reaching its destination on time, it will still serve as an expression of best wishes even though late which I hope it wasn't.

The unusually mild weather we have been having has tempted the local planter to get some cotton seeds into the good earth. In these climes, such planting usually gets under way late in April or early in May because there is often a cool spell around the middle of this month and cotton, once up, if set back by a cold spell, usually has to be ploughed up and re-planted. If this happens this year, there will still be ample time to start all over again.



14796

14796

1967, April 3rd, Monday

The plants set out last Friday in the Ghana garden are looking just fine, thanks to tempered sunshine and high humidity and comparatively warm nights, although the temperature at 60 could be improved for plant growth if it were 70. Being more hardy than cotton, the tomato and pepper and eggplant seem to have taken hold already and are as pert as one could wish. I'm glad they have had a couple of days of partially clouded skies and shall hold the thought Jack Frost doesn't make a round to slow up their growth.

This weekend present a double blessing in the absence of visitations by the family on the one hand and the lack of visitors of the road-running variety on the other. I thought I saw some pilgrims, probably sent from the store, wandering around the gardens on Saturday morning but I succeeded in evading them and made it a point not to inquire later as to their identity.

The Louisiana press held its annual gridiron dinner in Baton Rouge last night. Clara Genung told me Mrs. Walker had driven down for the dinner, leaving town on Saturday morning. She was expecting her back this afternoon or tonight. She was attending as la Dixon's guest. There was a likeness of la Dixon on the front page of today's Baton Rouge paper accompanying an article about the dinner, it is said. The radio this morning gave the dinner some time. From what was said in the broadcast, I gather much of the spoofing was concentrated on Governor McKeithin and District Attorney Garrison. No one from New Orleans with whom I have spoken in the past several weeks seems to be able to make anything much out of what Garrison is up to in all the racket he is making about the Kennedy matter. Thus far, his whole case seems to be based on a story offered him by a former psychopathic patient and whatever testimony has been released sounds pretty flimsy for such a to-do to be made of it. Such factors should have provided the script writers for the gridiron dinner with endless material for their skits and, according to the radio today, they made the most of it.

I want to say again how happy Saturday's post bearing Thursday communication has made me. I shall continue holding the thought everything went along happily throughout the entire anniversary.....

14797

14797

1967, April 3rd, Monday

# Memorandum:

A beautiful summer's day. I received a beautiful post, too, what with the weekend letter from Lym together with the clipping which I am sure I'm going to relish, not to mention the enclosed slip of paper which was perhaps inadvertently sent along with the letter and clipping. I return it herewith just to be sure that another clipping may have been intended.

Today's secretary behaved manfully in spite of some dental difficulty which made reading difficult for him and understand by me equally so.

And thus I shall have the pleasure of re-reading the letter again on the morrow, assuming the dental problem has been solved or that another secretary passes this way.

I could understand enough, however, to gather that the Princess de Cleaves and the likeness of A. Jackson, esquire, reached little Miss Lee's true hand on her natal day and the fact that the package was indeed on time and that the contents conveyed just the messages intended delights me no end.

I am so appreciative, too, of the particulars regarding the joyo natal day messages received from the best be-loved aunt and from Auntie. The latter obviously is still struggling under a cloud which, please God, may be lifted anon. I sometimes think in such cases even as in the case of alcoholics, there must be a will from within to make the cloud rise.

I am so touched by all the lovely things that little Miss Lee has brouther feelings in relation to Leston that I find no words to express my own feelings. Suffice it is to say at the moment that nothing in this world can equal for Leston the assurance of the oneness implicit in the letter. I am impatient for the first opportunity to re-read the letter, much of which I think will engrave itself on my heart.

I had a call from Carmen this morning regarding a form she was trying to fill out for a B. you Natchez young woman of color and I



14798

14798

was glad I had been consulted because it gave me a bit of legal twisting I should never have known about otherwise and I want to share it with you it runs something like this:

A young colored husband and wife from the Bayou Natchez area have been living in Germany for some time, the husband being in the army. While living abroad they adopted a little girl about 7 and her little brother about 5, their parents having been an American colored soldier and a white German. The Bayou Natchez couple and their adopted children return to America almost 2 years ago and now the husband is being sent to Korea by the army. He wants his wife and children to accompany him. It turns out, however, that while the wife may do so, their adopted children cannot go with their parents at the moment because, --and this I never knew before, the adopting of the children, born in Germany, did not automatically confer the American citizenship of their adopted parents upon the children. Accordingly, sayeth the Law, these German children may not attain American status until after they have lived in the United States for two full years. After that they may go anywhere on earth with their parents.

And so the foster father must depart for Korea now and the foster mother of the children may accompany him now but the children cannot quit the country to accompany their foster parents until May when their two year residence in the United States has been achieved. The legal minds must have been busy cooking up such a rigamarole. I am going to look into the matter with a view to persuading the formulators of such tomfoolery to get new decrees issued so that what a husband and wife adopt children, born in another country, the children shall automatically take on the citizenship of the foster parents.

I inquired of Carmen as to the physical appearance of the children. She said both are pleasantly dark and as beautiful children as one could ever hope to see. She said the little boy's hair is inclined to be on the black and curly side while the little girl has the loveliest soft brown hair anyone could imagine. Let us hope somebody 30 years hence or perhaps 33 years hence is one likes the year 2,000, somebody will write the history of this extraordinary little family.

If there were pilgrims today, I did not see them. This gave me more opportunity to swing a stout hoe in the vegetable section. The Irish potatoes are three inches above ground and the beans areumping upper most or uttermost toward heaven while recently transplanted stuff seems to be growing great guns, thanks to the mildweather.

I'm so happy that in Lyme March went out like a lamb. I rejoice that natal day was such a happy one.....

00811

14799

Tuesday, April 4th, 1967.

Memorandum: A son was returned to the family and the daughter who has been doing work on the West Coast is ailing and will not receive her doctor's degree in August as she had hoped but hope to secure it in January. She is sort of engaged to a young man whose home is in Phoenix, Arizona. He is about to take off for a six month's scientific expedition to Antarctica. The young lady says if it were only Artica that would seem nearly so remote in spite of the isolation existing at either pole.

Among this afternoon's callers were Jenny Fullilove with guest and I hadn't seen a Fullilove in a long time and I was glad to learn what is turning in that quarter. Their son, John, continues post graduate work at Columbia, living at 420 Riverside Drive, a neighborhood he reports as being dangerous after dark. The daughter who has been doing work on the West Coast is ailing and will not receive her doctor's degree in August as she had hoped but hope to secure it in January. She is sort of engaged to a young man whose home is in Phoenix, Arizona. He is about to take off for a six month's scientific expedition to Antarctica. The young lady says if it were only Artica that would seem nearly so remote in spite of the isolation existing at either pole.

I think I did not mention yesterday that Dootsie-Baby dropped in unannounced at noon yesterday while we were at dinner. She remained until after supper, after which she drove back to Leesville, 50 miles to the west. The reason she had come over here was to ask her uncle, J. H., to lend her a tractor and a driver. She explained that where she lived in Leesville there is a small plot of ground and she would like to borrow a tractor and drive and plough so she could plough the tiny space and plant some seeds. J. H. thought that a hundred mile round trip with tractor, driver and plough was a large order for such a small job and estimated that the undertaking could be accomplished much more reasonably by renting a tractor in Leesville for an hour. Dootsie-Baby couldn't see that but when she departed, she was not accompanied by driver, plough or tractor from this bend of the river. ....



00011

14800

The vegetables are making such impressive growth, I am holding the thought winter may not pay us a surprise visit and knock all vegetation silly. There is an old saying in these parts that the pecan leaves never get caught by a cold in the Spring. I hope that adage holds both for the pecan trees and the garden vegetables for I noticed today that leaves on several of the younger pecan trees are already beginning to unfold.

It does seem odd that only once have the wild geese been heard heading northward. I find myself wondering if they really haven't ventured forth in large numbers as yet or if, perhaps, they are using another flyway this time.

I think I failed to report that the blackbirds and grackles left here on March 19th. It is an easy date to remember since it seems to be the same as the one marking the return of the swallows to Capistrano. I marked on my calendar that this year the martins returned on March 14th this year. It will be interesting to observe what date they select for next year's return. So far as I know, only the California swallows make their rounds on the same day each year, --Leap Year or no Leap Year.

interruption.....

The interruption came in the form of a phone call from Natalie. It was timely because I had been wanting an address of the head of the English Department at the college, Dr. Tornwall, and thus quite unexpectedly the opportunity to jot it down came to hand. Natalie said she was busy packing her bag in anticipation of departing tomorrow morning for Louisville, Kentucky, to attend some kind of a symposium on Instruction and Communication or some such. It seems to me she attended on in St. Louis last year and in Denver the year before.

Except for pilgrim interludes, the day has been fairly busy, not so much in physical exertion as trying to keep straight or at least from gumming up things a good helper when sober who was less than no good today because of too much liquor. Were it known by the powers controlling such matters, he would not be sent again and thus, I preserve his place for him and to be available in the future when a strong arm and back are required to lend a hand, an effort is made to "keep the lid on". Hence my inclination to fold up my beard early tonight.....

00011

14801

Wednesday, April 5th, 1967.

Our beautiful weather continues but we are beginning to scan the skies in hopes of finding at least one little rain cloud.

It was so nice to find a letter, as of Monday last past, in today's post. As so often seems to be the case, I had to rush through it with something less than deliberate speed or rather with more than deliberate speed, what with people coming and never going and the secretaries still ailing somewhat in the dental department. I am anticipating more leisurely going tomorrow between 6 and 7 and perhaps that hour will give me an opportunity to enjoy a more leisurely communion and an added pleasure in the spirit of Lyme.

It was so nice, in spite of all the hustle and bustle locally to be able to travel by word picture with little Miss Lee into Midtown and then venture even further downtown and back. That will be so pleasant repeating tomorrow morning, in a manner of speaking.

And thanks no end for all the particulars about the places observed and things going on around and about.

Thanks, too, for the nice things said about "My Friend, Audley or Aurdry". Quite a few people have taken the trouble to phone me about that column and interestingly enough, everybody including little Miss Lee, remarked that it would be interesting to hear something more about the whiteguinea when the latter has reached lady's or gentleman's estate.

This reminds me that I may or may not have mentioned that a recent pilgrim, long a column reader, glimpsing a peacock sitting atop the Unicorn House, asked if that statue or set-piece could be transferred to other places conveniently or if it was so fastened to the building that it was a permanent place it occupied. It did not occur to me that the person speaking really thought the bird sighted from afar was not a bird at all but a statue like the big frog. When it was finally discovered that the bird was real and proved the point by taking to the air, the person looked at me in astonishment and said it had always been supposed in reading



108M

14802

plantation Memo that the furred and feathered friends mentioned therein were merely imaginary creatures that I had conjured up out of thin air and not "really real". Perhaps this may be one reason for the rumor currently afoot that the Shreveport Journal is going to drop all its special features shortly if they haven't already.

It was pleasant to hear from Nancy Mitford and learn that she is living at a very pleasant address, -- rue d'Artois, Versailles, and that she apparently is going to do something else about Versailles. I shall drop her a note tonight, encouraging her to stick to Versailles subjects for all they are worth and perhaps I shall even go so far as to suggest a couple of topics which might or might not appeal to her pen and to her readers alike as for instances, *Brin des Pages*, *Paro aux Ceris*, strange alterations of the 1730's such as the destruction of the staircase of the Amassadors, the introduction of the projecting wings into the grand courtyard and so I may even go so far as to suggest she do a volume all by itself on the Lost Chateaux of Ile de France such as those of d'Etioles, Meudon, Saint Cloud, and the Lord and Miss Mitford, I hope, know how many more.

In a morning that was already brimming over with plans for it and the balance of the day, I found it an unexpected plaisir on answering the 'phone to hear the voice of James, -- a voice that had been silent for quite a while, it seems to me. I invited him to drop in for noon dinner which he did, bearing with him a flock of fine plants for the vegetable garden, -- including eggplants, two kinds of peppers, -- bell and banana, big boy tomato plants whatever big boy tomato plants may be, etc., etc.

We had quite a nice chat and I think it was good for him to be able to chat with someone well acquainted with all the various aspects of domestic problems which seem to have been unusually numerous of late. It was interesting that the wife had consulted the lady doctor recently and that later the same day while the wife was out, the lady doctor dropped in at the residence, explaining to the husband that with one exception, the wife's health seemed to be alright, the exception being that, as the lady doctor had already advised the patient, she, the patient, is literally starving herself to death. It is no doubt this hunger which accents the unhappiness that seems so often to the fore in domestic relations. What a paradox that living in a land of plenty, possessed of millions and a constitution that both needs and can manage food, that such a person should simply refuse to take adequate sustenance. -- I got all the plants set out before sundown and now, after knocking off a couple of letters, propose to fold up my beard.....

108M

14803

Thursday, April 6th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Another glorious day.

In yesterday's memo, I intended to say I was enclosing the clipping about the very rich hours of Catherine of Cleves which you so kindly shared with me. I thought you might like to insert it in the volume itself.

It was so very kind of you to give me your own findings in the book both as to text and to illustrations. The book itself had arrived so late prior to the date I had in mind to forward it to little Miss Lee that I did not take time out to examine it other than simply to turn through a couple of the illustrations to see if it was indeed the volume I had hoped it would be. Accordingly while I have some notion as to the general tenor of the volume as a whole, I am quite ignorant as to its finer points and therefore I am doubly enchanted to learn about some of its more elusive details such as, for instance, the example cited in the painting of the Last Supper and especially to suprising presence of the little demon "hoovering" around Judas.

The clipping about the volume is certainly an erudite piece of work and goes far in increasing the appreciation of the story of the volume itself in its original form.

Obviously enough, one seldom seems to run across much mention of the country of Cleves which, like so many of those provinces in the neighborhood of the Low Countries, seems to have got lost in the general scuffle of History covering that section of Europe between 1400 and 1800, such independent principalities as that presided over by Catherine herself, not to forget 400 years later, that over which the Prince de Ligne figured also.

Come to think of it, about the only two times I can think of that I ever heard even the name of Cleves mentioned occurred in that 17th century novel of Madame de La Fayette which was entitled *Princess of Cleves*, if memory serves, and secondly, the lesser known of Henry the Eighth's many wives, -- Anne of Cleves. I can see well enough I must get busy and brush up a little on my acquaintance with the Kingdom of Cleves.

Unfortunately so much war fighting has gone on over the centuries in that particular section of Europe that I suppose comparatively



14804

14804

little remains architecturally in that region

I also intended to say that the enclosure bearing a likeness of the Presbyterian Church in Natchitoches was from the wife of the Presbyterian minister, the same lady who lived in Kenya for a year or so, -- some kind of an exchange student or teacher thing as sponsored by Columbia University. I should like to talk with her at length about her experiences there, for from what little I have spoken with her about her impressions of the African country side and the natives, seems so utterly at variance with what scant information has come to hand from the people across the fence. I shall perhaps have an opportunity to go into such particulars further in the weeks ahead.

This morning at 9, just as I was leaving Yucca for a demi-tasse across the fence, my phone rang. Long Distance operator was asking for me. Then, as has happened a few times in my life before the Long Distance operator range the person putting through the call, only to discover that that person, having placed the call, was making other calls, making it impossible for me or the operator to get the call through. The operator gave me a code number to call later and seven other digits and that was that. I told the operator I would be back in 30 minutes and effort might be made to effect a contact then. Naturally I didn't even try to remember all the digits she had rattled off and I never heard anything more from Long Distance and so that was that. Perhaps the call was from Miss Ramsey who, in past years I have noticed, has a great habit of putting through long distance calls and then clogging the line by making other calls before the original one placed comes through. I learned today that on Saturday there is to be a convention of Louisiana Marshalls, -- whatever they are, -- cheap politicians, I believe, in Natchitoches on Saturday. I learned further that they have been granted a request to visit Melrose, along with their wives, a group that will probably, it is said, number about 60 to 80 people. From all this I gather I shall have a busy afternoon on Saturday.

There seems to be a vast stir in the offices of the Natchitoches Times that started immediately on the return of Charles from his Mediterranean jaunt. I shall have more to report on this point shortly. Suffice to say that Charles is firing Mrs. Colton who has been editing the paper to nobody's delight and is at present casting about to see if Mrs. Chopin will accept the post which I doubt she will do. So turns the day and so I must turn to some chores before folding up my beard after having a go at some excellent pound cake, baked for me by the clerk's wife and delivered before breakfast this morning.....

14805

14805

Friday, April 7th, 1967.

Memorandum:

The day was so pretty, --60 -80, and tonight so glorious, what with the stars having the heavens all to themselves. The vegetation needs moisture but the radio never mentions the word rain any more.

The postman ran ahead of schedule this morning and so I sent the outgoing mail to Natchitoches for posting.

Last Friday and Saturday, Eugabou tried his hand at running the power lawn mower. The week before he hadn't showed up for work at all, being drunk the entire week. When he did put in an appearance he was not drinking but was probably so tired and perhaps simply so trifflin' that he did mighty little. Then ensued this past week with another attack on the grass today but still not finished and, of course, the stuff that needed cutting last week but didn't get it, needed it a heap more this weekend and one can but wonder why the merchant-planter puts up with such trashiness and at the same time one can but marvel that Eugabou hasn't long since drunk himself into his grave.

On the European scene things sound wacky in places, too. I gather from radio reports tonight that the American Vice President had a rough day in Paris. I don't know if the Government could have kept the rowdies down to a shout or not but I imagine they could have if Tall Charlie had given a gesture in that direction. But no matter how the mobs misbehaved, they do not provide any excuse for the skimpy reception accorded the Vice President when he arrived at the airport. I am glad that L. B. J. has given the word that when the Vice President returns to Washington on Monday morning, he will get the red carpet treatment with all the frills.

Back on the Yucca front, I want to say I had a wonderful series of minor doings in the pantry this morning. I was returning a hammer to a shelf where stood all kinds of pickles, preserves and wine. Somehow the hammer brushed against a wine bottle, upsetting it against a big jar of pickles which in turn, just like a row of standing dominoes, each crashing against the next in line, so that in the end six bottles of liquid and goo crashed to the floor.



14806

14806

Friday, April 13th, 1967.

split seconds apart with every single one of them smashing on hitting the floor. I was in a hurry in the first place which probably set the thing in motion and I was in more of a hurry when the ruins had been sopped up. But in spite of that I made it to the Post Office at the regular hour, one thumb and one finger still oozing a d.b. of gore, --only to discover the postman had made his rounds an hour ahead of time.

Mrs. Walker just called. She said this afternoon on the Northwest campus, one of the senior students on meeting her, paused to ask if she had heard about some Baton Rouge paper that today had carried an article stating that Northwestern State College was alive with Communists both in the student body and the faculty, naming names. The statement is so ridiculous that anyone hearing it might be expected to laugh out loud. Mrs. Walker, however, said that she thought she would call La Diron tonight to inquire into the matter and to learn the names mentioned. It is thought that perhaps now would be as good a time as any to call a halt to such tomfoolery by taking such accusations to court. I think Natalie for one would be likely to say in all truth that one would have half to look far to find any institution in the country that was farther away from Communism but facts such as that, of course, would make no difference to Ku Kluxers if the impulse arose to start a racket. Of course one gets so accustomed to hearing the professional patriots and Bible slappers voicing news about Communists in the White House and one shouldn't be surprised to hear, as I have on occasion, that the Vatican is a hot bed of Communists and so, I suppose, Northwestern can't seem like much when stacked up against such a venerable institution.

My agents report that Mr. Pipes was in the neighborhood just before noon today. Doreatha said that when she went home after giving dinner at the big house, she found he had been to her cabin, leaving her a fine assortment of young tomato plants, each in its own little moss basket, already to be edged into the ground. He is forever doing things like that for the local folks and if the plants were like the ones he brought me the other day, they will be taking hold right off, regardless of the drought. And so the weekend begins, a busy one with lady marshalls and all but free farm visitations, I hope.....

14807

14807

Sunday, April 9th, 1967.

# Memorandum:

Our summer weather continues, fair on Saturday, partly cloudy today and no hint of rain.

There were lots of pilgrims Saturday, none today. Celeste and J. left early this morning to spend the day in Mansura to attend a frolic in that area where the people feature pork cooked in milk, stage parades and generally carry on. Celeste has lots of kin folks yonder, too, and so their Sabbath must have been a busy is somewhat dizzy one.

J. H. came to see me at 7:15 Saturday morning to say Cousin Arthur Watson had just called him, saying he had some New Orleans friends who would like to pass this way for a little tour within the hour, --8:15 at the latest. I was up to my hips in a flock of undertakings planned for the morning but even though I couldn't continue along that line, I did have ample time to slip through a bath and don some clean raiment before the guests got here at 8:15. It was exactly a quarter to 10 when they finally blew in.

By 11 o'clock I had sent them merrily on their way and started to pick up things where I had dropped them between 7 and 8 but that gesture came to naught when J. H. arrived with Mr. and Mrs. Simcoe Walmsley of Arizona. Simcoe is a nephew of Miss Lee Walmsley, sister-in-law of Dolly Walmsley of whom I have have mentioned on occasion. Lee and Dolly lived and fought together in San Antonio for decades and when Dolly survived Lee on the latter's death, Dolly, I suppose, was a little surprised that Lee left all her property to Simcoe and, so far as I know, not a cent to Dolly. Simcoe is spending a few days in Hatchitoc looking over some real estate Lee left him there, about a quarter of a million dollars worth, J. H. says.

It was dinner time when they left and I attended to a few little chores before the wives of the Marshalls were scheduled to arrive at 2 o'clock. I fiddled around in the front garden for half an hour awaiting them. Eventually the store told me I might just as well go ahead with whatever I had in mind for the afternoon since the store would advise me by phone of the arrival of the Lady Marshalls. Eventually I received the



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call saying the buses had arrived and the ladies were awaiting me at the side gate. I dropped the 'phone and marched to the side gate when I saw precisely nobody. Then I turned to the big house where I found half a hundred biddies milling around in the library and dining room. They must have scooted from the side gate to the house to get ahead of me since I had let no grass grow under my feet from the time I received the call.

Of course one gets scant opportunity to speak individually with such a crew. There may have been two or three who might have been interesting. One of the latter lives near Hickory Hill near Wilson, Louisiana, not far from The Shades of Miss Eva Scott. She told me Hickory Hill is gradually sagging because of neglect although it is still inhabited. She said further, in response to my inquiry that the two sweet olive trees, --the largest I ever saw, are still standing in front of the house. Of course I was to learn the house is suffering from neglect but am delighted the sweet olives are still thriving.

Saturday morning the parterres at Ghana look so pretty at dawn, the regimental stripes of greens emerging from the rich brown earth and all in such triangular designs as satisfying as a Mozart musical composition in their assurance that the whole pattern even if parts have to be anticipated, will all come out right where some of them as yet cannot be glimpsed. I gather stuff for the big house and the house across the fence. Everything was so dewy and crisp when fitted into their baskets before sun up. At the big house for dinner we had some of the things for dinner including mustard greens, lettuce, radishes and so on. They went so nicely with the chicken Doretha had baked and some kind of a dressing about which I must remember to ask her, --in which appear included small cubes of bell pepper, perhaps some bits of onion, etc. I must ask about the fresh strawberries that appeared yesterday, too. I is too early for them in this section but I suppose that further south around Hammond they are probably already rolling.

I suppose I shall be having a report later tonight on the 'phone covering the party given this afternoon by the Claude Morgans of Alexa Claude publishers the Municipal Review, a State thing having to do with municipal administration. Mrs. Walker was driving down to join La Dixon who was coming up from Baton Rouge for the affair and plenty of newspaper people were undoubtedly in attendance.

I must confess I did n't accomplish much this quiet day but I don't mind since I gained much from merely enjoying the quiet. I hold the thought it may have been like that in Lyme, to.....

01811

14809

Monday, April 10th, 1967.

Memorandum: It seems to have been a busy day although I accomplished very little. I intended to but must confess I got a few unplanned things taken care of, none of which were of much moment. Cloudy in the 60-80 range with humidity at 98 which seems to be about the nearest we can get to a shower.

There were pilgrims, of course, and they always upset any charted course, especially as in today's case when they were almost an hour behind their appointment hour and once having arrived, gave every indication they would welcome an opportunity to spend the balance of the day here which might be fine for them but certainly wouldn't advance my gardening very much. The appointment was made for the people by Pat who called the store, saying among other things that he was tired of making such arrangements. I could understand that easily enough but when I balance off that exertion of picking up a telephone and talking for two minutes against re-arranging a schedule to receive the people, eventually contacting them when they arrive, giving them a tour and being pleasant withal in spite of the urge to give them a push so I might get on with my work, the physical exertion, at least, seems lop-sided.

I ordered a couple of dozen bell pepper plants from town and a couple of banana peppers which were delivered this morning. Instead of the banana peppers, however, I received a couple dozen more tomato plants. As soon as I divested myself of the last pilgrims I got busy setting out the plants making the most of the cloudy weather to protect them from the sunshine and rushing to get all of them into the good earth before night came on, holding the thought that by some miracle we might get a dab of rain tonight but that is hoping for too much, I guess, although Oklahoma did get a whab-out last night and while Oklahoma isn't exactly next door, it does lie in the path of some of the cyclonic systems that occasionally wind their way southward, a phenomenon I hope may happen shortly for we really are greatly in need of a few drops of water.



00841

14810

I had hoped to tune in on a radio account of Mr. Humphries' reception in Washington on his arrival from his buffeted jaunt through the European capitals. I hope his home-coming reception was a warm one. The electric storm that must be "hoovering" around made ducks and drakes of radio receipt, however, and so I shall try to pick up some account of the doings later tonight, should the static subside and re-broadcast be put on the air.

I am wondering if the Oscar awards will be broadcast out of Santa Monica tonight. There seemed to be so many uncertainties about the radio-TV strike being settled verbally that nobody seemed to know what the industry would bring forth tonight. I shall perhaps be able to pick up some of that later tonight. Whether I do or do not makes very little difference since I seldom know anything about the people or things being mentioned although I do like to keep abreast with the doings even though for me they are as remote as what is afoot on the moon.

Last night the radio spoke of the riotous doings at Fisk University in Nashville, Tennessee. If the young gentlemen of color can go on such a bender without using to think of the ill it is doing the cause of color generally, how much less should one expect of other young gentlemen of color who haven't had any schooling at all. Three things in the post world war 2 era that will forever puzzle me is the throw away practices of Stalin, Tall Charlie and the Civil Rights crowd in America, all of whom seem to have gone out of their way to divest themselves of all the good will that could have so easily been theirs if they had not made such an effort to disdain it.

And speaking of color, I was interested to read something the other day that stated the negro's position in the South improved considerably between 1865 and 1890, that in 1890 130,000 negroes were voting in Louisiana but that by 1920, there were less than 1,500 casting ballots. From F. D. R. to J. F. K. things began looking up again for the cause nationwide but now has slipped back appreciably and quite understandably in view of all the scuffling and the Nashville type of stupidity getting out of hand.

I can hear a slab of pound cake and a dab of ice cream calling me from the direction of the icebox and I am bound to respond forthwith. I hold the thought that there may be similar fare or something better in the Lyme icebox.....

31841

14811

Tuesday, April 11th, 1967.

Memorandum: Cloudy in the upper 70's, following a nice drizzle during the night that dropped half an inch of moisture. It is drizzling again tonight and everybody is holding the thought we may receive as much tonight as we did last night.

Something went wrong with the telephone last night which provided pleasant silence from that quarter from then until 5 o'clock this afternoon. I was expecting a couple of calls from town, Red Cross, Library and so on but I was glad to skip receiving them since it meant that pilgrim calls would also be cut off.

I find myself wondering occasionally as to how things are turning at Hyde Park. Had today's phone been functioning, I might have called I. S. Willard for news. I heard from Kay last on Holy Saturday at which time she threatened to honor me with a visit during the ensuing week but all has remained quiet from there ever since. Perhaps she has already left for another round to Charleston which I believe she planned before the middle of April. There was so much static on last night's radio, I soon gave up trying to contact any ether waves from Santa Monica and so did not hear anything about the Oscar awards until this morning. I recognized the name of Elizabeth Taylor as a recipient of an Oscar and felt that one Oscar which she had previously received, should have been sufficient since there must be so many other people striving for the same honor, some of whom might have benefited considerably while Miss Taylor, having once received one anyway and since she apparently is sufficiently well heeled enough to need further acclaim so far as furthering her career in acting or matrimony so that another Oscar might make scant difference to her. I must inquire of movie goers to



118M

14812

set me straight about the identity of the other top winners

The Louisiana Press Association meets this weekend in New Orleans, the Louisiana Press Women's Association gathers together in New Iberia a couple of weeks hence.

Mrs. Walker leaves "atchitoches by train on Thursday night for the Crescent City where she will appear on a panel at the L. P. A. pow-wow. She confided to me that she was going primarily to indulge in a bit of shopping.

Mrs. Chopin, as President of L. P. W. A. will drive by car to New Iberia the first weekend in May, to preside at that get-together. The insurance company holding the policy covering the Chopin car, recently wrecked, has issued a check against the defunct car and a conservative lady in "atchitoches, a moderate driver, offered Mrs. Chopin her car for the same amount Mrs. Chopin received from the insurance. For once everybody seems pleased with the automobile insurance payoff.

The setsouma bush along the front gallery of Yucca continues to be a source of marvelous fragrance these days. I guess I planted it a year or two back. It is only three feet in height and I'm wondering if it will grow much taller. They tell me the setsouma sometimes attains a height of 8 or 10 feet in south Louisiana. Whether this one will climb that high remains to be seen. The peculiar fragrance of this particular plant -- I must ask other people about this matter down south, is the fact that the fragrance while definitely of orange flower sweetness, at the same time carries a vague suggest of the aroma of the perfume of apple blossoms. Perhaps it would be better to say it is orange overlaid with apple or the other way around. Be that as it may, the effect is entrancing and makes me wonder why I have never heard of anyone planting the setsouma in a tub. If one had a flock of tubs filled with this plant and at the same time had a special place to house it, I suppose there would have to be a setsoumary or setsoumarie. A sharing of terms just as the orange trees in tubs thus housed constitute an orangerie while the setsouma trees in tubs might constitute, how shall I say it, -- a setsoumary or setsoumarie.

It is still sprinkling outside, much to the delight of the plants and to me. And after checking on the weather, I must now do a bit of exploring in the icebox.....

118M

14813

Wednesday, April 12th, 1967.  
Memorandum: Fair to partly cloudy today, following a night of drizzle that produced a half inch of rain. Vegetation is growing as though it had just received a shot of Gypsy Juice.

It was so nice finding an air mail from Lyme in today's mail. Under ordinary circumstances, it should have arrived Monday or Tuesday. Yesterday there was no first class mail at all and so perhaps today's letter is the one that would have arrived, had there been any mail at all.

I am so happy to have the delightful word picture of little Miss Lee's feather friends assisting her with her correspondence. Every time I think of that scene, it makes me the happier.

I am glad to know of the delightful marginal discoveries in the Princess of Cleaves, -- El Ponderoso, the pelican and all. Isn't it interesting that a peacock should have found its way into illustrations in northern Europe in the 1400's. I have no idea when this type of bird made its bow north of the Alps. It seems to me one has heard about them in the days of the Roman Empire in Italy but somehow I had never thought about them venturing into the Low Countries at all. Once I ran across a book that had quite a lot to say about the aviary at Versailles, situated not far from St. Cyr at the southern end of the arm of the Grand Canal, -- at the far end opposite the Grand Trianon at the north end of the arm. It seems to me the varieties of many exotic birds appeared in that listing but I don't remember the peacocks having been mentioned, and, what's more, I don't even remember the name of the book or its author. Perhaps I had better get busy and write La Mitford to dig up some particulars about the 17th and 18th century birds in that domain. And before leaving the peacocks, may I say how glad I am you liked the column that had something to say about the local birds in relation to daylight savings. I never did get to read it but I'm glad to know it turned out alright.

I appreciate news regarding the note from my coffee



14814

14814

hostess who had mentioned last week she was going to drop a be-lated card to little Miss Lee on her anniversary. I have no doubt the details of the trip running from February into March including the day in Lyme could easily be wrapped up in a few sentences but it is nice to know the impulse to do so was there even though, as I assume, the performance was a little on the barren side.

I phoned I. S. Willard this afternoon and heard news regarding the Registers. Last Thursday the Carver girls gave a dinner to which they had invited the Registers, the Kysers and so on but James had indicated to me he had no intention of attending, based primarily, I imagine, on the fact that he had misgivings about his wife's health or, possibly, her mood. In any event, he did not attend but his wife did, attending the party with I. S. W. And then on Friday, Kay received a phone call from Mrs. Crabtree, stating that Aunt Willie wasn't so well and so James drove Kay to Shreveport to catch a midnight plane that carried her to Charleston, arriving there at 8 a.m. Saturday.

When I spoke with Kay on Holy Saturday, I understood her to say she was coming down the week following Easter. She must have changed her plans and then, on Friday, changed them even further. It seems somewhat odd that I have not heard from James and Kay both but I suppose they have both been too busy to do other than attend to pressing problems, awaiting personal or written contacts at a more convenient time.

I was interested to learn from I. S. W. that Hampton was not at home on the night of the dinner last Thursday but that she supposed he was busy making preparations to return to Harvard. He reported he has received some kind of award entitling him to do post graduate work at Harvard which pleases him very much as he is very fond of that institution. He and Mrs. Walker have been attending the same graduate class at Northwestern this semester and studying together occasionally in off hours. I am sure she will miss the associations with him for he is certainly a very fine person. I smiled in my beard at the I. S. W. supposition that it might be Hampton's rush in making preparations to get back to Harvard that accounted for his absence from the Thursday night dinner for I suppose Hampton will be completing his Northwestern studies in May before heading out for Massachusetts either for this summer's studies or next autumn's. And so things turn and so I am grateful to God and little Miss Lee for today's correspondence.....

14815

14815

Thursday, April 13th, 1967.

Memorandum:

The weather is the thing.....Cloudy this morning with warnings of all kinds of blustering about between Hatchitokes and Jefferson, Texas, --tornado, hail, cloudburst and even knows what all.

It began raining here about 1:30. By first dark tonight the measuring device registered about 4 inches and it is still raining. The Ghana parterres are under about 8 inches of water. It remains to be seen if the whole garden is drowned out or not, depending on a continued rain and the speed, if any, of the run off. I hope I don't have to set out again the hundreds of young tomato, eggplant, and so on. We shall know more about that by the weekend.

About 1:30 I received a call from Alexandria, -- Gillies Long or however that nephew of Huey and Earl spells his first name. He said he would like to run up for a little chat this afternoon and that his wife whom I know would like to come along, too.

The skies were already darkening and when the rains began, I told myself nobody with an ounce of sense would try bucking such elements. But when the water was about ankle deep the ongs arrived, unprotected by raincoats, over-shoes, umbrellas or anything of the sort. They didn't seem to mind the soaking they were getting and we had quite a pleasant session, pouring deeply from the bottle of imported wine they brought along for me.

Perhaps somewhere there may be an axe to grind but where it was, I do not know for everything seemed strictly social.

The one-time U. S. Representative spoke of Plantation Memo and how much he had enjoyed it when he was in Washington and how much he is enjoying it now in Alexandria. Politicians are forever building fences, I suppose, and perhaps today's visit was engineered with the hope that the column may one day do a bit of politicking for the aforesaid G. Long.

I encouraged him, just as though he needed any encouragement, to speak of political matters. He said he had dined with Paul Scheit -- I seem to have left out on r. -- in New Orleans on Monday. Mr. Long thinks Mr. Schröder among the grandest men he ever knew.



14816

14816

1967, April 12th, 1967

The mention of the brother-in-law of the late President naturally enough led to mention of other prominent members of that family. I asked him about the former Attorney General, now Senator from New York. He said he could best respond by saying that while it is true that both Jack and Bobby Kennedy are offsprings of the same parent, he always felt that Jack was the child of Rose Kennedy, Bobby the son of old Joe Kennedy, Jack having been possessed of more heart, Bobby of more brain.

In glancing at the andirons in the living room fireplace, bearing the initials L and S, he asked if they had belong to Lyle Saxon. When I replied affirmatively, he mentioned having been behind the Iron Curtain a while back and that in the city of Prague, he and his wife, Cathie, had been guided by a Slovak gentleman who formerly, prior to World War 2, had lived in Chicago. Mr. Long said that apparently the guide thought they had rendered him some service or other and on their return to the United States, they received a book from the Prague guide which turned out to be a 1st edition of one of Lyle Saxon's books. How Lyle would have loved that, a Louisiana Long receiving from behind the Iron Curtain a 1st edition of a Saxon opus.

The Longs mentioned having stopped off in France on their return to Western Europe and mention of France brought up the name of the President of that Republic. Mr. Long said the latest story he had heard about Tall Charlie had to do with a committee, appointed to erect a fitting tomb for the French President. When the job was done and Tall Charlie came around to inspect it, he express astonishment at how much it had cost, remarking:

"Well, after all, you know,--I'll be occupying it only three days....."

That reminded me that only last night I stumbled over the air wave while awaiting the news and came upon a Bible slapper making a great racket to prove that in spite of all that the Bible has to say on the point, Christ did not actually remain in the grave three days, what with the Crucifixion having taken place on Friday, burial at close of day and the stone sealing the tomb discovered on Easter morning to have been rolled away. All I can say is that Tall Charlie can mull that over if he wants to.

I just stepped out on the gallery to see what might be what, only to discover the rain is still coming down in buckets. Oh, well! there's always the icebox to fall back on.....

14817

P. S.

In view of all the publicity being given District Attorney Garrison of New Orleans and his "investigation" of the plot to kill President Kennedy, perhaps it is just as well to add this item.

Gillis mentioned having had luncheon in New Orleans recently with a group of political spirits in the Crescent City. I asked if Mr. Garrison was present. He said he was and that he had talked with him a little.

I asked Gillis what he thought of the "investigation" business. He said:

"Well, in the first place, Garrison is a great big man physically and, as I noticed before luncheon, he required four big martinis to get going in conversation. As for my opinion as to whether he has anything worth investigation, I can best explain my feelings on the matter by quoting from my Uncle Earl Long when he was Governor.

"Somebody asked Uncle Earl if he believe in religion. Uncle Earl replied:

'I can't say that I do but I don't dare say so in public.'

Gillis explained that that is the way he feels about the claim of Garrison that he has something to investigate in the Kennedy matter. I can't say that I believe he really has but I don't quite dare say so."



14817

14817

Friday, April 14th, 1967.

Memorandum: I have been thinking about the weather and the rain. Yesterday's rain stopped during the night so that we were blessed with only a little over 4 inches. From slightly higher elevations than the Ghana Garden, the run-off in that direction. Before sunup this morning, three of the five parterres were submerged. My job, of course, was to get the drainage ditches functioning properly as soon as possible before the plants died. By 2 o'clock this afternoon the water had gone down sufficiently to enable the tomato, pepper and eggplant top leaves to emerge above the flood and thus catch a breath of air. The rows of young beets, red peppers as opposed to the bell, spinach, mustard, lettuce and so on were coming gradually above the surface of the water, too. The weather man promises a couple or more days of fair weather just ahead and I conclude that by that timemost of the vegetables will have taken such a firm grasp on life and grown so rapidly that they will be able to withstand the next downpour -- if any.

I had to jump on Andy again today, warning him not to repeat his performance of yesterday when he edged his way over to Yucca from his job across the fence and stole a gallon of wine while I was at dinner. He could so easily have been banished into the hills whence he came with his parent years ago and I don't think he would find life among his hillbilly relatives much to his liking. If he were to leave here, however, it would cause no end of "misere" across the fence since there's nobody on the plantation who wants to get involved with the whims of the lady across the fence. The two reasons why Andy the place is because he doesn't like field work and because he probably finds pretty good picking around and about the gardens and occasionally inside the houses, including the one across the fence. I don't pretend understanding why Celeste has time and again let him get away with breaking into her armors and taking her money and tearing into her wine cabinet and emptying it.

14818

14818

14818

Friday, April 14th, 1967.

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818M

14819

Mrs. Walker left on the midnight train last night for New Orleans to attend the Press Association meeting. She called me about 11:30, asking if I would give her mama a buzz on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. I called Mrs. Genung this afternoon and listened to no end of interesting and uninteresting details. I usually get more satisfaction out of such conversations than she does because she is forever informing me about points I am too dumb to comprehend. Today she fell to talking about a trip by boat she made to Rio de Janeiro a few years back. She said the servants on the boat were Chinese and were splendid. I told her I had always been curious to know if it could possibly be true that a well-instructed Oriental servant really could shave his master while the latter slept, never of awakening him.

This is just the type of opening, la Genung really goes for:

"Why, of course, he can. .... Don't you know that they are so adept in such matters that they can even shave a dead man...."

"Without ever awakening the corpse?"

asked. Somehow I got the impression it was just as well fifteen miles stretched between us or she would have crowned me with the phone.

This evening's radio mentions that Baton Rouge received 11 inches of rain today, beginning around 2 o'clock this morning. I assume this is made up in part of the rainstorm we had here yesterday which appeared to be moving southward when I stood on the gallery about 11:30 and noticed the receding flashes in the southern sky. I have some notion as to what 11 inches of rain may be like in this area as we had about that amount, perhaps only 10 inches, although Derry and Gorum received 11, I am sure, sometime last year and it really was wonderfully damp around and about. Of course in an area of concentrated population, the dampness must be even greater since conduits get over-taxed with ed flooding. The radio says 45 thousand telephones are out of commission so perhaps we shall not hear from the General before the morrow.

And so the weekend begins. Perhaps the weather will discourage some road-runners from venturing out but I doubt it. I hold the thought it may be peaceful in Lyme.....

14820

138M

Sunday, April 16th, 1967.

Memorandum: I got a great laugh out of little Miss Lee's report on Saturday was so pleasant, thanks to the arrival of Thursday's nice letter with clippings from Lyme. I got a great laugh out of little Miss Lee's report on Saturday was so pleasant, thanks to the arrival of Thursday's nice letter with clippings from Lyme. I got a great laugh out of little Miss Lee's report on Saturday was so pleasant, thanks to the arrival of Thursday's nice letter with clippings from Lyme.

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I'm so glad you mentioned the surprisingly big frog that made something of a record when he made it from Bloomingdale's to Yucca in one jump. More than once I have intended compassing along the word about one or another cry of surprise or astonishment and wonder when pilgrims, stepping off the Yucca front gallery in the direction of the big sugar pot. In every instance I can think of, every beholder takes it as a real Gargantuan inhabitant of this region for long before they have reached that point in their tour they have viewed so many examples of surprising growth in vegetation and flowers that a frog of this extraordinary size strikes them at once as being both incredible and plausible. Usually if they utter a little cry with overtones of fright, I admonish them not to make such a racket for fear the frog might be frightened and remarking that should he take it into his head to take to the air we might have to spend days searching the countryside for ..... miles around in hopes of catching up with him.

I am so grateful for all the particulars covered in the letter and especially points from The New York news concerning the Brooklyn Museum etc. I want to say how much I appreciate the clippings, too.



03801

14821

There were two matters involving color that happened this weekend which I think are worth noting. The first one had to do with a meeting in Natchitoches of the Parent-Teacher gathering, made up of parents of Parish school children and their, the children's teachers. I think this was a segment of the larger conferences taking place, this particular one being restricted to the schools operating under Catholic supervision. A couple of parents of the high mulatto brackets in this area have children attending Catholic school in town and these parents including some of the Joneses who, by the way, are descendants of Grandpere Augustin and therefore in the upper crust. Be that as it may, the priest who was in charge of the meeting appeared thunderstruck and annoyed that among all the white parents present, there should have been either two or three couples of very light color. I don't know what he said but as he is said to hail from a hill billy neighborhood, a hill billy himself, his remarks were so pointed that the people of color felt constrained to withdraw. Everybody present was shocked and next day heat must have been put under the priest for he, like Cardinal Spellman visiting Hyde Park, made a round down the river, calling at the two or three homes of the people insulted, in order to apologize to them for his behavior. The other thing had to do with the "retreat" near Alexandria where Catholic ladies go for a couple of days for meditation and instruction once a year. This Bishopric covers all north Louisiana from Alexandria to Shreveport and the retreat is filled every weekend with ladies from one geographic center and another. In the past, these retreats, of course, have always been attended by white people only. Notice of the impending retreat are read from the pulpit at appointed times and so the Ile Brevelle Church has always read these notices although perhaps only one white person among hundreds of colored persons were present. The lady across the fence consulted me about what I thought concerning inclusion of all Catholic ladies in the participating in the retreats. I am sure she knew quite well where I would stand on such a matter but I guess she wanted to hear me voice my thoughts on the matter. The matter was taken up with the Bishop and the next retreat, scheduled for May, I believe, will see another racial barrier fall. The weekend was quiet, only a few pilgrims and all of them civilized. The rogue boy from across the river, attending school in Lafayette, came for some particulars about his ancestors for a thesis he is doing and things turned as pleasantly as a peacock. May it was ever thus in Lyme.....

03801

14822

Monday, April 17th, 1967.  
Memorandum:  
Cloudy, humid and warm.  
Mrs. Walker just called. She wanted to read me a letter she had received from Charles Cunningham and her response.  
In his letter, Charles expressed enchantment with three countries he had visited with his wife and their Baton Rouge friends on their whiz around the Medetereanean. -- Lebanon, Greece and Portugal although unless things have changed mightily, Portugal must still be on the Atlantic rather than Mare Nostrum.  
What Charles envisions at the moment is to dabble a little in Real Estate, --see headlines in today's Natchitoches Times, --sell the latter, fiddle a little in civic exercises and spend most of his year traveling to various Mediterranean spots, spending a month or two in the ones he likes best. Charles is frequently having brain storms and this is merely the latest.  
In response, Mrs. Walker wrote him that during the past weekend in New Orleans she had been approached by a Louisiana publisher whose son wishes to acquire a newspaper and she gave Charles the man's address. She said she thought his idea of retiring from the newspaper grind and excellent one. I doubt if anything comes of all this but it will be interesting to note if any gestures to such an end should be forthcoming in the near future.  
I was especially interested in a few bits of gossip concerning doings in New Orleans at the Louisiana Press Association gathering. News of Hodding Carter left something to be desired. Hodding's wife, Betty, is as charming as always but Hodding himself presented something of a problem all around. Although the doctors have warned him that drinking is not good for his stomach ulcers, he continues drinking heavily and coughing blood. On an excursion boat chartered for the entertainment of the convention members there was much dancing, drinking, etc., and before the thing was over, there was that exceedingly difficult situation in which the husband insists on taking passes at his wife's friend while both ladies, somewhat unsuccessfully did what they could to keep Hodding from getting more liquor and less demonstrative. It all sounds dismal and I feel sorry for Betty who certainly must be having her hands full these days.



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I. S. Willard 'phoned me just after noon dinner. There was a tone of urgency in her voice. She wanted to ask me if she had done the right thing when Hampton Carver had contacted her, saying he wanted very much to run down to see me. He wanted to commune with me about his plans for the future. She said she had told him she was sure I would receive him gladly. After the conversation had concluded, she said she felt she should have asked me about it before telling him such a thing and was accordingly calling me to inquire. I told her she had been quite right and that I was always glad to lend an ear to anyone's problems.

I. S. W. had a very long and very detailed report about a supper she had arranged recently. She laid tables in the basement of Petit Tarn. The tables, walls and ceiling were studies in gray, orange, green, etc., and the food carried out sympathetic hues. -- artichoke, casserole, salad and so on. For dessert -- and coffee she invited the guess to the main floor of the house, just above the lower level and everyone seemed to have a fine time even though the party proceeded more leisurely than originally anticipated. She said she attempted this type of party as a try-out and planned a full scale one within a week or two if I would be present. I told her that was something we mustn't rush into and that we would talk about setting a definite date a little later. Smile.

Having heard nothing from James in quite a while, I gave him a buzz during the afternoon, finding him in his usual form. In regard to news from Charleston, he said the lady had again successfully cried, "Wolf, wolf" and that kinsmen from Nevada, California and God knows where had rushed to Charleston to the sick bed and once they had all assembled, it was decided everybody would go for a nice ride into the country to admire the beauty of the unfolding frills of Primavera.

On the home front, what with all the moisture and warmth, vegetation is going great guns. The butterfly lilies are knee high, the banana plants up to my shoulder. The honeysuckle vines are a riot of fragrance fanned by the wings of the humming birds while the aroma is heady with the fusion of the perfume from the grandiflora magnolia blossoms which are unfolding in every direction. I just noticed the sound of raindrops splashing on the broad leaves of the banana plants leading me to believe the season is but definitely on its way....

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Tuesday, April 18th, 1967.

Memorandum: Fair in the cool 70's. According to my radio it was too rainy in Lyme for a baseball game. Nothing was said about the temperature.

I did not have 9 o'clock coffee this morning, what with my demi-tass companion having gone to Shreveport with Frances, wife of Janued Pratt. Accordingly the merchant-planter dined with us at the big house this noon and he evoked laughter when heruefully remarked that the girls would probably find some pretty furniture while enjoying their day in the big city. Frances has a nephew who is an interior decorator who is every now and then doing some work for the lady across the fence. The last trip brought forth a pretty six hundred dollar table which the decorator had sighted for the lady as being just made for her. There was another table at a like price a little while before and both pieces of furniture found their way into my lady's living room. No wonder the merchant-planter was speculating on what the decorator would help the lady "discover" today.

Through the newspaper grapevine, I was interested in learning that two newspapers during the past month have contacted the Natchitoches Times with requests for information regarding the proper channel to secure rights to publish Plantation Memo. According to my informant, the person in the office to whom the matter was handed intends to contact Mrs. Walker in her role of agent of the columnist. Business moves rather slowly at the Times office and contact has not as yet been made with Mrs. Walker. It will be interesting to see how long this dawdling goes on.

I may have mentioned that although Mrs. Walker does not know it, Mrs. Chopin chanced to be in New Orleans last week and at the same time Mrs. Walker was in the Crescent City attending the Louisiana Press Association gathering. Mrs. Chopin's sister has long been with Shell Oil Company which has large office space there. On the top floor, -- the 36th, I believe, of one of



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office buildings adjoining the Roosevelt, I believe, there is a very  
revolving bar. It takes 90 minutes for the bar to make  
a complete turning and as there is much glass on all sides, patrons  
the bar are presented with an ever changing sweep of the  
city and neighboring landscape. On Saturday night  
Mrs. Chopin's sister invited her mother and sister to be her  
guests at the bar before going on to dinner. When they came down  
and were getting into their car, none other than Mrs. Walker and  
two friends passed in the direction of the three ladies,  
paused to observe something at the base of the building, close enough  
each to have reached out and touched the other, with  
Mrs. Walker never realizing that former friends were so close to hand.  
Yesterday Clara Genung called me to report on what a fine  
trip her daughter had had over the weekend and said her daughter  
had been perfectly enchanted with a wonderful revolving  
bar atop one of the office buildings in New Orleans.

The Ghana garden is drying out and I am busy  
putting things back to rights in that quarter. It  
appears that the loss in plants was minor although the  
thing I had least expected occurred, -- the entire planting  
of spinach was wrecked by the water in spite of the fact that  
it was submerged for a shorter time than all the other things.  
From this I take it that spinach cannot stand much  
dampness. Today I busied myself hoeing up the  
spinach section, planting beets and mustard in that  
section and re-planting spinach in much higher ground in another  
locality.

In the section of the feathered friends, I find myself  
wondering what in the world is biting the peacocks these days.  
For the past three days, the peacocks have been stirring themselves  
at a most unseemly hour, -- 5:30 in the morning, an hour  
when all self-respecting peacocks are snug in their beds. They seem to  
be exercising their vocal cords with greater vigor than usual and  
much more persistently than is their custom. They seem to  
be quite indifferent to any suggestion of food for themselves but  
both at breakfast and dinner time during all this week,  
they have been presenting themselves at meal time just beyond the  
wire screens of the summer dining room, standing there and gazing  
at those of us at table, making funny cooing sounds in obvious envy  
as their human acquaintances partake of food. Perhaps  
all this is a manifestation of their preparations for parenthood.....

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Wednesday, April 19th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair and cool in the 70's.

The laugh of the day came just a little after  
12 noon, just as I returned to Yucca from dinner at the big  
house and turned on my radio to get some news.  
At that magical moment my phone rang. It was I. S.  
Willard. She sounded quite excited and explained that she was  
so glad she had reached me because she had just tuned in  
on a TV program that was talking about some old beams  
discovered somewhere that had constituted the supports of a  
chateau dating from the time of St. Louis, ante-  
dating Versailles by several years. One would suppose  
so -- by about 4 or 5 hundred years which is certainly a d.b. of  
ante-dating.

Be that as it may, she rushed on to tell me how excited  
she was in having come so unexpectedly on such a topic and  
that accordingly she had phoned me instantly. She went on  
to say that as of the moment, there was a commercial going on but  
that the story about the beams would be resumed as  
soon as the commercial was over and that she would hold  
the phone close to the TV machine so I might get it all.  
Thereupon she launched into an account of a meeting of  
Museum Contents to be held a week from tomorrow and how im-  
portant it is that I should be present to keep the committee  
on dumping the Madame Aubin Roque house down under the  
hill below the Chamber of Commerce, hustling along from point to  
point, volunteering all kinds of transportation for my  
convenience, etc., etc., lasting about a quarter of an hour  
so that when I could finally get a word in to ask what  
progress the TV program was making, she gasped and said she had forgone  
all about that and another program had now succeeded the  
interesting one. Verily, this was I. S. Willard at her best.

At supper tonight, -- having missed the noon news,  
I learned of the death of "the grand old man of Germany",  
and that the President would attend his funeral. I  
especially wanted to scoop up all the news I could between  
6 and 7 tonight for there were two or three things I



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was curious to hear about in detail but no end of interruptions at that hour knocked out those hopes and the nearest I got to learning about the above mentioned news item and the account of the rocket with shovel attachment reaching the moon came to naught except, --and this wasn't much of a substitute, I did happen to be in the garden with visitors where we could see the moon plainly enough at just the time the rocket was supposed to land. When I finally got rid of people, I rushed to the radio where all I could tune in was baseball games and hill billy music. I hold the thought I may have better luck sometime tonight.

I got no where at a coffee time regarding my hostess's adventures in Shreveport yesterday. Juanita B. and son arrived before I did and conversation revolved about society matters about which I found myself incapable of getting much interest aroused.

A telephone call just now came from the Rileys from the New Orleans area. They were up this way a few years back and in pursuance of their visit, contributed twenty five dollars to the fund for recording Readers Digest for the blind, enabling the person in whose name the gift is presented to receive the recorded monthly issue of that magazine at the same time or prior to the release of the publication in print form. I thought it very kind of them at the time and was glad to receive the magazine monthly although I must say I am never in a hurry to be the first to read anything what with other matters for reading always stacked up ahead of me.

The Rileys have some friends who simply must have some Hunter canvases and they were impatient to learn how to obtain same. I recommended that they drive up for just that purpose and so I reckon I shall be seeing them one of these days.

Tomorrow I have a heavy list of people coming this way and I hope they don't get lost in the tall grass which has sprung up in pursuance of last week's deluge. Not since last Friday has Tugabou been out from under the bottle and he seems to be the only one likely to be designated as the hay makers around and about the greenswards and so things don't turn.....

14828

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Thursday, April 20th, 1967.

Memorandum: Semi-fair, humid and 80.

Although the calendar doesn't expressly indicate that today falls within the bracket of the last week in April, everything else seems to point that way and so I got busy and planted most of the gourd garden today just as though I was acting within the limits set by expert gourd cultivators in this area. As usual at such times, the cardinals came out in force to trail behind the man with the hoe, intent on extracting the seeds as fast as I put them into the good earth. In pursuance of past experience in this undertaking and with a view to circumventing the birds from undoing what I was undertaking, I compromised and confounded the feathered friends readily enough by placing a bamboo pole with many twigs left on the thing which discouraged the birds from scratching up the seeds for red birds at least seem to shy away from getting entangled in the twigs when the poles are lying horizontal on the ground. At the same time I planted a hill of seeds in the pre-determined row, I cast an equal number of seeds of which I have oceans in the space between the rows, thus affording ample food supplies for the birds who, it seemed evident, could never grasp that a human being would be so wasteful as to share seeds while engaged in planting.

This line of endeavor and related agricultural efforts kept me away from my desk all day so that I face the night with much unattended work, some of which at least I should have undertaken instead of concentrating all day on gardening and taking care of pilgrims which were numerous enough.

As for news around and about, I know nothing of any interest. There was to be a darling reception at the Sylvan Friedman's this afternoon for the bride of Sylvan's nephew, Harry Friedman, junior, who married a Riedheimer girl in New Orleans last week. The Friedman boy is an orthodox Jew, more or less, while the bride is a Catholic. There seems to be quite a flurry



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in the Parish, especially those of "the true Faith" that at the celebration of the nuptials in the Crescent City, two men of God partook actively in the doings, - the spiritual adviser of the groom, a r. bbi, of course, and the spiritual adviser of the bride, a Catholic priest, of course. I suppose this sort of dual doings may be common enough in most places but it seems to be unusual in Louisiana to have two representatives, each a member of a different religion, joining hands in getting the marital knot tied in a public ceremony.

Across the fence today, the merchant-planter and wife entertained at dinner a priest who had formerly been stationed at the Immaculate Conception Church in Natchitoches who, as I learned over the coffee cups, had always been very kind to Madam Regard. At supper tonight J. H. spoke of the somewhat rough time the priest is now having in a new post in some hilly billy community somewhere up in the more northerly part of the State, not too far from the Columbia community whence the present Governor hails. It seems to me the priest reported about 70 Catholic families in the community, --all the other inhabitants being Ku Kluxers who, to show their resentment of a priest in their area, have more than once stoned the prelate's car. Fine people, these hill billies.

On the artistic front, everybody continues wondering about Miss Hunter's largesse, just as though it were anybody's business. Clementine's no-account grandson, Ugh-more, continues living handsomely without ever bothering to work and in the face of the continued be-getting of offspring with the wife with whom he does not live. Miss Hunter keeps him well supplied with a car and ample funds to operate it which he does with a vengeance. Miss Hunter, always so tight, now announces she is buying a car for Frankie-Ray, Ugh-more's half brother, Frankie-Ray being at the advanced old age of about 14. And, of course, there is the artist's own car which she herself never uses. At the same time she seems to be supporting her daughter, Jackie, who lives across the road from her. Jackie's boy friend, Paul Metoyer whom Jackie shot through the window, smile, a while back, seems to be on the Hunter handoutlist, too and if money is something invented for circulation, it certainly is fulfilling its purpose. As for the artist, she goes right on painting, Hell bent for Heaven, and Ugh-more et al are obviously having a whale of a time.....

18841

14830

Friday, April 21st, 1967.

Memorandum: It was so nice finding Wednesday's letter in today's post.

Partly cloudy, humid and 80.

It seems rather remarkable that a memo of Thursday of last week, posted on Friday, should have reached little Miss Lee's true hand in ample time to allow a response to be received here today.

Thanks much, too, for the clipping covering last Thursday or perhaps Friday's deluge in Baton Rouge. I have no doubt it was the same atmospheric system that pass this way Thursday and I still recall the flashes of lightning in the southern sky while standing on the Yucca gallery late Thursday evening, --the storm obviously traveling in the general direction of the capitol city.

I suppose my Friday memo and possibly Sunday's may have reached their destination long ere this late date, giving an account of how things fared at this bend of the river. I may have mentioned at the same time that while 45 thousand telephone wires on at least 22 telephones in the Baton Rouge area were knocked silly, the General nevertheless was able to get a letter through to Melrose so that the information was well to hand long before telephone service had been re-established.

And thanks much for the hilarious account of the music that was played at the time of the withdrawal of forces from the neighborhood of Marly. Tall Charlie is -- a bag, if I ever heard of one. I only regret he missed the serenade.

I am so glad you gave some particulars regarding the anti-war, so-called, demonstrations from the line of march between Central Park and the United Nations. I have about as much difficulty trying to understand all these demonstrations as I do the position taken by the northern forces in Indo-China, --



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none of which seems to make any sense to me and in both instances it seems to me there may well be some exterior influences being brought to bear to pressurize both the Asiatic and the North American scuffling. I am equally puzzled by the stand taken by Martin Luther King who seems to me to be off the track in somehow tying together the racial thing in this country and the fighting going on in the Far East. Whatever else may be said about his stand, and there are probably several things to be said about the varying aspects of his current line of endeavor, it strikes me he is weakening his racial drive when he fails to stick to that kettle of fish and wastes his energies in trying to keep a pot of another nature cooking all the time. Heaven knows that either one of those two major concerns is sufficient to employ all the energies of a single leader.

I'm glad you found the article about St. Giggins' fountain alright. I had forgotten until you mentioned it that I had mentioned the adventure with George in a column quite a while back. Some day when an effort is made to collect the columns with a view to publication in volume form, these repetitions will occasion some bother to the collector. Once in a while I consciously repeat one episode or another, however, feeling that in recent years there may be some readers who never saw the earlier ones and who might be amused for the first time in a old tale re-told.

I may report the story about discovering that the old magnolia by the side gate blooming on April 12th when I get around later tonight to knock off a column of sort under some such title as Runaway Spring but whether it will fit in to the column or not remains to be seen when I get around to it. Before then, I am bound to take a turn in the Ghana garden with Tom and Tomtom who at this moment are sitting patiently on my doorstep, quietly eyeing me for they know full well that a little stroll is bound to be in the works for the three of us. The moon is approaching its full stage and all the clouds have gone away. The humidity, of course, tends to make the various fragrances seem that much the vrier, -- wisteria, magnolia fuscata, giant lilies and grandiflora magnolias. I often wonder if floral fragrances register in the nostrils of our furred and feathered friends. When one thinks of the tremendous power a dog possesses to follow the trail of a person, one cannot but wonder why such an animal if possessed of equal acuteness for other aromas doesn't pass out when passing a cape jessamine bush in full flower.....

flowering sage

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14832

Sunday, April 23rd, 1967.

Memorandum: Clear to partly cloudy and altogether humid with the temperature in the 80's both yesterday and today.

On Friday Mrs. Hedricks who works at the Parish library and whose husband is the Presbyterian preacher in town, called me to say she had just baked some fine brownies and wondered if I liked brownies and on being told I did, asked if she might bring down some for me on Saturday afternoon when she intended coming down this way to pick up some paintings from the artist's house, canvases ordered by the Philadelphia who passed this way with the Adricks a few weeks back. She might. But she never made it, having called in mid afternoon to say the battery in their car had died. I missed not getting the brownies but welcomed the opportunity to have a quiet afternoon, cluttered up with little other than a few pilgrims and three sets of secretaries, none of whom were much.

A partial cloud coverage on Saturday morning gave me an opportunity to gather a fine bouquet of magnolias. I placed them in a jar that fitted in very nicely between the andirons in the living room fireplace. There were five great blossoms amidst the shiny dark green leaves and a might pretty bouquet they really did make.

Just at dinner time some college professor from Northwestern together with his wife, a California professor with his wife and four or five children appeared. They wanted a tour. I told them I was so glad they had arrived just when they had, affording me an opportunity to ask a question which had long intrigued me, to wit:

At what magical hour people in town dine and if noon is the accepted hour for putting in an appearance at people's houses.

They all giggled and the questions ran off their craniums like water off a duck's back.

But even though the two couples didn't display much social sense, a young boy in their party, perhaps 5 years old, displayed a certain adroitness that was wonderful to behold. When we got to Luqua, the boy by a deft gesture succeeded in knocking over one of the andirons, the one bearing at its top



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the letter L, as in Lyle, causing it to topple over in such a way as to snap off every single one of the big magnolia blossoms from their stems in one single solitary swoop. Perhaps the boy was merely lucky and couldn't do it again if he could, he certainly must be headed for unique mastery in some future field of sports. Happily it isn't often I am treated to such a remarkable example of marksmanship and I suppose and fervently hope I may not be treated to such a spectacle in a long time.

On Saturday afternoon, finding myself possessed of a nice firm tomato, I decided, what with the cook not being here, something after the manner of a Spanish omelette would be just the thing for my supper. I accordingly raided the herb garden for onion, parsley and sage and then made a pass at some lettuce and radishes, all of which I cut up fine and added the tomato and then, after a couple of Metoyer hot meat pies had arrived, proceeded to stir up an omelette. There was some cottage cheese for the foundation of salade of pimento and crab meat, followed by a slab pound cake and a dab of ice cream, not to mention some iced Tender Leaf tea and my supper was made and I liked it, wondering the while what was coming to the surface on the lyme supper table and wishing I might share what was gracing my own little tip-top table at Yucca.

About 5:30 this afternoon while I was seated at my desk and with I shirtless, I heard a familiar voice on the front gallery. One glance in that direction was all I needed to tell it was Carmen and Mim Jordan, a Mutt and Jeff combination if I ever saw one, what with Carmen being above average in height and Mim being alarmingly close to dwarf classification. Those two have been trailing about together for years and certainly each by nature accentuates the measurements of the other. They had been in the big road this afternoon and had stopped at the Hunter cabin to see if they could find a painting. With that undertaking so speedily disposed of, they took a chance on finding me at home, Carmen bearing a bottle of Taylor's port by way of a surprise. We sampled it, finding it up to par and Carmen kept talking about the magnolia being so heavily in flower, a phenomenon for April which she had not noticed in town but I suppose there must be plenty of blossoms there, too.

This morning, J. H. was up and abroad early. Taking Ezra with him from here and stopping in town to pick up the clerk, they drove somewhere up Monroe way to investigate some peacan harvesting equipment. And so Celeste and I dined alone this noon but J. H. was back for supper. Celeste leaves bright and early in the morning for Lafayette and so things turn and I like the quiet.....

14834

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Monday, April 24th, 1967.

Memorandum:

A beautiful day with a cool East wind that kept the thermometer down in the 70's with a promise of 50 degree readings. Plans are said to grow at night to advantage if the thermometer stands around 70. They will do scant growing tonight but sleeping for plants and people ought to be just grand.

The best thing about today was the arrival of the post bringing the superb copy of the Metropolitan Museum Bulletin. The worst thing about the day was the interruption that unfolded just as I was about to go into the text of the Bulletin.

But when interlopers and secretaries had vanished, I still had the Bulletin to turn through over and over again and loving every page with splendid illustrations of masterpieces by Lemoyne and Pigalle, I believe.

How nice of little Miss Lee to think of me and to provide me with such a splendid publication. Already enchanted with the pictures, how much more shall I rise to heavenly heights when the text is revealed to me and I can fuse the two together. What a joy to find such subject matter, handled so expertly and published on such fine paper and withal arranged with such taste. What a pity that so comparatively few people seem capable of realizing the existence of such a rare treat as this Bulletin provides and yet, by the same token, how blessed are we who, thanks to little Miss Lee, can absorb it jointly and feel the richer for all it provides.

Today's telephone calls included three from different people, each of them complaining that today's column in the Hatchitoches Times got one sentence all mixed up and two of the people calling recognized the fact that the typesetter had given la Marquise de Sevigne's letter an 1871 instead of a 1671 date. Copy for columns are supposedly read and corrected by the agent but in spite of that, errors appeared and one can but wonder. I hold the thought that other papers were more successful in presenting the text but, fortunately, since the subject itself



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was of no importance, the errors don't matter much.

Mention of the column reminds me that in recent weeks I have chanced upon references to various authors and in each instance the point was stressed that all of them had devoted so much pains and in some instances so many years to re-writing their works, sometimes spending months in polishing their text. That is one statement that will never be made about the columns in spite of the fact that they all could stand a heap of re-writing and at least dusting off if not re-polishing. Circumstances being as they are, however, the text as originally knocked off must go into print as it is and I don't mind saying I myself am often conscious of how changes might be made while I am in the midst of things, changes that would improve them beyond measure but that simply cannot be done. I must say I sometimes wonder how one or another column would fare if only once I had an opportunity to give it at least one careful going-over before putting it in an envelope and sending it off.

Among today's pilgrims was one group from Wyoming. One lady mentioned Cheyenne as her city and I assumed the other two were from the same place. Somewhere along their route of travel they had heard about the primitive paintings of one Clementine Hunter and were perfectly entranced when they got to view some of her handiwork in the African House. They were even more delighted when they learned they might drop in at her house with a view to acquiring some examples of her work. It was only at supper tonight that J. H. mentioned that one of the group lived in Caspar, Wyoming. Had I known that, I might have surprised them even more when they might have learned that the college library at Caspar has a Hunter in its collection that they might well have inspected before leaving home. Perhaps they will write me after they get back to Wyoming and I shall be able to impart the news to them by letter.

And speaking of the artist, Doreatha tells me that Clementine acquired a hundred and twenty five baby chicks last Friday. She told Doreatha some lady in Hatchitookes called her and asked her if she wouldn't like to have them. My guess is that Clementine is probably indebted -- if she may ever be said to be indebted to anybody, -- to James for this poultry she is going to raise. And mention of James makes me wonder what in the world has ever happened either to James or Kay. Constancy in keeping in touch with friends seems to be such a rare commodity.

And now for a bit of a snack while I turn through the Bulletin and bless little Miss Lee the while for all the joy

14836

14836

Tuesday, April 25th, 1967.

Memorandum: Fair to partly hazy with occasional gusts of wind. Thermometer in the lower 80's.

The surprise of the day came this noon when the Shreveport lady appeared for a visit of several days.

Early this morning the Kyser's phoned to say they are leaving town tomorrow morning. It was good being able to chat with them both. They are driving to Chicago, flying from there to Iceland and thence to Luxembourg where they will pick up some kind of a Rover truck or car or whatever it is called. For the balance of spring and summer they will be traveling about the Rhine Valley, Switzerland, Spain, France and so on. John wants to complete his pictorial account of 17th and 18th century neighborhoods whence came the earliest settlers to Canada and thence down this way. There will be some research along the way, too, and so I suppose they will find they have cut themselves a busy piece of pie for the next six months or so.

I. S. Willard called this noon. She had been viewing the funeral services of "der Alte" and just as the program went off the air, I. S. W.'s son called her from Bonn, Germany, which is currently his headquarters. His business takes him to the American embassy there frequently and he had many interesting points to relate about activities there during the past couple of days in consequence of the American President's presence in Bonn.

I. S. W. wanted to ask if she might bring some Willards down here on Thursday afternoon. Her former sister-in-law who has a house in Connecticut is driving with a friend or two from the Nutmeg State of La Haye, California where she spends a part of the year. The travelers have always wanted to explore Melrose and so they will pass this way for a little "look-see". It would be so nice if the place might be quiet at the time but one can't expect peace all the time, I suppose.



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I did not have a call from Carmen today which seemed odd since she never fails to ring me up at least once every 24 hours. Thelma gave me a clue to the silence for she said that Carmen is quite upset at the moment having just received word that contrary to the expectations of her brother-in-law's physicians, Jack is not doing well and as of the moment, things do not appear at all favorable for the patient's recovery.

I had been especially anxious to hear the 6 to 7 news reports this evening for naturally I wanted to keep myself filled in on doings during the day at Cologne, et al. But the local routine, as usual, was thrown into a mare's nest and I got nothing. Perhaps I may be able to get caught up with thin by some broadcasts later tonight. At 8:08 o'clock, I decided that a hot bath would be helpful and restful before starting my desk work. At the magical moment when I was lavishly covered with soap suds, a great racket sounded on the frontgallery. I grabbed an old pair of pajamashorts and a towel and rushed out to see what had occasioned the sky to be fallin' having been in residence all afternoon, it was only at bedtime that thought was given to opening the trap door into the ceiling and the ceiling fan in the big house that was thought of. This required assistance, including a ladder, hammer and the Lord knows what all. Needless to say, what with a house full of empty rooms and batteries of fans, what all this excitement had to go on at such an hour, only the demented could tell. But enough of such tomfoolery.

As I had a phone call tonight from one Cynthia Helms, a young lady of Hatchitoches who wants to do a thesis on Melrose and Melrose personalities for her graduation paper. Would it be alright if she came down with notebook and camera this week. Next week, I hoped, would be better. It would be nice if by way of expressing her appreciation, she would knock off a column for me since it is difficult doing anything much just at the moment. There was another call from Alexandria on the same subject. Perhaps I can squeeze in that scholar at some time next week, too.

Thanks to favorable weather, the special pepper seeds I planted 10 days ago are bringing up some promising young plants and the ones I set out yesterday from their seed box birthplace to expanding triangular networks in the prterres appear to have come through the transplanting business sturdily enough.

So runs the week and may it bring a measure of peace shortly....

14838

36841

Wednesday, April 26th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Cloudy and humid and 80-ish.

In spite of the overcast, however, a bundle of sunbeams glistened in this morning's post in the form of a delightful letter from Lyme as of Monday. I must say the Post Master General is doing very well even without the zip code number combination of numerals covering this bend of the river. It is 71452, --seven one four five two.

I don't know if I have enumerated this before or not but now that I have mastered it, I might just as well jot it down to show how I am improving in memorizing numbers. I guess it must be the next column that has something to say about zip code numbers.

It was so timely that little Miss Lee mentioned la Stalina or Stalina or however I spelled it the first time as an interruption broke in on the word just as I started to write it. It was a timely reference so far as I was concerned for this afternoon when I went to the store to attend to something or other, the TV was going full blast and the voice I heard made an instant impression on me. It was Stalina herself on the interview which had been mentioned a day or two ago as being just in the offing. I was favorably impressed by what I heard and what little I saw. I was profoundly impressed by her success with the English language, which, come to think of it, sounded more American than English. It must be difficult enough to attempt answering such questions as were put to her in the first place under ordinary circumstances but doubly so when one considers the added strain of all the TV equipment and undoubtedly a sizeable battery of people surrounding her during the interview. I shall be curious to see how the news media appraises her performance. I have no doubt it will be favorable. Although I did not see the entire program, what I did see struck me as being remarkably good.

And thanks for giving such a fine account of the visit to the Museum and the impressions the "tresors" made on little Miss Lee. I am having an opportunity to explore the text either tonight or on the morrow and I am impatient to begin.



14839

14839

Wednesday, April 27th, 1967

In the morning I shall see if I can find a blossom or two of the magnolia fuscata and tuck them in the envelope with this note. In a couple of weeks there should be a column, "Runaway Spring" in which something will be said about the variations in time from year to year when Spring may be said to arrive. In the article, I shall probably touch on magnolias in general and shall mention magnolia fuscata in passing although the latter is not a member of the laurel family of which the grandiflora magnolia is such a distinguished representative. The fuscata comes from the word, "I forget what language, meaning grayish brown, which is the color the under side of the dark green leaf takes on when mature. The magnolia fuscata is described in the listings I have consulted as being a bush rather than a tree. The local ones, however stand about 15 or 20 feet in height which, off hand, would seem to take it out of the bush category, it would seem, off hand. I mention this matter now, thinking it might make the reference to a future column a little clearer.

Mrs. Walker called me tonight about a column. I think she isn't very much interested in such matters at the moment. She mentioned having changed her plans again for a vacation this summer, putting herself more or less back where she started a few months back. At that time she mentioned Porto Rico with a view of taking her mother and her son with her. Now, after having given up Porto Rico as a possibility, she has returned to the idea and now mentions having her former mother-in-law and the latter's daughter come to Natchitoches from Phoenix, Arizona. In August, the mother-in-law to remain in Natchitoches with Mrs. Walker's mother while Mrs. Walker, her son and the sister-in-law troupe off to Porto Rico. She asked me what I thought. I said I thought if she wanted a vacation and an opportunity to give the island a once-over, she would do better if she made the excursion by herself. Proving that she was less interested in what I thought, so far as an opinion went, she countered with the statement that it is always good to have a man about on such trips. I didn't care to contest the point but I can imagine nothing more likely to scare off likely new male acquaintances was to tell me I have a been-see son and a crippled 65 year old sister-in-law along in my way of thinking, one of the pleasantest types of outings is one that is shared with a kindred soul, both parties imbued with the same enthusiasms. Next best to that is trying one's traveling experiences with nobody other than acquaintances encountered en route. As for three people attempting a travelogue together, I can't imagine such a thing.

14840

14840

Thursday, April 27th, 1967.  
Bitter cold, in a manner of speaking, -- 54 last night about 70 today with a cold north wind making things seem even cooler although the dazzling sunshine suggested October's bright blue weather.

The merry-go-round keeps turning with incredible energy and, from where I sit, it appears likely to keep on turning for a number of days more. I feel sorry for the merchant-planter but more about this in some subsequent memo. The peacocks are all a-flutter and haven't had a square meal since Tuesday's breakfast but the visiting canine seems to be having a fine time. I had planned a few things for today but none of them came off as expected or hoped. As we arose from the noon dinner table, J. H. started to give some visitors a tour and then, changing his mind, asked me if I wouldn't undertake the chore. I did so gladly but didn't expect to spend much time in making the rounds, what with a heap of stuff I had planned to get to rights prior to the S. Willard appearance on the scene. To my surprise, on reaching Yucca with my tourist, whom I did find awaiting me on the gallery but James.

Finally, after saying Goodbye to the tourist, I turned to James for a little chat. I told him that I. S. W. and sister-in-law and companion would be arriving at 2. I thought that the knowledge of an advent of this sort might give him an opportunity to take off in ample time, thereby affording me an opportunity to set a few things in proper perspective prior to their arrival but I was wrong and James stayed and the ladies eventually arrived and it was after 4 o'clock before I bid them farewell and turned to attend to some other things, all day neglected.



01841

14841

Earlier in the day I had received a 'phone call from somebody in town saying the Schmidts were in town and would be happy to see me at any time it would be convenient for me on the morrow. I said tomorrow morning at 9:30 would be just fine. But having said when my convenience would be, I was advised that the Schmidts were not early risers and thereupon a gesture was made about seeing when it might be convenient, not for me but for them to come. I am very fond of the Schmidts, --Michigan and Florida, -- but somehow we never seem to be able to rig up appointments for the satisfaction of either them or me. They never write letters and when they do, they never put a return address on the envelope or enter it on the letter and I am so weak minded I cannot ever seem to remember either their northern or southern place of residence. I wonder that the friendship hasn't gone on the rocks long ere this.

As for I. S. W.'s sister-in-law, I liked her. Somehow she reminded me of a larger, at least taller gentile rendition of Gertrude Steyer with both feet on the ground, jolly and interested in everything. Along side of her, I. S. W. somehow seemed more than ever like a sprite, totally unanchored and constantly making efforts to make everybody happy. La pseudo-Stein whose name must be Willard, I suppose, --her companion, I meant to say, is a little low lady, rather on the thin side, constituting about one half the displacement occupied by her companion. I suppose it is a Willard or perhaps more correctly G. S. Willard, who is supposed to be ailing but doesn't look it and the British lady is supposed to know something about medicine, so that I cannot say which one is looking after the other but perhaps they are bosom companions and need scant attention other than what the other can provide even as in the Stein-Toklas combination. I doubt if I. S. W. for her part had any notion as to what it was all about but was mighty busy making every effort to make things pleasant for everybody all around. I was so glad the dogs were sleeping while the guests were passing this way.

Circumstances prevented me from getting into the text of the Museum Bulletin but I did grab off time to turn through the illustrations again, the splendid busts of Louis XV, Madame de Pompadour, the sketches of the Conde town house, etc., etc., and I continue holding the thought I may get to the text shortly.

I heard some news at 4:55 this morning but circumstances have prevented me from catching up with events since then but I believe I may be lucky enough to gather in something from the ether by 10 o'clock news time tonight.....

01841

14842

Friday, April 28th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Clear to partly cloudy and still on the chilly side, -- 51 last night and about 67 for today's high. A dab of rain is promised for the weekend. A dab of warmer weather would be acceptable.

But atmospheric conditions seem so unimportant in contrast to the general peace that descended on this bend of the river this afternoon when Shreveport returned home. I am especially glad for J. H.'s sake for, like everyone else, he was kept in a perpetual stew, too.

I think I mentioned all the tomfoolery that went on Tuesday night about getting a ceiling fan going.

Wednesday night she did not appear here at supper as she was busy in Pecan Park with her sister-in-law, one June. The latter 'phoned J. H. along about first dark, saying that Sister was high and heading toward Melrose, driving alone and June didn't know if she would make it. June

is a fool, of course, to call J. H. on such a subject about which, under the circumstances, he could do nothing although, instead of retiring early, he remained up until Sister arrived to give her a lecture and lecturing a drunk seems to me to be a great waste of time and energy all around.

This morning at breakfast for lack of anything else comparatively to say, I mentioned it was interesting this year how some things such as the magnolias, seemed so far ahead of schedule while other things such as okra was obviously behind in the parade.

She responded that atmosphere changed from time to time and that she could remember when she used to drive up in front of the store people would come to speak to her but for the past few years it seems when she drives up, everybody on the gallery gets up and runs around in back of the store to avoid seeing her. A mad dog is to be pitied but everyone naturally wants to keep out of its way.

The Schmidts came to see me this morning arriving at 10:15. We strolled about in the gardens and I said goodbye to them at 10:45. They are both so kind and I would have kept them



14843

longer, had they been earlier and if their Hatchitoches hostess, Mrs. Beck, had not been with them and having in mind to stop across the fence for a spot of coffee there.

Mrs. Chopin 'phoned me last night. She had received a message from Alexandria where her estranged husband lives, saying the latter had been taken ill during the day, rushed to the Veterans Hospital for an immediate operation which had been performed promptly. The surgeons, however, had discovered cancer in the intestines. I think the operation was some sort of a colon one and, if he survives the first operation, another will be performed in a couple of weeks although it is doubtful if he will survive the first and it is believed the second will effect little good. Dr. Worsley talked with the Alexandria chief surgeon and afterward called Mrs. Chopin to fill her in on the situation, advising her to go straight ahead with her newspaper plans for the immediate future, one of which is an annual meeting of the Louisiana Press Womens Association in New Iberia next weekend which calls for the presence of its President which is Mrs. Chopin. There is a national conference in mid June being held at Sun Valley, Idaho or some such place. Since the 1st of this month, her daughter in San Antonio has been expecting a visitation by the stork and every ring of the 'phone seems to be a little more provocative than usual telephone calls imply.

I didn't realize until James told me yesterday that Kay had returned from South Carolina last Monday. I had not realized either until he mentioned it that all of Aunt Willie's kinsmen had been summoned to Charleston a couple of weeks ago when Kay had hurried over there. I think this is the third time this year that people from Nevada, California and the Lord knows where all, had been flown in for a bedside meeting. James feels it provides a degree of satisfaction for the patient. I don't know how the travelers like it but I assume the air transportation people probably approve.

On the garden front, growth has slowed up or come to a standstill, due to the chilly weather. I had forgotten the angels trumpets came into flower so early as April but at Ghana this morning I noticed a dozen of the white bugles looking as pert and pretty as one might expect them to appear in mid summer or early autumn. In the vegetable section, the tomato plants stand a foot high and some of them are beginning to put on blossoms. In about another month or six weeks, one ought to be able to pluck "love apples" to one's heart content. We have already used up the rows of lettuce, radishes, mustard and such-like and a new planting is already emerging from the rich earth so that the fresh things should be kept well abreast with the advance of the season. I noticed today that the cucumbers are beginning to come in, and I have vegetables as seen outside already in the warm weather will step them up with a push.....

14844

Sunday, April 30th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair to partly cloudy yesterday and today. Saturday's breeze was brisk and somehow chill but it died down in the evening and last night it turned warm, remaining in the 80's all day.

The peace obtaining this weekend was wonderful. But the nicest thing about the weekend was Thursday's letter from Lyme. Only little Miss Lee could imagine my delight of Leston in finding such a guide to make the verbal trip to the Museum, strolling back through the 18th century with such a delightful companion. Every word was relished and I propose to repeat the excursion on the morrow as soon as the first secretary putting in an appearance, comes within range of setting such a trip in motion all over again.

As has happened so often, the mere mention of a single word somehow has a way of making one feel in tune with everything that is best and so it was in encountering the word, Champs, --chateau de, and it made me want to set right out to breathe in the air of that magical property, a beacon that burned so brightly in the days of Madame de Pompadour. How wonderful that so many fragments, souvenirs and souvenirs should have survived the times between then and now and with it what best one contemplates the next turn of the avenue bringing new vistas on beloved places and all the promises of such enchanting tomorrows.

And thanks for mentioning the reference to one episode in one memo that recalled another reference to the same subject in an earlier Memorandum. In this instance the twice-told tale may not have both appeared in a memo since one, as suggested, may have appeared in a Memorandum first and later a memo. Nevertheless, I am under the impression that in more than one memo it is more than likely that the same episode was touched upon at different times. As may have been noticed, I occasionally re-do a whole subject for a later memo that may undoubtedly have been the subject of an earlier one. Sometimes this is done merely because I know that a whole batch of readers of the present have not had access to earlier offerings and if the subject seems to merit repetition, I sail straight into it on the assumption that new readers might be entertained in their initial exploration of the tale while earlier readers may not mind too much having something old re-hashed.

On Saturday's Arthur Godfrey's five minute editorial or whatever



14841

14845

1967, May 1st, 1967

The program is called, I was struck by a coincidence that interested me, not that the thing in itself was especially interesting but simply because it happened to include the two first names of the Walkers. Mr. Godfrey was editorializing on given names, saying that parents giving a child the name of Kenneth should assume the child is going to grow up tall and thin while in another aspect of name - giving parents calling a child Ursula, must expect the child's schoolmates to dub her Ursula. I don't suppose there are many husbands and wives with the names of Kenneth and Ursula. I shall mention this matter to Mrs. Walker when next I speak with her, thinking she might like to write CBC requesting a transcript of the five minute broadcast Mr. Godfrey delivered on Saturday night, April 29th.

Like everybody else last night, I turned my clock an hour ahead when I folded up about midnight. This morning at 6 o'clock, I wanted to get the weather report on the radio and was quite astonished to discover the first station I tried, thinking it was Shreveport, announced it was Little Rock and that the hour was 7 whereupon I quickly switched to another station, hoping it would be Shreveport, only to discover it was someplace in Oklahoma, two seconds following the Arkansas announcement and the person speaking stated that the hour was 7. It seems odd any station should have made such an error on the first morning of Daylight Savings and almost incredible that two stations within seconds should have demonstrated the identical mix-up. I shall be curious to learn how time will be handled at this end of the river. Unquestionably the U. S. mails will operate under Daylight but I'm wondering how other things will be operated. This morning about 11 o'clock, Celeste phoned me, saying that J. H. had told her this morning he was not going to operate on Daylight time. She said that therefore we would not be dining this noon at 11:30 as is our custom across the fence but rather at 12:30. It doesn't make any difference to me at what hour or on what system we "fall to" but I am asking myself if the merchant-planter is going to have two sets of timepieces since he has plenty of daily appointments in town and in the country; people he is going to see, people coming to see him. This evening, an hour ahead of the usual supper hour, we took a ride, stopping at the camp to pick up Juanita B., Pat and the two children. One result was that I got home an hour later than usual and thus Daylight Savings begins.....

14841

14846

Monday, May 1st, 1967.

Memorandum:

Cloudy and warm this morning. At noon a tornado passed over the May area, 40 miles to the west of us. It was said to be traveling eastward. About 2 o'clock a heavy rain began, then fell off for a few minutes and then resumed and is still thundering on the banana leaves along the front gallery making a great racket. About 5:30 the electricity passed out. Whatever is being undertaken tonight is done in the dark. If a decided "Denholme" margin results, that fact may be readily understood.

What impressed me most about this first day of Daylight the season's Daylight Savings confusion, what with the plantation not having turned its clocks back, was the inclination of everyone around and about to get mixed up about it all.

I had made an appointment with Miss Helms of Northwestern for a conference on local plantation history and at once found myself at odds with my neighbor across the fence as to whether I might expect Miss Helms at 1 o'clock plantation time or 3 o'clock plantation time, since the appointment had been for 2 o'clock. Celeste had sent me word about breakfast time, whenever that was, that 10 o'clock would be fine for the coffee hour as she opposed to 9 o'clock as formerly. Ten o'clock, somebody's time, is the magical hour the postman puts in an appearance. He did today. That brought the 9 o'clock-10 o'clock coffee hour at the same time as the postman and that seemed to put things out of joint. Then I casually referred to my 2 o'clock appointment and said I reckoned the lady would be keeping it at 1 o'clock plantation time and Celeste set me straight by saying it would be 3 o'clock. It was all very uninteresting but at the same time rather stimulating to see how different mathematicians were figuring.

Well, be that as it may, one o'clock came and what with a tornado frisking around and all, Miss Helms did not appear but she did finally make it in spite of the storm at 1:30.

In the mean time, I discovered I would not be getting my noon news as is my custom for our habit of eating at 11:30 allowed me ample opportunity to tune in on the 12:15 to 1 o'clock news, --ABC over Shreveport, the Weather Bureau and Paul Harvey. But what with the world turning the clocks ahead an hour and the plantation standing pat, we are now dining at 12:30 somebody's time instead of 11:30 as formerly and so I'm getting no news at all.

To make things come out just perfect, the electricity gave out sometime.....



14847

14847

Monday, May 1st, 1967.

Memorandum

or other, perhaps 4 o'clock or possibly 6 and so the clock by which the cook prepares supper was out of joint which didn't matter anyway since the heavy cloud coverage had cut down visibility to the point that we all found ourselves eating in the dark, the food having been prepared on the gas stove instead of the electric range as is generally the case. Just to make things come out perfectly Dootsie B. by arrived unannounced in a shower of rain and that seemed to introduce delight to nobody.

So much for May 1st, the beginning of Daylight Savings most places and mild confusion right here. Fortunately the nation returns to Nightlight Savings on October 29th which, as at the close of this first day, seems so very far away.

And having said all that, I rejoice to report further that as between this paragraph and the above, the lights have been restored and I'm quite sure everything operating on electricity may come into operation at will at the touch of a switch. I especially rejoice because of the electric pump serving the local water system for I have in mind taking my nightly shower and should prefer doing so inside in the tub rather than outside under the eaves.

A little before sundown -- God's time, but under a mill of dark skies and probably Devil contrived, I made a round in the "haha" garden, shod with boots. Water covered three of the mterres, as the incessant flashes of lightning revealed but the ditches contrived to reduce the April flood were carrying off the water and so I have no doubt the vegetables, being well experienced in inundations, will survive easily enough.

Carmen just called to say TV reports a Weather Bureau advisory of tornado conditions until 1 A.M. -- somebody's time, 40 miles either side of a line from Beaumont, Texas, to Greenwood, Mississippi, which should keep things boiling but a little to the south of us, I should think. But the disturbance will keep static crackling and so I shall not attempt getting any news on the radio but, if I don't drowse off to sleep, I shall do a dab of reading since, fortunately, Talking Books are not scrambled by electric storms and I have a biography of John Hancock I should like to sample a bit. I hold the thought both Time and Weather are running more as they should at little Miss Lee's bend of the river.....

14848

14848

Tuesday, May 2nd, 1967.

Memorandum

Dazzling sunshine but a little on the chilly side, -- 50 to upper 60's.

It was still dark when the telephone rang this morning. I have succeeded in becoming so utterly confused over the different time schedules on which we operate that I have no notion as to which system the clock was operating that happened to be within my range. It's hands pointed to ten minutes after 5. I can't believe it was 6:10 and it is unbelievable it could have been 4:10.

Be that as it may, I picked up the receiver and a familiar voice, -- that of I. S. Willard, said that she just wanted to tell me that she had noticed an envelope addressed to me by her guests, that she was sure it was a thank you note for last Thursday afternoon and that she felt sure it was their intention to mail it sometime today.

Whether she had arisen before breakfast or hadn't gone to bed, I wouldn't know. I can't imagine either why she should be calling anybody at such an hour to deliver such an extraordinary message.

To quote an old plantation mistress:

"I declare, Irma is a sight."

After that, along about 8 o'clock, somebody's time, came breakfast, -- Dootsie B. by in attendance. She wants a new car, worrying her uncle about getting just the special design she has envisioned and immediate delivery while her mama will, it is hoped, pay for it. She didn't know if she would remain here during the day or go to Shreveport or what but as she was here both at dinner and supper, I assume she decided to remain around and about.

About 9 o'clock, anybody's time, the peacocks

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14847

14847

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14848

14848

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I well remember from my childhood, were in the yard.



8181

14849

began making a great racket, and 30 some odd 10 or 12 year oldsters with half a dozen grown-ups trailing behind, engulfed me. It seems the clerk had told the driver of the bus that had stopped at the store that the visitors might walk in the gardens and so they had immediately hunted me up--just like that.

By the time I had disposed of that posse, the morning was well on its way and so it went from then until dark, I accomplishing mighty little along the way.

An hour after the Willard call, I was happy to explore the Ghana garden by dawn's early light and discover that all the parterres were out from under the flood, only a measure of which lingered on in the gourd garden. None of the vegetables were drowned and if the gourds succumbed, that can be re-planted easily enough.

Carmen phoned me sometime after breakfast to say she was leaving for Shreveport to fetch home her sister and the latter's husband, Jack Durand. She sounded mighty tired and later in the day her next door neighbor told me that Carmen is beginning to look more than her 76 years. She is going to look even more so in the months ahead, not so much because Jack will be waning but mostly because her sister, Seesill who is a hypochondriac to start with but a fuss-budget of the first water in her own right and can be counted on to convert Carmen into a torn down piece before summer has begun.

Mrs. Walker called to ask something about a column and to report she is going to have X-rays taken of her left foot on Thursday morning. In 1963 she bruised it in the swimming pool at Hedges gardens and physicians at the time said the bone to which the big toe is indicated no fracture but it still pains her and the lady doctor suggest the possibility of gout.

The Hatchitoches Times office is in an uproar about Mrs. Colton who has been editing the paper for some time. She appears to be very unpopular with the staff and with subscribers and advertisers to boot. Charles denounced her in front of the staff, assembled to hear the denunciation, Mr. Cunningham hoping that his tirade would impell Mrs. Colton to quit but Mrs. Colton didn't quite and so that stew continues bubbling. Charles has mentioned several times to several people that he is thinking of having Mrs. Chopin take the job which is something of a laugh since he hasn't approached Mrs. Chopin as yet and the latter most certainly would never think of such a kind of an offer from that quarter.

So turns a dull day, so turns a dull memo. Now I just raid the ice box and then see if I can catch up with news I did not extract from the radio during the day.....

14850

14851

Wednesday, May 3rd, 1967.

Memorandum: Rainy, thundery and a chill 50-60.

From where I sit, it would appear that tomorrow ought to be quite promising. The Weather Bureau say the rains will continue through tonight, and on Thursday and Friday. According to J. H., --and I have noticed where he got the information, --about one hundred people attending the National Athletic Conference in Natchitoches, will journey to Melrose tomorrow for a tour. The gardens are already a series of pools with a little mud barriers in between but the mud will be submerged by the morrow.

I had supposed I would have at least one receptionist for the big house. Celeste usually has at least half a dozen to assist her there during Pilgrimage. I asked her at the coffee hour this morning if she planned to receive at the big house. She said that she had beauty parlor appointments for tomorrow and would not be here at all.

Celeste said she thought it would be nice to have magnolia bouquets banking the fireplaces in the library and dining room of the big house. Between showers early this afternoon, I made a round of the gardens to see where there might be blossoms that might be gathered for the purpose tomorrow morning. The recent cool spell has slowed down the unfolding of the blossoms but I spotted a few on low branches that might be plucked early in the morning so that they will be fresh and pretty for the afternoon tour.

About 5 o'clock this evening, Andy came dashing through a down, to bring back a ladder he had borrowed for gathering magnolia blossoms for Celeste. I asked where they had been placed in the big house. He said she had taken them home with her. At noon she had sent me a message by the cook, asking if I would take care of the bouquets. As of the moment, I have no idea if she had the blossoms picked this evening with a view to carrying them home to keep them tonight and then sending them to the big house in the forms of bouquets, I wouldn't know.



14851

14851

Late this afternoon when I returned to Yucca from attending to things at Ghana in anticipation of the morrow, I found a couple of airmen awaiting me on the Yucca gallery. They said they were from New York, currently stationed at Barksdale near Shreveport, and that the owner of some gallery in Shreveport had told them he was a friend of mine and that I would welcome them for a tour. He told them, they explained, all about me and how I had formerly been secretary of the French Embassy in Washington before Louisiana to live.

And in reciting this rigmarole, I am reminded of a slight annoyance I experienced the other day when I learned that somebody in going over a future column about Sage had introduced the word, French, into a sentence about a personal memoir concerning an episode that happened in the country, the introducer of the word having been determined that the thing had to be made specifically country side that was French regardless and I didn't like the tampering with the text. Everything I pen can stand a great deal of cutting but I object to additions, even word, that is manipulated without consulting me.

Last night before folding up my beard I finished the biography of John Hancock that had recently come to hand from the Library of Congress. I think the title is "Patriots Choice" and the author may be Wagner or some such name. It is an excellent short biography about the man who signed his name so large at the end of the Declaration of Independence, "big enough so John Bull could read it without his glasses" as Hancock is reported to have remarked at the time.

The next time I find myself in Boston, I must make it a point to visit the site of the Hancock mansion on Beacon Hill. I don't know if any of the original house still remains but if so, I should like to see it, and if not, I should like to visit the site anyway.

The thunder continues crashing and the rain cascading. The radio will be of scant service tonight but that provides an excuse for a little Talking Book business and there's a volume to hand, "Night in Lisbon" or some such, by Remarque which I shall sample a little before folding.....

14852

14852

Thursday, May 4th, 1967.

Memorandum: Curious weather. It rattled and banged all night and poured some of the time and drizzled in between. The vegetable garden went under again and I got soaked gathering magnolia blossoms this morning. At 12 o'clock noon, some body's time the rains ceased, a dazzling sun appeared, the chill of the last couple of days vanished and the weather has been perfect ever since but there is plenty of water around and about.

We were 8 at dinner, mostly peccan people. J. H. joined us at demi-tasse time. He said he had just heard from the college that three bus-loads of conventioners would be arriving from the college at 2 o'clock. I was ready for them in spite of the fact that August who had been expected to lend Doreatha a hand at the big house and me at Yucca failed to appear this morning. I saw him about 11 o'clock at the store where he was standing about on the gallery. I asked him if he was the magnolia man whom I had expected at dawning. He giggled in a shamed-face sort of way and said it was raining at dawn.

"You are telling me," I laughed shaking my raincoat in his general direction.

And so 2 o'clock arrived and at 3 o'clock five people, 2 from California, 2 from Michigan, guided by Mrs. A. A. Frederick of Hatchitoches in calico costume.

The preparations seemed scarcely justified by the number of com but we had a much pleasanter tour than would have been the case had been a few hundred people.

Between this paragraph and the above, a Miss Carroll of Hatchitoches called me to see about a Pilgrimage for some group or other under the auspices of Les Amies de Hatchitoches. I guess this is one of the younger matron groups. Saturday morning was the magic moment desired for the frolic. Miss Carroll said that Mrs. Millspaugh had spoken to Mrs. Henry about it a while back. I said I knew nothing about the matter, that I never barged in on any agenda discussed by others for a Melrose tour and suggested that Miss Carroll take the matter up with Mesdames Millspaugh and Henry. Preparations for today's fizzle took enough of my time and energy for one week. What the ladies want to cook up between or among them is alright with me but I am not getting involved in the plans.



14853

14853

Of all the incredible things that ever shaped up to make a dumb memo, this Pilgrimage thing is it. As I turned this page, Celeste 'phoned me to say there had been some misunderstanding and that it was really Les Amies who should have had priority and that it was up to me to decide if I wanted to bother with them on Saturday morning. She suggested I call the lady and let her know. I thought that would be easy enough and so when Celeste and I had terminated our brief conversation and hung, I picked up the 'phone to make the call but I discovered Celeste had beat me to using the line and a half hour or more ensued before I could get the use of the thing. I then called Mrs. whatever and she told me she thought the mix-up had stemmed from the fact that the college, instead of appointing an entertainment committee, had instead appointed three and accordingly two of those three had been casting about for the Helrose thing which had brought me four people but as many bus loads were prepared to come Saturday morning.

Well, I'm not going to gum up any more of this page with such tomfoolery and eventually I shall report how things turned

The enclosures are of no interest but all mail has been dull enough of late, especially letters I am holding back trying to establish the identity of the writers, not to mention their addresses. I seem to have so frequently received letter of late bearing no return address. There was one yesterday of that variety from one Patricia Daily, cancelled in Hachitoches. I have asked several people who the lady might be but nobody ever heard of such a person. The letter itself obviously written by a mature person, is merely a thank you note for a happy afternoon spent at this bend of the river. If I may say there are so many such afternoons, it would appear. There is a quotation from Hilaire Belloc in the Daily letter which I want to make note of whether I track down the writer or not. The card from Sister speaks for itself. It seems somebody rigged up some kind of a drinking glass, much striped bands applied to the glass itself and inside the thing a candle such as might be used under an ikon. When Sister brought it to me last week, she said it had been given to her to bring to me last Christmas but she had forgotten to do so. As for the address of the person, the supposed creator of the thing, I have my doubts about the correct spelling but that does not deter me from acknowledging same. I am told that Sister, even spells names she has known for decades in a peculiar original manner, and so for tonight, I am going to leave it as it is. I have even a local...

14854

14854

Friday, May 5th, 1967.

Memorandum: "Everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it." Following yesterday's afternoon brilliant sunshine, this morning broke with a heavy cloud coverage and the temperature has continued in the 50-60 range with a clammy humidity that seems to be unique forchilliness at this time of year in this region.

I. S. Willard 'phoned me today. She said her two guests had started on their drive to California, having called her last night from Fort Worth to report satisfactory progress thus far. They located a college youth whose home is in Cloutierville who wanted to drive them and everything seemed to be rocking along merrily. I asked I. S. W. if she chanced to know anyone named Patricia Daly and she said that is the name of her sister-in-law's companion, the same person from whom I had received a letter without return address in yesterday's post.

I. S. W. also mentioned having talked with her son who had called from Bonn, Germany a day or so ago. One reason for his call was to advise his mother he is planning to marry an English girl shortly. I. S. W. thought the girl, now 30, might be musical since her family manufactures pianos. The girl herself with a girl partner runs a real estate business in London under the name of "London Apartments". I. S. W. seemed very happy about the prospect of having a new daughter-in-law.

I was glad to have news of the Registers via I. S. W. who said she had seen Kay several times lately and talked with James yesterday when he stopped by her house for a few minutes. It seems like quite a while since last I heard from Kay. -- March 23rd but James was here a week ago last Thursday. Perhaps I shall hear from one or another of them during the weekend.

I be-stirred myself early this morning, having in mind to undertake many a chore both indoors and out with August's assistance. August appeared about 6 o'clock but unfortunately was still high as a kite so whatever was done today, I did on my own hook. I marvel that so many sons of the soil can make a go of things during such times as the present when the spirit of staying on the bottle for such prolonged periods.



14855

14855

August was drunk Saturday, Sunday and Monday but got a few hours work on Tuesday and Wednesday, followed by drunkenness on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The clerk told me that Fug. bou worked 6 hours on Monday for the first time in a week and then faded from sight and hasn't done anything since. The artist's grandson, Ugh-more hasn't been working in three weeks but is able to keep flying up and down the road night and day in his car. He told Doreatha on Tuesday night he was going to Houston and did indeed go but was back home on Thursday. Ugh-more is luckier than the other field hands for Ughmore has a grandma who never seems to tire in handing out funds in hundred dollar lots to him. It is easy enough to understand how Ugh-more makes it but how the others do, I cannot imagine.

There was some speculation about a bit of thievery at the J. H. Williams plantation ear town one day this week. An employee at 2 o'clock one morning was apprehended removing \$400. worth of insecticide, used for spraying pecan trees. I should imagine very few people in the Parish would be needing such material. The man when caught said he had been hired by somebody to get the stuff for him. The man who did the stealing was colored and was caught by two colored Sheriff deputies.

The inheritance tax on the estate of Dan Henry was paid this week, it is said, -- some ninety thousand dollars on about three hundred and fifty thousand.

Ezra had a call from California last night regarding the death of a half brother who lived there. Ezra's papa had married two Ezra being a child of the first marriage, the second wife, a widow, lived in California with her son. The son was killed when his car ran off a bridge and when the news was given the mother, she dropped dead. Mother and son will be buried at same time but whether the burial will be made in California or Louisiana hadn't been decided.

Mrs. Chopin left this morning for south Louisiana. She planned to spend some time with her husband at the Veterans Hospital in Alexandria and then drive on to New Iberia to preside at the Louisiana Press Women's Association convention tonight and tomorrow, returning to Alexandria Sunday morning and thence back home. It all sounds like a full weekend. Her daughter in San Antonio who has been expecting the stork since April 17th hasn't winged the bird yet but the daughter advised the mother she would have her notified if the stork got around to drop the blessed bundle while Mrs. Chopin was away from Hachitoches.

So begins another week end and we are promised continued dewss and damps. I hold the thought there may be lots of sunshine in Lyme.....

14856

14856

Sunday, May 7th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Clear to partly cloudy, the thermometer in the 60 - 80 range.

Saturday's post was an all-Lyme program and although there were a few pieces of 1st class mail, they were all insignificant in comparison and in contrast to the letter and 3 packages from little Miss Lee.

As I would not have a secretary until later in the day, I opened the packages first, immediately on reaching home from the post office.

Beginning with the flattest one, the book came to hand first, so thoughtfully marked with a paper clip. It goes without saying I am impatient to start exploring the entire text and especially that section first accompanying the illustrations.

Then I turned to the recording, sufficiently satisfied with gazing at the panorama of Marly to content myself with spelling out, letter by letter, the large print while the reading machine was warming up. -- Divertissement Royal du Chateau de Marly.

What with one thing and another, I haven't been able to read the finer print on the back of the album but immediately on placing the record on the machine and again last night and again this morning, I have listened to the music and the remarkably clear voices of the singers, the playing of each composition somehow providing a climate so truly 17th century. So often it is music in historical settings, whether physical monuments or mental re-constructions of same, that breathes the true feelings into the setting. I recalled a line from a half forgotten poem as the record was being played and re-played, -- "Music which lends the spirit wings to soar among celestial things."

And thus little Miss Lee provided me not only with Marly itself in the representation on the album but the splendid harmonies of the place through the medium of the music in the disc itself. The few authorities on such matters voice my own opinion in declaring Marly was the most perfect place ever conceived and executed in



14857

14857

Western civilization and somehow this musical presentation seems to  
set the seal on the subject. I cannot begin to tell you how  
delighted I am and how grateful.

Next I explored the contents of the smaller oblong  
box which, being so expertly wrapped, came through perfectly.  
On opening the cover of the metal box, so beautifully decorated,  
I touched the wax paper, the thought of what they might possibly  
contain giving me a tremendous lift. Hurriedly I broke into  
the first of the individually wrapped sections, inhaled its subtle  
fragrance then rushed straight to the icebox for a glass  
of milk, betaking myself immediately to my armchair and again  
turned on the reading machine so I might leisurely drink in  
the handiwork of little Miss Lee in the brownie section as  
the visit of Marly, the enchantment of its music  
blended with the artistry of the brownie of 20th century became  
one with me.

Only immense self-control prevented me from reaching for a second  
brownie but I told myself then and there that a slice of Heaven  
day should suffice any man and so I set aside the dandy metal  
box and turned to the larger package. The great white vase,  
thanks to such careful wrapping, came through in perfect condition,  
so classic and so satisfying of line that, without a bouquet, it filled  
my soul with delight just to gaze at it. Finally I placed it on  
the shelf that runs from my armchair to the chimney just behind where  
I am sitting to write this note and then ran out with my clippers and  
plucked a single grandiflora magnolia on a long stem with  
a spray of tender green new leaves arching above the great flower  
itself in pleasant harmony with the darker leaves just below the  
blossom itself. Seated in the red leather armchair, I  
could reach out and turn on the Divertissement on  
the tabouret just below the picture window dominated by  
Nephertite to the right and turning my head ever so  
slightly to the left, sweep with a glance the glory of the  
snowy white vase, so beautifully executed, inhaling deeply the fragrance  
of the magnolia and recalling at the same time how little Miss Less  
Leston had gathered the same type of flower together once  
upon a time. Never did I have such a glorious birthday and words fail me in trying to express  
my happiness and gratitude.

Kay called me late Friday night to ask if she might come down  
this weekend. More about that on the morrow. Suffice for the moment  
is this memo, hinting a little, I hope, of how  
happy all these treasures from little Miss Lee's kindly  
hand have made me.....

14858

14858

Monday, May 8th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair to slightly gauzy, humidity high and thermometer  
in the 70 - 90 range.

The Friday message from Lyme in this morning's post  
set the seal for happiness for the day.

As Leston was saying, there never was a happier birthday  
weekend, thanks to little Miss Lee.

As for myself, I must say I find myself enchanted  
with all the expressions of affection, each of which, as  
I turn from one to the other, impells me to  
sing praises to God for all these evidences that mean  
everything to me. -- Divertissement Royal on the reading  
machine here beside me, the classic white column of the vase, the  
box of brownies, tantalizingly close to me right beside this  
typewriter, the book just beyond and a whole semi-circle of  
tiny decorated gift cards and the beautifully versed larger  
cards along with today's May 9th message. Verily, verily, my  
cup runneth over.

I think I mentioned that Kay came down on Sunday afternoon.  
She appeared to be in better form than usual and the  
one or two times the conversation seemed to be tending toward  
the threat of Communism, I luckily got the trend righted about.

She had brought along a book she wanted me to see, --  
something about Kenya lions and some couple who spent considerable  
time training them so that a film might be made in which  
the lions would figure prominently. I believe Kay said  
the picture will be shown in Hatchitoches perhaps during  
the summer or early autumn, I forget which. She  
was so enthusiastic about the subject in general and lions in  
particular that she read me all of the printed text which  
consisted of not many pages and all the captions under  
the pictures which were many.

She is impatient for things, -- Charleston, I suppose,  
to get a round so that she can fly to Kenya just as soon as possible.



14859

14859

Memorandum

asked me if I would try to persuade James to accompany us for I gather she has already envisioned a jaunt to lion land before looking over property in France and seems to assume that everybody among her closer friends would be as impatient to undertake making friends with lions on their native heath as she. She thought it would be thrilling as did one of the compilers of the book, a woman, to have a 600 pound lion as a friend, a lion which would be so gentle as to take care not to let its paw rest too heavily on the human companion, should the couple chance to be tumbled over in an affectionate scuffle. I guess thrilling may be one word for such an adventure but I would have to develop a greater impulse for saffling before starting out to beat the Kenya bush for such soul companions. If Kay should outlive Aunt Willie, it seems to me as James has remarked so often, Kay will probably lose no time at all before flying off to Africa to see what she can make of the wild animals, especially the lions, as intimate friends. Perhaps the psychiatrists could do something with all this but, not being one, I'm not going to try.

I haven't opened today's Hatchitoches Times but somebody said there was a two page spread carrying illustrations pertaining to the Cunningham cruise in February and March and I believe his final article about his impressions appear in this same issue which I shall enclose. Several people have remarked that these articles by Charles reveal him to be sillier than had been supposed. I have never known if he had any merit in his literary aspirations other than what I have seen in some of his editorials, usually against Ken Walker in years gone by and they were surprisingly bad. I must say if one is to judge by the curious articles, he hasn't improved much with the passing of the years.

On the more palatable side, there's an avocado salade awaiting my attention in the ice box, not to mention some home made vanilla ice cream and some Tender Leaf tea while even closer to hand is a brownie that has been tempting me for hours and toward which I am going to weaken any minute now on this happy extended weekend.

14860

14860

Tuesday, May 9th, 1967.

Memorandum:

A beautiful day, --70 -- 90, with an occasional wisp of gauze passing over head and a vagrant breeze out of the south, tempering the warmth just right.

Why the postman every now and then without warning jumps ahead of his schedule, I don't know. Perhaps he had in mind going fishing this afternoon. Surely it couldn't be a birthday. However that may be, he ran an hour ahead of time today and so all of last night's mail which should have gone forward this morning will not start on its way until the morrow. There was nothing expressing in last night's efforts but I did regret the postman brought nothing at all on today's rounds.

Beginning at 6:20 this morning, my phone has buzzed quite a few times today, people from around the Parish extending birthday greetings. These calls did not include Carmen who usually makes quite a point about such business. I. S. Willard went to some trouble a month back to determine a point about natal days and then, I assume, forgot the point even as she did on that occasion a while back when she called me to listen to the newscast on TV about some ancient chateau. I had half expected James might call or drop in but he did not, even as was the case last year. Both Mesdames Chopin and Walker did call.

Yesterday a swell orange pound cake had arrived from Crockett. Being quite content with my brownies, and sensing the Spinks' package was food, I did not open it until this morning just before the 10 o'clock coffee hour. Leaving the brownies intact in their special box, I cut a slab of the pound cake to share with my neighbor. I was right on time but found that Juanita B. and son had preceded me, had already had their coffee with our hostess and so we chatted a little while I sipped my demi-tasse. For a moment I was slightly taken aback when mine hostess suddenly demanded "Tell me quick if you can wear a sea cloak....."

I suppose I must have registered a facial expression a little dumber than usual.

".....a sea cloak, I said,....it seems to me you ought



14861

14861

to be able to.....you said the pajamas I have given you before  
were alright and they were C's....."

I said I was sure I could wear a C cloak, not knowing what  
it might be but by that time assuming it might be a summer  
bathrobe of some sort.

The lady in knee pants manifested signs of nervousness, dashed  
into the back of the house and then, hastening through the living room  
explained she had to rush to the store as the house telephone was  
not working. Juanita B. and I chatted a few minutes after which  
our hostess returned, slapping one fist into the palm of the other hand  
and complaining she was fearful she might be late for an appoint-  
ment for a party that day, what with all the things she had to do  
before getting away. I need scarcely say it didn't take me  
all that long to make my adieu and that was that. I suppose  
that on the morrow I may hear chapter 2 about a sea cloak. And  
a happy birthday to the hedonist.

From the grapevine today, almost direct from the local  
Times office, I learned something I thought mildly  
amusing regarding the doings of the Editor of  
that paper. A week or so ago, Charles was giving con-  
siderable spread in the paper to the real estate flyer on which he was  
about to embark. At this late date, it suddenly has dawned  
on him that the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars he had  
planned to invest in the purchase of the tract actually represented  
only a drop in the bucket for the financial investment that  
will be required to get the development going. --  
money for putting in water pipes, sewers and sewerage, utilities, pav-  
and what not. And so, after all that drum beating  
as reflected in the press, he is now in swift retreat, having rushed  
over to Monroe, La., where the owners of the property live,  
doing his mightiest to get back the deposit he has made  
when the negotiations for the sale began, and praying the  
Lord he can rid himself of the whole  
entanglement. Verily, the mountain labored  
and brought forth a moth hole.

And now for a moth's flight through the Ghana garden accompanied  
by Tom and Tomtom and on our return a Divertissement  
at Marly and a brownie, the mental telepathy flowing in the  
direction of Lyme.....

to be able to.....you said the pajamas I have given you before  
were alright and they were C's....."

14862

14862

Wednesday, May 10th, 1967.

Cloudy, 90, breezy and humid.

I received a late 'phone call last night  
from Miss Helms, the college student who passed this  
way on a rainy Monday a week ago. She said all the  
interior pictures she took came out nicely but none  
of the exterior ones came out at all. I am not  
not surprised for it was a dark day. She said her  
calendar called for the illustrations shortly and since  
her school schedule called for her presence at 8  
o'clock in the morning, she wondered if she might come down  
at 5 o'clock in the morning and try her hand at exterior  
photography again.

I pointed out that under daylight savings, at this  
stage of the season, it is still dark at 5 o'clock but that by  
6 or 6:30 the light should be adequate to secure  
good shots in ample time for her to get back to town for  
8 o'clock school. And so she took my word for it and arrived at 6 and  
there wasn't a cloud in the sky. I think she got some  
interesting items and I'm sure she made it to her first class in  
time since she left here at 7.

There was at least one shot on the Yucca gallery which I think  
might be fun, Tom and Tomtom being the central figures  
in that study.

She could not get a satisfactory shot of the Ghana garden facing  
Ghana House since that requires the camera to be looking  
right into the sunrise at that hour of the day. But I think  
she was able to secure an interesting picture of Ghana, taken  
from the side and a little to the rear. Miss Helms was using  
color film and there was quite a lot of color in the composition  
including a dab of verbeena in cerise and some snowy angels' trumpets  
just in front of the black-black wash pot which out to appear quite  
striking. She promised to let me borrow these two films if they turn  
out alright and so, perhaps, we shall see what we shall see.

to be able to.....you said the pajamas I have given you before  
were alright and they were C's....."



14863

14863

You will be greatly relieved to learn that this morning at 10 o'clock coffee, I received my "sea cloak". It is a cotton robe in stripes of two shades of wine coloring and white. It can be, like most cotton light robes of this order, be washed in a bucket without any trouble. The size C is large as all "sea cloaks" should be and I am very happy to have got that item taken care of.

I gave my muscles some exercise this afternoon when I decided I wanted to make use of a couple of sections of the iron fence that has long been stored at the red top barn beyond the gourd garden. August and I moved a couple of sections by ourselves. It provided quite a lot of exercise since we had to carry them as far as the white garden at Yucca and each section weighed about four hundred pounds. I haven't tried moving anything of that weight for such a distance in quite a while and something tells me an alcoholer will feel just fine tonight by the time I get ready to fold up my beard.

I was interested in an expression Chet Huntley used tonight in his broadcast, an expression one hears only occasionally, perhaps rarely by news commentators and the expression is "cause celebre". One would naturally expect commentators like Lowell Thomas to pronounce the first of the two words in the English or American fashion to rhyme with the English or American word, because. But for a person like Chet Huntley who is usually rather more correct in his pronunciation of French words, one would have expected him to use the word, cause, since it was tacked on to celebre, to rhyme with rose. I assume Lowell Thomas intentionally mispronounces words merely to see how many listeners will be reaching for a pen to expression themselves on the point and perhaps Chet Huntley does the same thing for the same reason.

Ruth Cunningham, --Ruth, --perhaps you remember her, the lady on the camel in Monday's local paper, well, be that as it may, she has her mother visiting her, down from Baltimore and some such place. She just 'phoned, asking if she might bring her down on Friday, --the mother not the camel. Since it appears from Charles' account of the Mediterranean cruise that No. 1, he made it, and No. 2, he found lots to be unhappy about, perhaps I can get another version from his wife. In the mean time, I shall be praying for rain even though vegetation doesn't need any at the

And now I must get busy and attend to a dab of correspondence and then call it a day, after raiding the icebox.....

14864

14864

Thursday, May 11th, 1967.

Memorandum: Vegetation must have grown last night since the thermometer did not go below 74, --70 being the temperature during the night that hustles plants along. Today skies were clear, heat in the 90's and humidity, too, but a brisk southwest breeze made things pleasant enough in the shade.

The natal day continues firing in the local merry-go-round. Yesterday over the demi-tasses, both mine hostess and I agreed that the morrow would be busy days for us, especially in the morning and so I suggested we skip coffee until Friday. For some reason that was not made clear, the lady set high store on coffees for May 11th and so we jockeyed up our rendezvous for half an hour earlier than usual. When I arrived for a bit of brew this morning, mine hostess was full of merriment. She explained that yesterday she had supposed Mat Hertzog's natal was on Tuesday, May 9th and mine on Thursday, May 11th and that it was only just before I arrived she had learned of her mistake. I wonder why she brought up the matter of the "sea cloak" on Tuesday, presented it on Wednesday and then started wishing me a happy birthday on Thursday.

There was a gift from Toosie and Giles Millsbaugh in today's newspaper, leading me to assume Celeste had put out the word about Thursday being the magical day when she was in town. None of this, of course, is of the slightest interest but it does give some notion of the hurly-burly swirling around nothing.

The most unexpected gift coming to hand arrived today from Carmen. It was a bottle containing leaves of the flowering sage. She called me during the afternoon to ask if I had received the gift and if that was what I had said I wanted. How she got the idea I wanted sage leaves, I cannot imagine. In view of the fact that I have plants growing in the garden with a degree of abandon, I cannot believe I ever told Carmen I was casting about for an A. and P. brand of sage leaves. Perhaps somebody had spoken of yearning for some such and she pinned the expressed wish on me. I felt inclined to risk this supposition when she was speaking but at the same time thought it might be unkind to puncture a day dream balloon she had blown up just for me.

.....well, y' web ym et



14865

I think I didn't mention the other day that I am trying to get a few columns ahead in anticipation of the agent's possible absence from town on vacation as between June and August. At the present moment, secretarial ~~is~~ assistance is at low ebb and I'm not knocking off copy very fast, what with one thing and another taking up a goodly portion of my waking hours. I think I have worked out enough ideas for copy so that I may be able to carry things through the vacation period. If I should not be able to get enough ahead, however, I shall ask either Natalie or Mrs. Chopin to run through with me whatever comes up for attention during the agent's absence.

In your last letter and in the Metropolitan Museum Bulletin there was information that interested me enormously concerning the two vases recently acquired for the Museum. I was especially interested to learn that after having been executed for Choisy had found a home, --two of them, at the chateau de Menars. And in writing the name of the chateau, I am reminded that over the years, I have seen it spelled in a variety of ways and am wondering if, as I believe, it was spelled Menars in the 18th century when it belonged to Madame de Pompadour. It seems to me I have seen it at various times in various publications spelled sometimes Menars, Meni and at least once more recently as Menara. It doesn't make any difference to me just how it is popularly spelled today but I mention the variations so that it may be remarked upon when encountered from time to time. Once I had some pictures of the gardens, rather large ones perhaps two feet by three feet and they gave a good concept of superb settings but they have long since vanished. In passing, doesn't it seem a pity they ever were moved from Menars. I find myself wondering, too, where they might have figured in the Menars setting and for what spots they were originally intended for Choisy. The hunting lodge at Choisy, if memory serves, was still extant in the 1920's but how things have fared there since then, I have no idea.

Today's post brought a card, mailed in Texas, by I. S.W.'s sister-in-law, who must be making a leisurely progress in her course towards La Jolla, California. I don't recall when they left Hatchitoches but it seems to me it must have been about 10 days ago. I know Texas is a large State and that it might take ten days to cross it seems pleasantly leisurely for the speed of the age in which we live and the manner in which most contemporaries from point to point. My secretary found Rosalind's writing difficult to decipher but somehow we made it even though there was nothing vital to be extracted from the words.

And now for a dab of peach ice cream and a brownie and thence  
to my dowry pillow.....

14866

Friday, May 12th, 1967.

Memorandum.

Fair by day and by night in the mid 70's to mid 90's  
 with a spanking breeze that helps out greatly on the side  
 of human comfort but must be of dubious value for  
 the half dozen spraying machines that are concentrating  
 these days on trying to cover the pecan trees with  
 a coating of insecticide.

It was such a pleasant surprise to find a message from  
 Lymeads of Wednesday last past in today's post.

I shall be looking forward to a sample of the material  
 mentioned. I can well imagine how nicely the blue is going  
 to harmonize with the eyes of little Miss Lee. The  
 account of the design in the cotton print sounds equally entrancing.  
 The artistry of the seamstress with such material for such a model  
 ought to be among the more fetching creations of the  
 season and I shall be impatient to learn how it all turns out.

Thanks to the expert packing of the brownies, they are keeping  
 just as fresh as can be, what with the individual pieces being so  
 well encased in the proper waxed paper and the whole assortment  
 housed in their pretty box, the top of which I keep tightly  
 closed until, at close of day, I permit myself to  
 hustle inside the box to extract one portion, closing the  
 lid tight before I allow myself to unfold the wrapping. Nobody,  
 not even Mrs. Schraft, ever made anything so delectable and I  
 am filled with admiration for such art as is manifest in every  
 one of the creations.

I am sorry to learn of the unhappy state of things chez Uncle H.  
 Sometimes it would appear that he is one of those unlucky people  
 whose whole life seems to have been made to catch the brick-  
 bats of an unhappy fate and this latest example is just  
 another illustration, visited on him through a member of  
 his menage. In the same paragraph reporting the con-  
 versation with him, reference was made to the household of



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Tilloah, reminding me of some reference made to that household a while back. From the reference to it in today's letter, I take it that things do not turn any better in that quarter and I find it sad for all concerned. One gathers that on occasion a household sometimes out-lives its better reasons for existence and I hold the thought that things may take a turn for the better real soon, no matter how the turn is made, just so long as an unhappy situation is relieved, regardless of the course required to make it different.

I am so glad to learn about the use of the zip business or code numbers and such like for I had not realized before that this innovation had been used abroad before having been given a trial in this country. I may have mentioned in a recent letter that it is said that the numbers are used to special advantages in some American Post Offices that had been to be over-staffed with political appointees who cannot read words but can make out numbers as carried by the zip thing, thereby facilitating somewhat the moving of the mails in congested centers.

Today has been quite busy in these parts and I still have quite a lot of desk work, neglected during the day, to be taken care of tonight, --including a column.

We had some peccan people for dinner today. The food was excellent, --baked chicken, rice dressing with lots of toothsome t in it, --the guizards, bell pepper, onion greens chopped fine, parsley not to mention fresh string beans and beets out of the garden, penappl salade, corn muffins with a vaguely blue moon dressing on the Ghana lettuce and some kind of a chilled fruit cup that balanced off the demi-tasse neatly.

Ruth, --Mrs. Charles Cunningham, her aunt from Maryland and Hazel Courege dropped in this afternoon and all went very pleasantly. That was about 2 o'clock. At 12 o'clock noon, just as I was heading out for dinner, five or six people appeared on the Yucca gallery, --friends of Patty Segalou. They were all from New Orleans and I think they resented it when I told them I was glad to have a chance to inquire when people in the Crescent City set down to table at noon. It didn't take me long to dispose of them and I did not linger over news of Patty or of Harnett Kane with whom one of the men had gone to school. And so begins a weekend, mine, the happier because of today's letter from Lyme.....

14868

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Memorandum: Sunday, May 14th, 1967.

In view of the climatic situation, no one would ever guess that summer is still six weeks away. The weekend has been glorious, cloudless skies, thermometer at 80 at 6 o'clock this morning and well up into the 90's during the daylight hours with a brisk southern breeze tempering the warmth a little.

Thanks to the a ple supplies of moisture during the past 6 or 8 weeks, vegetation is growing wonderfully with tiny peppers and tomatoes taking on pleasing shapes and beans and beets growing at such a speed as to offer plentiful supplies fresh from the garden to the dinner table while beckoning Irish potato plants giving every indication that a plentiful supply of potatoes will be discovered just beneath the surface of their individual mounds when a sa pling excavation starts during the ensuing week. In short, and regardless of the calendar, summer is already upon us.

Perhaps it's the weather that makes the sons and daughters of the soil more frolicsome these days. A single example will suffice to serve as sample. It happened last weekend. Little Miss Lee may recall that as one approaches the Cane River bridge at Melrose, as one faces westward, near the margin of the river a secondary road swings off to the right, leading to the former band camp and thence on to Robert Anthony's house. Across the river from Robert's house and a little further up the river is the home of one of the mulatto's named Conant. While Robert is in Angola, the aforesaid Conant sometimes serves as suitor and "helper" of Robert's wife.

Returning to the main highway and still westwardly approaching the bridge, there is another road that turns to the left along the river. Down that road perhaps a hundred yards stands the cabin of a lady with six children, the lady being at once the wife of Joe Williams who, like Robert Anthony is also in Angola. Now, Morel, son of Robert and wife, does not stay with his mama on the right road but rather



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stays with the lady and 6 children on the left road. This lady in her role as wife of Joe Williams is sort of aunt as well as friend of Morel, since her husband, Joe Williams, in Morel's uncle; --antie by marriage.

Friday a week ago, being a rainy day with nothing to do, Morel accompanied Conant, his mama's helper, to Montrose where Conant bought a live hog and Morel helped him bring it to the Conant residence. Sometime during the night, Morel guided the hog from the Conant residence to the bridge, crossing same and driving it on to his quattie's house on the left road, where a busy night was spent butchering the animal.

Saturday morning on discovering his loss, Conant, aided by two colored Sheriff's deputies, tracked the hog to a tie's house. They asked for Morel but he wasn't there. They asked about the hog but auntie pried ignorance of same but the deputies discovered it neatly butchered and stored away in auntie's ice box. Where Morel had vanished, nobody knew. About midnight Morel, after having spent the day in the woods, tapped at Leston's window, tired, hungry and in need of advice. Food and rest were recommended and then, just before day, a stealthy visit to his mama's house to have her contact her "helper" Conant to have the charges withdrawn and then when the Sunday sun had risen and the merchant-planter was a-strir, have him provide a ride to town, the merchant-planter going into town to church, so that a visit to the jail and the spending of a few days there by Morel might get the records straight, Conant paid for his hog and life could begin again by Thursday at least which miraculous to relate is just what happened. So turns Srping in the Cane River country.

Mrs. Walker called last night to say she had been calling on the Leesville paper to attend to an invoice and that the latter had dwaddled somewhat about doing so and then concluded the business by cancelling further publication of Cane River Memo. Mrs. Chopin had phoned the night before to say her son-in-law and daughter in San Antonio were proud parents of a daughter, Lisa Ann Finley, on May 12th. Mrs. Chopin and son were driving to New Orleans to be with Mrs. C.'s mother this weekend and from there again talk with the San Antonio family.

Pilgrims were numerous on Saturday, especially at noon and at supper time but today the road-runners must have gone in other directions. And now for a glass of milk and a brownie of little Miss Lee's own making.....

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Monday, May 15th, 1967.

Memorandum:

High-jinks on the part of the weather last night. The thermometer was in the upper 90's all day. During the day, falling down to 50 during the night when some warm and cold air masses struck each other producing much sound and fury and an inch and three 10's of rain. It has been clear today but the thermometer never did get up above the 60's and we are promised a low of 47 for tonight. I guess it was only last night I was remarking that summer had arrived six weeks ahead of schedule but I'm singing a different tune tonight.

Without ever giving the matter much thought, I have taken as a matter of course the old adage that "brevity is the soul of wit". With today's post, I suddenly realized that for me at least, brevity just by itself could be hilarious just by itself.

The clerk's son honored me with an invitation to his high school graduation exercises recently. His name is "Sonny" Lavespere. On receipt of his invitation, I wrote him a note, thanking him for inviting me to his graduation, enclosing a modest bank note, asking him to select a gift for himself on my behalf, adding that he had my warmest congratulations on having come through his high school work so nicely and expressing the hope that his success in college just ahead would turn out equally well as I was quite sure in wood, rounding out the note with an "Affectionately yours, Leston".

I certainly should not have been surprised if I had never received an acknowledgement but when today's acknowledgement did arrive, I was tremendously impressed by its brevity. I was so impressed by the note and so pressed for time, I forgot to inquire of the secretary if the cancellation stamp bore the local marking which, if it does, the boy's Papa who is assistant Post Master here, undoubtedly brought it letter down from town, affixed a stamp, cancelled same and put it in with my mail when I went to the Post Office this morning.

Here on my desk and just beyond the pretty box of brownies



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stands a vase of cape jessamine blossoms whose fragrance is spicy and grand. The gardenia bushes began coming into flower last week and as some bushes are much more advanced than others, I suppose the flowers will be perfuming the gardens for the next 6 to 8 weeks. In this land, the month of May is probably the one that these flowers favor most. I recall however that a number of years ago when Mrs. Moore was here on her birthday, June 28th, there were still adequate blossoms for a bouquet of them for her.

There was a call from Mrs. Chopin this noon. She said Sunday in New Orleans with her mother and sister and a flock of relatives dropping in to say Howdy proved pleasant enough but the Sunday afternoon reception tended to delay the departure for Natchitoches by her son and herself. The net result was that -- incredibly rainy weather to the accompaniment of electrical discharges from on high, not to mention heavy traffic. After the somewhat trying trip from New Orleans came to a halt just after they passed through Alexandria when the intensity of the storm increased to the point that they decided to turn around and spend the night in Alexandria. It was still drizzling at 6:30 this morning when they left but skies had cleared before they reached home. While Sunday with her relatives and friends was very pleasant, she found herself asking herself on reaching home if the trip really had been worth while.

Mrs. Moore's mother called to say to give me England which she had picked up from her daughter, much of which was so garbled that it was only now and then I could extract the truth from the inordinate amount of mixed up shreds of truth and gossip. She did mention, -- and I suppose it may be true, -- that her daughter had rented an apartment not far from them on behalf of the Phoenix Walkers, -- mother, daughter and friend, who are passing the summer here while the friend attends summer school which, according to Mrs. Genung, last only during the month of August. Of course summer school lasts during July and August but that is only a detail. Whether vacation will embrace a massive movement by all the ladies or whether a vacation will be undertaken by a single lady, leaving the rest to entertain themselves, remains to be seen, planned and replanned and whether a trip will take in Porto Rico and Manhattan or both remains to be seen.....

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14872

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Memorandum: Tuesday, May 16th, 1967.

A beautiful day, all sunny but cool and the waxing moon tonight never appeared more radiant. Shreveport reported a low of 47 last night, Alexandria 51. Today the thermometer got up into the 70's. There was something about the whole business reminding me of one Memorial Day weekend on Montauk Point so clear and yet so cool.

The Natchitoches paper that went forward with yesterday's memo contains many news items in it, I am told, about the Editor, -- his apology for some political blunder, trapping sparrows which he drowns, his memories of the old days being the first in a series, an account of him banging his thumb and so on. Just as though this were something new, Carmen was sputtering today, saying she was going to call him into her Red Cross office and tell him he is putting too much in his paper about himself. Perhaps she thinks he is crowding her out of some of the space which should be hers.

I hope she doesn't try to discourage him from continuing his memoirs which started off so bravely in yesterday's paper. Nothing, of course, can quite come up to his account of his recent cruise but even so the new series held much to remark upon quite aside from probable typographical errors. I was especially impressed by his reference to the wooden stove in his parent's home. I assume he meant a wood stove which is the short, of course, for wood burning stove. But a wooden stove is something else again and naturally sets one's mind to wondering what kind of fuel it burned when Charles was a boy. Verily, it must have required a great deal of attention if one wanted the stove to avoid going up in flames, one a measure of heat within it had been brought forth. It is true I have heard of earthen stoves, clay stoves, tile stoves, porcelain stoves iron, metallic and no end of materials, it seems to me but this is something new again, -- a wooden stove.

I was surprised to encounter the name of Bootsie Gay on a card in today's post. It was a pleasure to be able to advise her that since Cane River note paper is no longer available, business in that commodity cannot be transacted. Who can tell, if Bootsie turns up so unexpectedly, perhaps Miss Ramsey may be surprising us one of these days, too.



14873

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From the Baton Rouge library today came part 3 of the  
Look installment of Death of a President. I have read  
the first installment which I found excellent. The  
library never did send me the second installment and so I shall  
begin the rather unsatisfactory effort of reading part 3 before  
part 2 comes to hand -- if ever. I don't recall ever having  
read a book in such a way and I imagine one will receive a  
few bumps in such a skip as this but I'm sure I shall  
enjoy the Manc ester handling of the subject, no matter  
how wide the chasm between parts.

The peacocks and guineas are on their annual tear which  
apparently affords them a certain amount of satis-  
faction and no end of exercise but which provides a measure  
of distress to the objective on-looker. The older and the young  
peacock seem to be squabbling over the peaken and when the  
younger peacock is worsted by too mighty a foe, the younger  
one saves face by taking after the guineas who, for their  
part, love to annoy their assailant in order to work off a little  
excess energy on their own part, it would seem. I'll  
have to be doing a column shortly and perhaps some speculation  
of such doings might provide a peg on which to hang the thing.

I might knock off a column on the general excuse for having  
a party but it might get into the hair of too many of friends  
around and about. I suppose if anyone sets his or her mind on  
the necessity of having a party, an excuse, good or dubious  
can readily be rounded up. A case in point was one with  
a slightly scholastic flavor. Dr. Tornwall, long head  
of the English Department at Northwestern, -- Natalie's  
superior, -- is being demoted from head of the Department  
to a teaching job in the same Department, to make way for  
some political appointee. His salary as head will be continued  
and he will remain until the year for his retirement arrives, --  
2 or 3 years hence, I believe. Be that as it may,  
the fact that he is being taken down a peg or two provided sufficient  
grounds for the faculty to give him a party which, I must  
confess, strikes me as odd. But the party was given this afternoon,  
Dr. Tornwall reportedly appearing at his best and everyone  
thus far reporting, having a wonderful time. I must make a  
mental note to inquire about all this from Natalie when next  
I talk with her. Perhaps she can give me some pointers  
that Mrs. Walker omitted. She can give me some pointers  
that Mrs. Walker omitted.

And speaking of parties, it is said that on June 19th  
the Pecan Grower Association of America will be entertained  
at this bend of the river for an all day doings. The wives of  
the growers of pecans will also participate, coming from thither  
all you from East to West coast. The Baton Rouge branch  
of the family has already been bidden to participate although it  
is hoped other branches, unbidden, may not attend  
but that's a vain hope if I ever heard one. And so  
the world turns and I must turn in.....

14874

14874

Wednesday, May 17th, 1967.

Memorandum: Clear as a bell and cool as a cucumber.

I take it vegetation must be standing still at night  
but growing by day. A dozen hills of pumpkins are  
beginning to crawl in all directions after the set-back  
they received from the recent rains. Beets, peas and beans  
are rolling and the tomatoes and bell peppers are  
showing great promise. Onion tops are beginning to go  
to seed and present an entrancing picture while  
onion tops provided just the right flavor for scrambled eggs  
at supper. I'm liking the tender turnip tops for greens, too,  
and the new rounds of lettuce and radishes taste almost as good as  
the first crop of a couple of weeks back. If someone  
would only invent a seed that would grow ice cream I  
should feel "all set". In the mean time, I  
continue enjoying the brownies with a tall glass of milk and  
must confess that the world does seem to be capable of  
producing Heaven if only the rougher elements  
would stop pushing things about so boisterously.

Today's radio speaks of the arrest of 500 negro  
students following a riot last night at Southern Texas  
college. One policeman died of gun shot wounds and  
several other people were injured. Here it  
is two or three weeks before graduation and this sort of  
thing boils over. This is only one instance. I am sure,  
and the general unrest will probably tend to augment if  
summer ever makes up its mind. The current racial revolution  
seems to be following the general pattern of so many  
other types of revolutions of the past, political  
and social. Once the ball starts turning, it gathers  
a momentum that nobody seems capable of controlling while  
those who might benefit most by an orderly progression end up  
by alienating their best friends and doing more  
harm to their own cause than the stand-patters could ever  
affect. It would seem that if the Houston  
students could survive 8 months of college, they could  
hold out for a couple of weeks more to secure  
their grades for the year's work to which they have been devoting  
themselves. Perhaps some revolutions are  
reasoned efforts but probably most of them are not.



14875

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Doreatha confided to me today that her two brothers, Robert and Clyde, having spent the last year or so in Angola for cattle stealing, are now eligible for parole. She said she had spoken to the merchant-planter about the matter and he said he would not object to the move for parole but that she had better see some parish parole member about the matter since he himself would not like to have them return to Melrose which Doreatha said she could understand well enough. She called the nearest parole officer she knew about, somebody living in Montgomery, La., but he was out of town for several days. I suppose George Harris who was sentenced with Robert and Clyde on the same charge, is also likely to be ready for parole. George did time at Angola before for having stolen cattle on Melrose and when he was discharged, he was allowed to return and then was taken up again on the same charge. Obviously the merchant-planter must have had all he wanted to that.

How the wives of Robert and Clyde will fare when their husbands return is anybody's guess. Robert's wife, "Lizar" would probably be indifferent to where Robert might find a job, assuming Robert will resume their former marital status. As for Clyde's wife, Billie Gene, she is Fugate's daughter and has always lived on the place and whether she will like moving somewhere else remains to be seen. As for Morel, son of Robert and "Lizar", how his papa's return will effect his residence remains to be seen. As for "Lizar's" injured foot or ankle, broken or twisted or whatever several weeks back, she continues hobbling around on a stick. Doreatha says the swelling has spread from the foot to the knee and is blue in coloring and "Lizar" hasn't been to see a doctor about it yet. Off hand, it would appear Robert's home-coming might have several over-tones of the grim about it.

On the social side, I learned over the coffee cups this morning that Elaine, daughter of Pat and Juanita B., is going to entertain the members of her Girl Scout group all around the age bracket of 6, a week from Saturday. Mine hostess said she felt I would concur with her when she volunteered my services to give the little ones a tour. Hummmmm.

A note from Sayrah Irwin Jones stated she, --and I suppose Patty Segelou and daughter, will be heading for Oakdale near Alexandria, this coming Saturday, planning to take in Hodges Gardens on Sunday and to honor me with a visit on the same Sabbath. Hummmmm again.....

14876

14876

Thursday, May 18th, 1967.

Magnificent weather, big sun, big moon sliding from 60 to 90 and back again.

Today was so much like three weeks ago Thursday, I called I. S. Willard to inquire about the trip to California Rosalind Willard and Pat Daly had made following their visit here on Thursday, April 27th. Parenthetically, that was the last time I saw James who must be very busy these days. I. S. W. said she met the boy who had driven the ladies westward when she was shopping yesterday. The boy said he had mailed a card from the ladies when they reached their destination and that he had returned only a few days ago. The ladies are staying in a Traveler Tavern or whatever that chain of motels is called while their real estate agent is casting about in search of a house for Mesdames Willard and Daly.

I. S. Willard spoke of her son who is very busy these days both in Paris and London. In Paris he is looking after details for American interests attending the Paris Air Show that comes off their this weekend when a replica of Lindberg's "Spirit of St. Louis" will fly up the seine, circle the Eiffel tower and come to rest on the Blourget field. In spite of the innumerable demands on his time, her son is taking time out to hop over to London tomorrow, May 19th to marry P. Roilla or however that young lady spells her name. I guess the honeymoon will come later as the groom has to fly right back to Paris to keep a finger on the pulse of the Paris Air Show. After that, the groom flies back to Bonn, Germany, to attend to business matters.

In the midst of the Willard conversation, the phone service was interrupted momentarily and when the phone rang I picked it up, thinking it was I. S. W. calling back but it turned out to be Mrs. Walker. I did not talk with her yesterday and tonight she is going to a play at the college in which her son has a part. She said she had a long, long conversation with Charles Cunningham yesterday. She said she had long thought of him as being light in the head and the



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conversation did nothing to incline her toward changing her mind on the point. He says he is going to employ a manager for the paper and that he and his wife will eventually find a house in the West Indies where they can spend the better part of each year. Mrs. Walker hoped it would not be on Porto Rico. The young man whom Charles expects to hire and eventually to whom he will sell one third the stock in the paper is none other than the young man Mrs. Walker had met in New Orleans a few weeks back who at that time spoke of being interested in finding a newspaper to buy. Charles plays his cards skillfully, almost any man, young or old, could probably start a rival newspaper in Natchitoches with every chance to succeeding from the start if Charles continues publishing his paper which everyone agrees is existing only because it is the only paper in the local field.

I had to cut off the Walker conversation when I saw people approaching on the front gallery. It turned out to be Luther Harrison of Shreveport with a Mr. and Mrs. Merriweather of Bay Side, Long Island. Mrs. Merriweather was formerly Miss Taylor of Shreveport whose grandfather owned the one time Chopin holdings running from Derry southward.

interruption..... That phone call was from Kay, apologizing for not having come down last Sunday. I didn't know she was supposed to. She said she and James have been very busy because she has rented 1226 Williams to Dr. Yvonne Phillips, the lady who for the past year or number of years during the Presidency of John Kyser at Northwestern Dr. Phillips is vacating the Kyser residence at 806 Williams Avenue while the Kyser's are in Europe as their home will be free for them when they return in September or whenever. If memory serves, Kay offered 1226 to the Kyser's when they quit Northwestern and I suppose she did the same thing to Dr. Yvonne. In the Kyser case as probably in the present instance, there is no rent which certainly makes it nice for anyone looking for a pleasant residence.

So turneth the matrimonial wheel in London and the real estate wheel along Cane River and so I must turn to a brownie and thence to some deskwork.....

97841

14878

Friday, May 19th, 1967.

Memorandum:

all clear in the 60 - 90 range.

In today's post from Lyme came little Miss Lee's dandy letter with enclosure. I found so much in both I felt wonderfully lifted in happiness.

One needed no proof as to what the secretaries do not understand in what they read, everything of which they rattle off without ever comprehending a word. Today's session was a case in point.

When the secretary arrived today, I sent him to Ghana with a message for August who was working there and during the interim between his departure and return, I had opened the mail, extracting the letter from Lyme but leaving the enclosure inside the envelope. On his return we galloped through little Miss Lee's letter and two or three others which constituted today's doings. As he arose to depart after I had paid

him, I said: "Oh, yes, there's one other thing.....that business in which you figured in the first letter....."

He looked at me quite non-plused. He hadn't caught a word of what he had read. Then I took up the letter a second time and asked him to re-read the second page. He still didn't comprehend anything pertaining to himself. Then I opened the envelope and extracted what was enclosed within the special wrapping, and handed it to him. Dumbfounded is the only word approaching an adjective to describe his astonishment at first and then unabashed delight at such a surprising windfall.

"When you writes that lady," he blurted out, "will you tell her that I say I sure do thank her and that I know she's bound to be a nice lady."

And he was off.

So there you are and what the secretary thinks you are and what Leston knows you are and that is that.

The phone rang just as I put the period at the end of the foregoing sentence. It was Sarah Irwin Jones calling

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14879

14879

14879

from Baton Rouge, to say that she is having some difficulty with as  
and accordingly will not be able to get up this way this  
weekend. I am so glad to have so many particulars and I want to  
say especially how glad I am you told me about the Duke  
and Duchess. The radio programs in this area give  
one so much news about geographic names in southeast Asia so  
so little about anything or anybody in other parts of  
the world these days that, as in the case  
of the Windsors, everything coming from your true hand was  
news to me. I am especially glad  
you mentioned the height or lack of it that embraces the  
figure of the Duchess. I had never given much thought about such  
a point but found myself surprised when I learned how comparatively  
short she is, -- five feet, six inches. I had been looking  
since your earlier letter arrived, came to hand. I have  
not opened it but assume it may be in reference to  
a renewal. I had delayed mentioning the kindness  
that prompted your offer in the earlier letter, expecting to put  
it on the letter forthwith. And so here it is although  
what the contents may be, I know not. The way the wind at  
this bend of the river sometimes blows hot and sometimes blows  
cold, I sometimes view the future with wonder and on that  
basis, I am asking if perhaps it would be just as well to  
extend the subscription over a comparatively short period. I  
am so out of touch with details about such extensions  
that I cannot speak with any sense but I mention  
the uncertainties about the address so that may be, possibly, a  
factor that is worth considering before making  
any communication with Life itself. It is so sweet of  
little Miss Lee to have brought up the matter. How the matter  
may best be handled will be left to her own  
good judgement and how things may turn, Leston will  
be altogether enchanted.

From where I sit, the unfolding weekend seems to measure in  
its promise a degree of quiet. I hold the thought it may be  
equally promising in Lyme. There will be time enough next  
weekend with the Memorial Day holiday spilling  
over just beyond that makes one wonder what that will  
hold by way of road running and general excitement. Sufficient un  
the weekend one thing is certain, thanks to little Miss Lee,  
happiness, -- all around.....

14880

14880

Sunday, May 21st, 1967.

Memorandum: I am so glad to have so many particulars and I want to  
say especially how glad I am you told me about the Duke  
and Duchess. The radio programs in this area give  
one so much news about geographic names in southeast Asia so  
so little about anything or anybody in other parts of  
the world these days that, as in the case  
of the Windsors, everything coming from your true hand was  
news to me. I am especially glad  
you mentioned the height or lack of it that embraces the  
figure of the Duchess. I had never given much thought about such  
a point but found myself surprised when I learned how comparatively  
short she is, -- five feet, six inches. I had been looking  
since your earlier letter arrived, came to hand. I have  
not opened it but assume it may be in reference to  
a renewal. I had delayed mentioning the kindness  
that prompted your offer in the earlier letter, expecting to put  
it on the letter forthwith. And so here it is although  
what the contents may be, I know not. The way the wind at  
this bend of the river sometimes blows hot and sometimes blows  
cold, I sometimes view the future with wonder and on that  
basis, I am asking if perhaps it would be just as well to  
extend the subscription over a comparatively short period. I  
am so out of touch with details about such extensions  
that I cannot speak with any sense but I mention  
the uncertainties about the address so that may be, possibly, a  
factor that is worth considering before making  
any communication with Life itself. It is so sweet of  
little Miss Lee to have brought up the matter. How the matter  
may best be handled will be left to her own  
good judgement and how things may turn, Leston will  
be altogether enchanted.

On Saturday afternoon I heard something about the rain  
in the Lyme area on Friday. After some persuasion, Alice  
and McClung Chopin finally decided to fly from Shreveport via  
New York to Frankfurt where her son who lives somewhere but  
not in Frankfurt would meet the New York plane. As Alice was  
a little nervous about the three hour wait in New York to catch  
the plane for Germany, arrangements were made for someone in  
New York to meet her on her arrival in New York, have luncheon  
with her and put her safe and sound on the plane for the trans-  
Atlantic hop. All went well until the Shreveport plane  
approached New York where stormy weather forced the plane to  
circle about for a couple of hours, impelling it finally  
to go on to land at Philadelphia. The plane out  
of Philadelphia would take off a little later than the New York  
one and so Alice phoned her sister, Frances McClung Phelps,  
in Natchitoches, asking Frances to phone Alice's son in Germany  
to say she was taking a later plane and accordingly would  
arrive in Frankfurt a little later, thereby saving her son  
the frustration he might otherwise feel, were he to have  
gone to Frankfurt and not found his mom on the incoming  
New York plane. How wonderful are the ways of  
modern communication and transportation.

For the first time in several years, I saw Sonny Wolf a couple  
of weeks ago when he had dinner at the big house with the clerk and  
He lives in Alexandria and had charge of operations  
in the projected sale of the place early in the 50's. He  
was going to a real estate convention in Chicago. There  
was a phone call for the merchant planter during the dinner hour  
today, asking the merchant planter to have luncheon with Sonny  
in Alexandria on the morrow. I wonder what, if anything, is cooking  
for his cooking. I am so glad to have so many particulars and I want to  
say especially how glad I am you told me about the Duke  
and Duchess. The radio programs in this area give  
one so much news about geographic names in southeast Asia so  
so little about anything or anybody in other parts of  
the world these days that, as in the case  
of the Windsors, everything coming from your true hand was  
news to me. I am especially glad  
you mentioned the height or lack of it that embraces the  
figure of the Duchess. I had never given much thought about such  
a point but found myself surprised when I learned how comparatively  
short she is, -- five feet, six inches. I had been looking  
since your earlier letter arrived, came to hand. I have  
not opened it but assume it may be in reference to  
a renewal. I had delayed mentioning the kindness  
that prompted your offer in the earlier letter, expecting to put  
it on the letter forthwith. And so here it is although  
what the contents may be, I know not. The way the wind at  
this bend of the river sometimes blows hot and sometimes blows  
cold, I sometimes view the future with wonder and on that  
basis, I am asking if perhaps it would be just as well to  
extend the subscription over a comparatively short period. I  
am so out of touch with details about such extensions  
that I cannot speak with any sense but I mention  
the uncertainties about the address so that may be, possibly, a  
factor that is worth considering before making  
any communication with Life itself. It is so sweet of  
little Miss Lee to have brought up the matter. How the matter  
may best be handled will be left to her own  
good judgement and how things may turn, Leston will  
be altogether enchanted.



088M

14881

.088M, 14881, 14882

I learned something about the selection of the town site of the Madame Aubin Roque house this weekend. Mrs. Chopin went to Alexandria to spend some time with her husband in the Veterans Hospital there and on her return to Hatchitoches she stopped off here for a little chat. She said her husband had lost 19 pounds in the past couple of weeks and although he did look better in coloring, he did seem very frail. She then related the matter about the meeting that selected the site for the house below the Chamber of Commerce office in Hatchitoches. She said that the members of the committee or officers or whatever were notified a day or two before the matter was to be taken up. It happened that Carmen had to go to Shreveport that day, Kay was somewhere or other, --south carolina, probably, I. S. Willard was some place else and nearly everyone was away. Mrs. Chopin who is not an officer attended the meeting nevertheless as representative of the press. When she arrived, two people were there, -- Bobbie Deblieu and Toosie Millsbaugh, --one presiding officer, that being Bobbie, and one member of the committee, being Toosie. Bobbie wrapped for order and there couldn't have been much disorder. He said the purpose of the meeting was to decide on the most appropriate site for the Madame Aubin house and that he suggested the most suitable would be below the Chamber of Commerce and requested those present to raise their right hand if they approved the site, he raising his hand as he spoke and Toosie raising hers. And that was it and the meeting was adjourned. If one wanted to fuss about the matter, the whole proceedings could be pronounced out of order since there was not a quorum of committee members present "Railroadin", that's what I call it. On Friday, May 19th, I received a recorded copy of News Week, May 22nd, 1967, which certainly seems to be rushing the date line a little. I take it this must be one of those arrangements that used to be applied to Readers Digest in that a person wanting to make a gesture of friendship to a person who doesn't read, may contribute something like twenty five dollars in the name of the recipient of the gesture and the forth-coming issue of the magazine is sent so it will reach the unsighted person on or about the date the magazine reaches the news stands. It's a very pleasant set-up, especially for those who can't wait to get into the next issue of the magazine, an impulse I have no trouble in controlling. It seems to me Mrs. Walker a month or so ago asked me if I liked News Week and I assume it is to her I am indebted to the early arrival of this recording. I read most of it, --3 records, -- last night and found the article on Ronald Reagan especially interesting. And now for a boronie and a glass of milk and so another week gets under way.....

088M

14882

Monday, May 22nd, 1967.

Fair with brisk northeast winds, thermometer dawdling around in the 60's, much more Southampton than Melrose weather for May.

There were L. S. U. pecan men for dinner and for supper. J. H. was back for supper, saying nothing about his Alexandria dinner engagement, of course, but bubbling over with particulars revolving round doings at a meeting comprising members of all branches of agriculture endeavor in the State, rice, cotton, coffee, forest and what not, all present to go into things with Secretary of Agriculture Freeman, said to be the first member of the President's cabinet to be in Alexandria in years.

On the 'phonefront, I talked with I. S. Willard this afternoon. She had just received a page from the London Times of last Monday, May 15th. Her wish was to read me one item but her approach was indirect, first running through the column at the left hand side of the page devoted to Buckingham Palace news, what the Queen was up to and so on. Then we got over to the next column which listed engagements just announced and one of the items, naturally was Daniel, son of some Willard of Massachusetts and Mrs. Irma Sompayrac Willard of Hatchitoches, Louisiana, --an engagement between the afore-said Daniel and Prucilla Berry, daughter of some Mrs. Berry of some place in Hertfordshire between London and Cambridge. It goes without saying I. S. W. was pleased but even more so because today's post had brought her a letter from her son and her new daughter-in-law. They were married Friday, spent Saturday and Sunday on the island of Guernsey, flying to Bonn today and thence to Paris on Wednesday.

At this point I should like to digress to remark upon my interest in the consciousness I felt of differing expressions as indicated by the English in the London Times and American parlance of the moment. One case will suffice to illustrate. In the list of engagements appearing in the paper, the preposition invariably was the word, between, -- engagement between Mr. Soandso and Miss Soandso. I believe in American language, the expression is not engagement between but engagement to. I must say I think the English between is rather nicer.



14883

14883

14883

Kay 'phoned me this afternoon, apologizing for not having called me last Monday noon. I didn't know she was supposed to have called me on any particular day. She wondered if she might come down on Wednesday. She might. She said she had been to see the lion movie several times, was going again today and again on the morrow. She says its just wonderful. I guess lions mean more to her than almost anything. In such a frame of affection, it is understandable enough that she cannot see enough of the movie.

Over the coffee cups at 9 this morning, --8:45 is the new hour, come to think of it, well, anyway, over the coffee cups Celeste had an awful lot to say about the difficulties she is having with her yard man, Andy. When she called him to give her and her house servant a hand in moving a desk or rug or some such item, he stated that he wasn't hired to work in the house. He is always helping in the house for her in spite of all the thievery he has been committing over the past 2 or 3 years. He finally did lend a hand but she wasn't happy about it. She asked me if I had any trouble with him about doing things for me in the house. I told her I had no trouble whatso ever since after my difficulties on that score with him, I had never asked him to assist me inside the house. She obviously couldn't understand my handling of that problem and I certainly couldn't understand hers.

Dr. Sarah Clapp whom I call "The Divine Sarah" because she is so un anything suggesting Sarah Bernhardt. She had just had a letter from her Clapp kinsmen in North Carolina who had something to say about the Giant's Beard border grass I had sent them following their recent visit here. Sarah fell to talking about something I had written about Louella and then related how as a child, she had found herself possessed of some baby ducks and for lack of anything better to put them in for a swim, she had used the family wash tub which chanced to have water with much clothes bluing in it and how quickly all the little yellow ducklings had turned green. I have never heard of such a thing and I must remember to pass along this tidbit to anybody interested in feathered friends. I'm wondering what the mama duck thought when she caught sight of her darlings emerging from the tub after such a color transformation.....

14884

14884

Tuesday, May 23rd, 1967.

Memorandum: Glorious weather, the sky cloudless and a vagrant breeze during the daylight hours to keep the temperature in the 70's.

This week's issue of Life magazine came to hand in this morning's post. Shortly after noon, I. S. Willard 'phoned to say "our" David Snell has an article in it about his misadventure with a dab of miracle medicine. I. S. W. remarked that his experience stems from only two or three weeks back when David's wife on Long Island 'phoned David's mama, Ada Jack Carver Snell in Minden, La., advising her of the upset. Ada Jack, in turn, called her Hatchitoches sister, the Carver girls and they in turn were supposed to have advised I. S. W. but they only got around to attend to doing so this past week. Readers of Life must be impressed on occasion with the speed with which that publication slips pictorial accounts of the week's doings. Obviously however, the bulk of the material appearing in a particular issue must represent some time spread as between the time an article is prepared and the date it appears in print. In the present Snell article, however, it is apparent that only a couple of weeks intervened between the time David wrote it and its incorporation into the magazine.

I assume most articles of this particular nature must be contributed by members of the staff of a magazine, as related to them by people who have gone through the mill. What strikes one as unusual in this instance is the fact that something happened to a member of a magazine's own staff who was capable of living through the misadventure and thus capable of relating first hand all of the details, especially those of personal reactions and at the same time be in a position to put the story into print with such rapidity.

Carmen called this morning to voice her delight in being able to drive her car again. For the past 24 hours, she has been careful not to take it out of the garage. It seems she had decided to have a new policy for wider coverage. The former policy ran out on Sunday and the new coverage would not "take hold" until today, - Tuesday, - and so, just to be on the safe side, she denied herself the use of it yesterday, feeling she would prefer experiencing the inconvenience of not having it for one day that to take the risk of operating without protection provided by the insurance for a whole, long single day.



14885

14885

Wednesday, May 24th, 1967.

When I went to supper tonight, Doreatha asked me if I had seen Mr. Pipes this afternoon. I said I had not. She said he had 'phoned her from town about 1 o'clock, saying he had some things for her grandchildren and would be bringing them down if there was someone at her house to receive them. She had planned to run in to town this afternoon but didn't expect to leave before 3 o'clock and so he dropped in at 2 and the children were might happy over their new toys.

Today's post brought me another installment of the Look presentation of the Manchester opus. I laugh to myself at the manner in which I am reading this excellent account of the Death of the President. It began with part 1, covering the journey of the Kennedys to Texas. I assumed the serialization was in three parts and thought I was reading that third part when the next installment arrived. The part that arrived today, however did not fit into and just ahead of the second thing I had read for what came today has to do with the incredible uproar at the hospital in Dallas after the President had been driven there. From this I conclude the 2nd part that covers the murder must be somewhere in the offing and yet to be forwarded to me. From all this, I conclude I must have been in error in supposing the serialization to be in three parts but in reality in four parts of which I have first read the first part, then the fourth part, then the third part and, eventually one hopes, the second part will come to hand. As the entire story is all too well known, just how one examines the Manchester presentation doesn't matter so far as comprehending what's going on is concerned but I must say I am impatient to undertake the reading from beginning to end at some future time in order to comprehend the better the full impact of the author's presentation. My adventures in this approach to the story makes me wonder how it would seem to attend the theatre in which a four act play is being staged and how strange the sitting would be if the order were the same as my approach to this book, -- Act 1 being offered first, followed by the final Act 4, with Act 3 following and the final scene being Act 2. No matter how excellent the play, it certainly would not produce the same impact if ushered forth in such a strange arrangement.

Remarkable to relate, there's a Napoleon awaiting my attention in the ice box and I'm heading in his direction right now, -- Napoleon and a glass of milk.....

14886

14886

Wednesday, May 24th, 1967.

Memorandum: Illustration of the night sky as seen from the front gallery last week which are already up and threatening to climb.

Another splendid day duplicating yesterday except for calmer breezes. The nights continue cooler than they usually are in May. -- sort of 50-ish before morning. Vegetation continues to grow as witness some dishrag gourd seeds I planted along the front gallery last week which are already up and threatening to climb.

For some reason perhaps known to him but certainly not to me, the postman decided to advance his rounds an hour and a half earlier than schedule this morning. I accordingly withheld yesterday's memo from the post and shall mail it in its own envelope at the same time I drop this at the Post Office in the morning if I can manage to get ahead of Uncle Sam's postal helper.

Kay came down this afternoon and gave the impression she was generally happy with the world which is somewhat novel in her case. The store had sent me a couple of Houston ladies at 12 o'clock and I got rid of them just about 2. She had just arrived as I was making my adieu to the Lone Star girls. One of the latter on departing somewhat coyly asked me what I thought her age might be since I didn't see very well in such bright sunshine. Politely I guessed half a century, giggled all over with delight and declared herself to be 76. From that episode, it is clear enough to appreciate how much better they would have been spending their time shopping in town.

Kay said she is leaving for Charleston this coming Tuesday. "You don't mind traveling on holiday," I inquired.

She hastened to say that Tuesday isn't a holiday, which wrapped up Memorial Day speedily enough. I was curious to ask if she was going to do anything about the following day, not because that is the 31st but simply because it's her husband's birthday but I thought it better for me to attend to my own knitting in the direction.



14887

14887

She had forgotten she had told me she had let Dr. Yvonne Philips occupy 1220 Williams. Dr. Philips will move at occasional piece of furniture there during the summer since John and Thelma will not be returning until September. Kay will have the garden taken care of and that will remove all responsibility for such details from the occupant.

Kay was enchanted with the "Born Free" picture about the lions. She James on Sunday, the Carvers on Monday and Sue Lawton Tuesday and can't wait until she can take off for the lion country for, as she explained it somewhat to my surprise, "Africa is now the safest continent in the whole world".

Like many readers, I suppose, Kay likes to read what she likes and accordingly brought down a book by Helen Hoover about animals, especially deer in Northeastern Minnesota. We spent about three hours reading it, especially the chapters she had enjoyed and it was all very pleasant for guest and host alike.

On the College front, there seems to be a lot of talk about the carpeting of some hall or perhaps several halls. The wife of the Dean runs a drapery shop in town and the contract for the college work was given her shop. The Dean is a big buddy of new President, both of those gentlemen having once been coaches in the athletic departments of their respective schools and both put their shoulders to the wheel to make life untenable for John when it looked as though both might step into high scholastic positions when John retired. Surely this giving of the contract for furnishings to the wife of the second in command at the college shows mighty poor judgement on the part of these two administrators.

On the newspaper front there is a vast buzzing going on about the possibility of Charles selling the Times. He is trying to keep his "behind the Arras" unknown to his wife who would probably frown on such a move. As Charles owes the paper outright and as his wife has ample financial resources, money doesn't seem to be the object for selling. My grapevine from his office reports he is acting in a very curious fashion these days and of course one look at his paper is sufficient to give any one the impression he is off his rocker. He is furious at the lady doctor, long his physician. He called her the other day asking her to come to his house give him a physical checkup. She responded: "Oh, for Heaven's sake, take a couple of aspirin tablets and take a couple of hours nap and you'll be alright." Charles was wounded by such a hint that hypochondria had got the better of him and immediately call another physician who found nothing wrong with him physically. So things turn as we head down the final week in May. As for myself, I am in the direction of an avocado salad and thence to I

14888

14888

Thursday, May 25th, 1967.

Memorandum:

A pure summer day.

For the first time this season, I noticed some of the crepe myrtles are beginning to come into flower. I believe that those of the watermelon red are usually first in the parade. I counted three trees of this coloring doing business this morning.

This is the first day I have dug any of this season's Irish potatoes. If memory serves, I planted them rather later than usual this season and assume lots of people up and down the river may have been digging them before this late in the month. The tomatoes are now about as big around in the middle as a silver dollar but haven't started turning from green to red as yet. But next week we should be able to start them rolling from their vines to the dinnertable. The bell peppers are big enough to pick now, too, but I shall wait until next week to pluck some of them.

Mrs. Chopin phoned me this morning to say she had just been advised by her husband's physician in the Veterans Hospital that the patient has been placed on the critical list and that she might visit him at any time of day or night. Her husband, Mathew Chopin, is a cousin of Mathew Hertzog and as Mat's wife, Dee Hertzog, is a close friend of Celeste, Mrs. Chopin said she would be glad if I would advise Celeste and J. H. so one or the other of them might pass the news of Mat Chopin's condition to the people at Magnolia. Following the first operation on Mat Chopin, --some kind of a colon business, the doctors were trying to build him up in anticipation of a second operation for cancer but the patient has been losing weight steadily. Perhaps this turn for the worse will preclude the necessity for the second operation.

I shall enclose a letter from Los Angeles from a former resident of the Cane River country, the family property being across the river and perhaps 6 or 8 miles below St. Augustin's church. On occasion I have been



28841

14889

able to do another minor service for the lady when she has dwelt in Chicago or when she has brought friends from thither and you to the Cane River country and I could lend a hand in facilitating one thing or another. She has often expressed herself as pleased that somebody has written things about her mulatto heritage. In view of these facts, I take it the lady must have penned the letter she did when she was under the influence of some powerful stimulant or under the spell of some racial bigot such as stirred things to the combustible state in Watts and God knows where all during the past few years.

Naturally I have felt very strongly that negroes of the Stokely Carmichael school were exceedingly ill advised to throw birchbats at leaders like Presidents Kennedy and Johnson who have done so much to assist in the advancement of colored people. Although in quite a different bracket, I am surprised such a letter should be addressed to me instead of somebody of the Ku Klux Klan breed. But here is this example of things as they are and it goes without saying I was altogether enchanted in noting that the letter was dated June 18th instead of May 18th, thereby enabling me to splash a little oil either on to troubled waters or into the fire, I know not which. Everyday countless people I am sure are making mistakes in dates, such as in this instance 6-18-67 instead of 5-18-67, but since this incoming epistle in itself was a mistake incorporating a mistake in the date to boot, it seemed like the latter was the one to stress in making my response.

I must touch on one other matter in the letter, -- the enumeration of several important mulatto personalities, several of whom chance to be my friends. I had not however heard of Shakespeare Lacour before. Verily I must turn to Shakespeare, don't you think?

Garment called me this morning to say she had just received a card from Thelma, posted in Spain, the card carrying a likeness of the Alhambra. She and John have driven a couple of thousand miles since their arrival in Luxembourg -- whenever that was. They are finding much restoration work in progress in Spain and all prices much more reasonable than in France..

And now for a dash of desk work and after that a round to the ice box where a chilled salad consisting primarily of beets, cucumbers, onions, and bell pepper, a hunk of Roquefort cheese and some home made bread await my coming.....

14890

18841

Friday, May 26th, 1967.

Memorandum: Another sparkling summer day in the 80's with just enough stir of air from the southwest to keep a pleasant circulation of air in motion. We are threatened with a 10 percent chance for showers over the weekend. We don't need any moisture from on high at the moment but I reckon we could absorb it if it should decide to descend upon us. There was something on the CBS out of New York about the summer-heat in the midwest and the wintry weather in New England but, to my disappointment, not a word was mentioned as to which side Lyme might be inclining in this odd extremes of temperatures.

The nicest thing about today was the morning's post bringing Wednesday's letter from Lyme, together with enclosures, all of which have been the source of complete enchantment throughout the day. Lestan was delighted with the samples of the new frock and says he has already formulated a mental picture of the finished creation even before the seamstress has engineered the final fitting. Little Miss Lee remarked upon Lestan's reference to the color of her eyes. Their coloring and the memory of it, he says, is something for which he will forever be grateful to God for having given him the ability to have gazed upon same long before shadows descended. Thanks to that blessing, not to mention the profound impression they, the eyes, both their coloring and the vista they opened into Paradise is an experience so inspiring and so refreshing that the memory of same will remain forever and clear and lucid as though he had glimpsed them for the first time only yesterday.

It is so good to have the clipping about Mr. Morgan and his appointment. In view of the tricks that daylight does to radio reception, Mr. Morgan whose program could be discovered only over a Chicago station, -WLS, has always had a way of withdrawing from the radio in early April and returning only in September. To say that I have missed him exceedingly during those several month intervals is putting it very mildly.

Before the advent of Daylight Savings, I never could



02841

14891

Friday, May 25th, 1967

track down the Brinkly broadcasts although occasionally I could catch up with Huntly over a San Antonio station but the pushing up of the clock knocked the San Antonio station out of contact until much later in the evening. By dint of considerable fishing about in the ether waves, I have discovered only this week that in separate broadcasts, I can see them both, in separate appearances, over an Alexandria station at 5:45 p.m.

I thought of the title of one of Charles Dickens' books, -- Bleak House -- when mention was made of the impending journeys to be made as of yesterday. How vividly I recall the last trip I made there. I suppose many things have changed along the route since then but even so, I find myself repeating the same journey all over again in spirit. It is so kind of you to acquaint me with the situation and how the various members of the family are faring and re-acting or, perhaps more precisely, --not re-acting. I shall be looking forward to further particulars, should an opportunity occur soon for jotting down impressions. I never felt I understood the junior member of the family very well, perhaps because of a lack of sympathetic understanding on both sides and possibly because I somehow instinctively felt that junior, not possessed of senior's brilliance, was and always would be inclined to be somewhat reserved as a sort of self protection, redizing as he possibly did that in large measure, as it seemed to me, he was always more or less flabating along as a somewhat empty boat traveling in the wake of senior's greater pulling power.

It is so nice learning how the natal day celebration turned out and I'm so glad the menu was mentioned. I'm wondering about the strawberry cake and if it was biscuit made of pound cake in type. Both can be delectable but I'm inclined to believe that the biscuit type is rather best, one great big biscuit, cut horizontally and ample quantities of strawberries chopped up in sugar oozing all through the thing.

It is so wonderful to have had this weekend started off under such pleasant auspices and I trust Memorial Day may turn out just grand at Lyme.....

14892

02841

Sunday, May 28th, 1967.

Memorandum: Clear to slightly hazy with the thermometer running from 70 to 90.

Thus far the prolonged weekend has been wonderfully peaceful. Let's hold the thought it may carry through on the same note.

On Saturday morning along about 9:45 on somebody's time, I marched to the Post Office and there on the gallery encountered Juanita B. and her two offspring. They had walked over from the camp to be at the Post Office to meet the flock of Girl Scouts, happily styled Brownies, being a group of 7 year oldsters and friends of Juanita's children who were entertaining the Brownies for the day at the camp.

I think it was not the fault of the Brownies but of their parents who eventually arrived, precisely one hour late. There were perhaps 15 or 20 of them and I never saw a finer bevy of children, all of whom behaved like human beings. We had a little more than an hour together and if they had half as much fun as I did, they are still looking back to yesterday with no end of delight.

Juanita B. provided the laugh of the morning when she whispered an aside to me in the midst of things. It happened in my boudoir when one of the children, somewhat detached from the other youngsters, pointed to the big old iron safe in the corner of the room and asked me to tell her about it. I explained that it was a very old safe, made by hand, and that seven of the scores of iron nail heads scattered all over the thing were false and that if these seven could be discovered and moved in the proper sequence, the door would fly open and all my gold spill out. From the living room, Juanita's daughter came hustling to us to ask where the object was about which we were talking. When I had shown her and stepped back, Juanita said under her breath:

"Do you see the Henry in her....just mention gold and any of them will come running....."



38841

14893

There were a few pilgrims this afternoon, --Florida, Illinois, California and so on. I might have done more at my desk where the stir of air from a electric fan made things comfortable enough but too often my desk had to be forsaken for a whiz around the gardens with people, some of whom were capable of comprehending what it was all about, some incapable.

About 6 o'clock, Celeste called, suggesting we take a short ride before supper. That suited me as I had some telephoning I wanted to do at 8 o'clock.

As we drove out of the yard across the fence, a car stopped and the people asked if they might see Melrose. J. H. said he would conduct them while Celeste and I drove over to the camp to leave a package for Juanita B. and Pat. Pat volunteered to go and pick up J. H. and when they returned, J. H. Pat and I took a whiz to Little River and around, I don't know why and on our return to the camp, it was suggested we all take a boat ride which we did for a couple of miles or so. It, the boat, was one described as a "float-boat", with a remarkably silent engine and the whole contraption sufficiently easy to navigate so that the children did the guiding of the craft, --children in the 5 to 7 year old bracket.

On our return, it was decided that instead of returning home, we would remain at the camp for supper which was very pleasant, especially as it reminded me of another supper under the cedars with little Miss Lee.

We were back home by 9 and I immediately began trying to crank up the 'phone, only to discover that the Delphins who are on the line, must have left their receiver off the hook. I have continued picking up the instrument here on my desk until the present hour, --11:30, but the receiver on the Delphin line remains off.

With Wednesday, May 31st being James' natal day and with Tuesday being a national holiday and hence no outgoing mail, I thought I had better be-stir myself today to get something in the mail on the morrow. With Hatchitoches only 15 miles up the road, it does seem odd one has to post things on the 28th to get a delivery on time. I suppose Kay takes off for South Carolina on the morrow or perhaps on Tuesday, the 30th. I can but wonder if her departure as planned indicates she has forgotten about the natal day since, as she indicated the other day, there is no urgency about that hop. And so things turn. The 'phone remains out of whack and I am on the point of folding.....

38841

14894

Monday, May 29th, 1967.

Memorandum:  
Warm and humid with sunshine in the morning, clouds in the afternoon and a half inch of rain at dusk-dark.  
Three tendrils of my grapevine reported doings in the Hatchitoches Times office with emphasis on the strange doings by Charles Cunningham himself.

Mrs. Walker called me this noon to say that Charles had sold 49 percent of the Times stock to Louven Thomas, formerly a successful newspaper owner in south Louisiana, --Sulphur, or some such place. On her return from New Orleans a month or so ago, Mrs. Walker advised Charles that she had chatted with Mr. Thomas while in New Orleans attending some kind of a convention and at that time, Mr. Thomas had mentioned he was in the market to buy outright or take a financial interest in a newspaper with a view to having his 31 year old son take an active part in the newspaper field. Charles wrote him and now the deal has been concluded, it is said. The son who is now doing something or other with the Legislature will come to Hatchitoches within two weeks and after three months, the Times will be placed in his hands as manager but, --and here's the rub, --Charles will continue as Editor and publisher.

From that I take it that young Mr. Thomas is going to have his hands full if he thinks he is going to make Charles with his fifty one percent of the stock, do anything different from what he has been doing right along which is to say, turn out a lousier and lousier newspaper.

Carmen called me at 2 to report as above. She had told me last week Charles is making so much money he doesn't know what to do with it simply because there is no other newspaper in this area. By way of aside, I must say I have never been able to understand why people like Charles, proclaiming they are making so much money they don't know what to do with it, nei attempt to divest themselves of the problem simply by simply giving the workers in the business an increase in wages or, as an example, at least paying for a column instead of working like mad to prevent a penny going to the contributors.



14841

14895

What puzzles me further is the reason for disposing of 49 percent of the stock of a company that needs no additional capital and is making more money than the owner knows what to do with.

I didn't tell Mrs. Walker that Charles is busy telling every member of the Times staff including the cleaning woman, that if he wanted to, he could pay off his debt to Mrs. Walker against the now defunct Enterprise instead of stretching the payments over the ensuing 7 years and such a lump sum payment would cost Mrs. Walker twenty thousand dollars in income tax but because he is big hearted he is not doing so. It goes without saying that the more one tangles crackles, the quieter I get when another starts rattling, keeping in mind that old jingle:

"The wise old owl sat in the oak,  
The more he heard, the less he spoke,  
The less he spoke, the more he heard,  
Why aren't we all more like this old bird?"

There is one point on which all parties, including Charles' wife seem to agree and that is the fact that Charles, always somewhat wacky, is definitely much more so of late and seemingly getting increasingly so.

There was so much static this evening at news time, I could make little out of the broadcast from United Nations about the Egypt-Israel squabble going on there. It was and be broadcast at the time Messrs. Huntley and Brinkley are usually on the air. Accordingly, I turned to the May 29th recording of News Week and was impressed by the brief article about the Astor country place of Cliveden, five miles above Windsor Castle being turned over to the National Trust, whatever that is in England which is perhaps a Governmental thing rather than an independent organization as the National Trust is in the United States. Cliveden is an 18th century castle and I wonder at myself for having forgotten its history prior to its acquisition by the Astors and its heyday under Nancy Astor. I suppose it may have been the home of the Englishman, Clive, who did so much at the Empire building for the English in India in the 18th century. It seems such a pity there should have been a auction of the furnishings of the place for it seems to me those should have remained intact with the rest of the estate but perhaps England finds herself possessed of an embarrassment of riches in the historic castle department. The postman, having in mind rushing off to Texas for tomorrow's holiday, came a couple of hours ahead of schedule today and so I assume today's memo may have been cancelled in Hatchitoches.....

14841

14896

Cloudy and humid in the 80's. Hatchitoches got a shower at noon but this bend of the river did not. A spanking breeze blew up out of the northeast in the middle of the afternoon. It slowed down at sunset but the air continues stirring at this hour of 10:45.

#### Memorandum:

I suppose few national holidays have arrived on the calendar that I haven't voiced puzzlement at the way they go unobserved in this area except by the Post Office, the banks and perhaps Federal offices if any in the region. It was "business as usual" in town, I am told, what with all stores going great guns while in the country, in spite of last night's rain, plantation operations never divided from their day to day course. I don't know how this national holiday effected the major radio networks because I had no opportunity to do much tuning in on same. I did try to set my clock by 9 o'clock tone signal this morning, only to discover a major league baseball was already in progress and apparently the station to which I was anchored was too busy with broadcasting the great American pastime to bother about passing any attention to time.

Last night the usual NBC programs were swept off the air by a United Nations broadcast and tonight baseball eliminated both Huntley and Brinkley from their customary broadcasts. I did hear one news flash saying the Indianapolis automobile races had been called off because of rain but was promised that that feature would begin all over again on the morrow, weather permitting and so perhaps some regular programs will be sacrificed for the auto thing. That Huntley and Brinkley should have been eradicated two nights in a row, first by the U.N. thing and then the baseball broadcast does seem a little on the odd side. I find myself wondering if one would be correct in understanding the baseball should have priority over news casts to the point of eliminating the Huntley and Brinkley presentations two days in a row. Before breakfast this morning, two power mowers began attacking the lawns merrily. Fugabou was operating one, Olite the



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other. I was surprised that Fugabou should have put in an appearance for people who know about such details tell me this is the first time since a week ago yesterday that he has ventured outside his cabin except to scurry across the bridge to get more liquor. It is said he goes for days without eating anything and for some people, wine probably as an exclusive in-take, probably will sustain life for a long time. About 9 o'clock he parked his mower and sought me out, asking if I had any medicine for cramps in the stomach. He lasted another hour and then faded out of the picture and never did put in an appearance for the balance of the day. His daughter, Billy Gene who has been drunk for the past couple of weeks has had no time to look after an ailing baby approaching death, it is said. Her child was taken to a hospital this morning by Fugabou's other daughter, Helen, and Billy Gene was "poured" into the automobile with the child so the hospital must have been presented with two rather than one patient when they arrived. I reckon the baby will be lucky if brought back in a box. The next older child, -- I believe there were five or six, died of malnutrition last year and how the others survive, I have no idea. How Fugabou, their grandfather, keeps going after years of this sort of thing fills me with awe and wonderment.

The May 29th issue of News Week has an article, -- a few paragraphs, -- about Dr. Hammer which I found enlightening. For example, I had not realized before that it was he who purchased the Roosevelt estate on Camp Bello Island and presented it to the Canadian and United States Government as an international park. The article referred to Dr. Hammer's 9 years in Russia and his purchase of the Imperial treasures which he brought to this country in 1930 when all of us had an opportunity to view them before they were disposed of.

And speaking of Romanoff treasures, I wish you might have seen the pretty basket of freshly plucked vegetables delivered before dawn to the house across the fence. I did not see it until at that hour and at 9 o'clock, the lady told the servant when I arrived at the coffee hour that she wasn't feeling well and was resting. It was said there was a beauty salon appointment for this afternoon and a jaunt to New Orleans tomorrow or next day so that a little rest, in spite of carpenters and plumbers working in the house, was undoubtedly an excellent idea. "Conservation of human energy is the first law."

And so the Memorial holiday or non-holiday cometh to a close. I hope it has been as peaceful in Lyme as it has been locally.....

14898

30841

Wednesday, May 31st, 1967.

Memorandum: Lots of weather today. It was cloudy in the morning, an inch and a half of rain falling during the middle of the day, followed by clearing skies. Shreveport got a half inch and much of that within a couple of hours, -- 4 to 6 a.m. It flooded lower sections of the city.

By mid morning radio stations put out tornado warnings, something to the effect that these would occur anytime up to 5 p.m. sixty miles either side of a line running from 50 miles north of Jackson, Miss. to 50 miles west of Alexandria, La. That would appear to cut right through the Cane River country but, so far as I know, nothing in particular happened. There were a few gusts of wind but of no velocity and while a few large limbs, especially lye-can tree limbs, crashed but to more the result of the increased weight brought on by the rain rather than any unusual air currents.

Around 7 o'clock this morning, J. H. drove to Shreveport and Celeste drove to Alexandria. At supper J. H. reported having seen lots of water in the fields along his route. I did not see Celeste at any time today.

The thermometer "hoovered" around the 70's all day. For the first time this Spring, the okra garden went under water, not from the volume of water but from the speed with which the rain descended. It will all be drained off before morning unless more moisture passes this way tonight. We are threatened with nothing of the sort before tomorrow afternoon.

I phoned James today to wish him a happy natal day. He did not mention the greeting I had forwarded by mail. Perhaps he had not received that. Perhaps his post was out of joint even as was the local one for our postman who had been so early last Monday, was two hours behind schedule today.

Although there was some station on the radio this evening,



14899

14899

I was successful in tracking down both Huntley and Brinkley, --  
the first time this week.

I am enclosing today's Hatchitoches paper. The column is entitled "Dishrag and Diadem or some such. Several people took the trouble to phone me to say they enjoyed it although, so far as I know, none of them are interested in gourds.

I. S. Willard called this afternoon to ask me something about "little justice" and how it operated. After finishing off 18th century governmental doings in France, we switched to the United States and she mentioned something about Emerson which brought us around to Concord, Mass., and she remarked in passing that one of the ancestors of her son, a Willard, owned by grant the Concord or what was later to become Concord early in the 1600's and said that the aforesaid Willard had later conveyed the tract to one of the Harvards, the one, she thought, who gave Harvard college its first big push. She also mentioned that her son had been given a book running down the Willard family tree which was quite interesting. One member of the family in the second generation back had been Col. Willard who had served as Ambassador to Spain. It was his daughter, she said, who married Kermit Roosevelt, son of Theodore.

I don't know what, if any, progress I. S. W. is making on her study about one of her ancestors who married the duc d'Orleans, papa of Philippe Egalite. Understandably enough, I think she has had to do some deep wading to keep her 17th and 18th ducs d'Orleans straight. I suggested to her that she concentrate on only a few and thus avoid getting lost, remembering that Louis XIV's brother was the duc d'Orleans, followed by Louis XIV's brother, his son known as the Regent, his son and then Philippe Egalite and then his son Louis Philippe. Somehow the discussion of this subject reminds me of a tombstone in an old graveyard wherein one family plot contains not only the names of the parents of 9 children but that 4 of those 9 children, all having died in infancy, were all bearers of the same name, -- first, middle and last.

And now for a slice of pound cake, a glass of chocolate milk and so to bed....

14900

14900

Thursday, June 1st, 1967.

Memorandum: The weather remains damp. Thunder rolled for 24 hours straight and static made radio reception impossible.

At 6 o'clock this morning I was enchanted to discover that most of the water had drained out of the hana garden but the cloudy skies and continued rumbling of thunder promised nothing favorable. About 8 o'clock a.m., the rains returned, dropping a little over 5 inches on top the dampened soil and the thunder rumbled on throughout the balance of the day. It is still sprinkling at 10:14 tonight but it seems to me the thunder has faded considerably.

Last night at supper, J. H. spoke of the water he had observed in Shreveport. This morning at breakfast, I asked the clerk if J. H. and Celeste had already departed for New Orleans. He said J. H. had but asked me how I supposed Celeste might be with him. "Because she told me on Sunday she was going with him."

Well, it seems Celestewent to Alexandria and some other places below there yesterday and on starting for home, felt faint and had somebody drive her and her car for her and J. H. on her arrival here just after he had returned from Shreveport, took her to the hospital in town for arrest. It seems odd he never mentioned this at supper but he didn't.

It is said she felt even so much better this morning and decide to return here but "it was decided" she had better remain there another 24 hours, primarily, perhaps, because J. H. will be spending tonight in New Orleans. The clerk's observation on the matter seemed to be covered by a forceful but ungrammatical sentence:

"She sure does act like children." In view of all the water that descended this morning, the garden, of course, under water and the yesterday pool under the big oak has expanded to lake proportions. The allee running from Yucca in the direction of the side gate has been under 3 or 4 inches water all day. Needless to say, there have been no pilgrims.



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As I turned the page, the 'phone rang. --Ann Williams  
Brittain. What she wanted was some tiles for her bathroom.  
She was out of luck. She said her mama and papa had just  
returned from their trip. I had not known they had been on  
a trip. It seems they have been up to Wisconsin or  
Michigan or where ever it is that their eldest son is studying  
for the priesthood. They took Ann's old boy with them and  
a grand time was had by all. no more yuck and  
Ann said that she and her husband had been to  
Shreveport today and found traveling very tiresome, what  
with so much water over the road that they had to creep  
along at a snail's pace much of the way. She said  
further that she had resigned from her Welfare job as of  
this 1st day of June, planning to devote all  
her time now to her children and the finishing of their  
new home which will be ready for occupancy about August 1st.  
And just as I put the period to the last sentence, Mrs.  
Walker called to say she is having some people in  
for supper and asked if she might call me a little later  
about a column. She said she had been out earlier in the  
evening to see some contractor about having something done on her  
apartment and while there, met somebody from the Natchitoches Times  
office who told her that it appears Charles is getting  
somebody to run his office just in time since Charles obviously  
is cracking up and he and his wife at the same time are approach-  
ing the breaking point. Poor Charles, so sure he had the  
world by the tail and now the tail seems to be coming apart at the  
joints. In view of the inclemency of the weather, it is  
quite understandable that secretaries got lost today. I have  
several pieces of mail that I think I can acknowledge  
without waiting to read the contents of the unopened letters and  
there are two or three other notes to be knocked off and, if  
I'm not too sleepy, perhaps a column. In spite of  
the outdoor activities in keeping the swirling waters going  
in the right direction most of the day, I don't seem  
tired and am even hoping to read a page or two before folding  
up my beard. So June, month of brides, gets under way  
and I hold the thought the Lyme brides, if any, this first day of  
the month did not get rained on today.....

14902

00001

Friday, June 2nd, 1967.

Humid and warmer with a curtain of gauze to filter the  
sun and conceal most of the stars. As a consequence of recent downpours  
various places along the highways still have water over  
the highways but not enough to impede traffic. About  
7 and a half inches fell within 24 hours. Shreveport received  
about 10 inches in 2 days so that that region is now only  
7 inches behind in rainfall thus far this year.  
I heard a story today about a misadventure with a  
passport which I found odd but my information is first hand.  
A lady living in Marthaville in this Parish was traveling recently  
in the Orient. At Hong-kong when she and the other travelers in  
the same party presented their passports to be stamped, the  
official to whom she handed her passport was momentarily  
interrupted in his duties, perhaps a telephone call or some such, and  
then turned back to the lady, saying he would now take her  
passport and stamp it. She replied that she had handed it to  
him just before he had been distracted. He said she  
was mistaken and had not handed it to him. After some  
expressions of opinion on the matter, the lady was told  
that if she had lost her passport, she would have to go to  
Singapore. --Heaven knows why to Singapore, to  
secure another. She did just that and at considerable  
inconvenience, as one may imagine. Then the lady proceeded  
on her tour reaching Marthaville some time later.  
There she found a letter, posted from Hong-kong awaiting  
her. The letter contained an apology from the official, saying  
that somehow the passport had been covered by a sheet of paper  
on his desk at the time of the interruption. That's all I  
know about the incident. I assume Hong-kong officials are British.  
Whether the original passport was enclosed in the letter, I  
know not but assume it was. I suppose similar mix-ups may happen  
occasionally but this is the first one I ever heard of.  
J. H. returned from New Orleans just before supper. He  
said there had been plenty of rain in the southern part of the State but there had not been much  
in the north. He said the rain was not enough to  
stop the mosquitoes but it was a relief. He said  
the mosquitoes were still bad but not as bad as  
before. He said the mosquitoes were still bad but  
not as bad as before. He said the mosquitoes were  
still bad but not as bad as before. He said the  
mosquitoes were still bad but not as bad as before.  
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Friday, June 2nd, 1967

been the volume that had obtain in this area. Cane River rose 2 feet in the past 24 hours and is expected to rise further but not to flood stage when the rain falling on the Montrose hills drains into the river.

J. H. said that Celeste will remain in the hospital until tomorrow. A rest cure of a couple of days ought to work wonders, one would suppose.

I called James this afternoon to pass along the address of somebody at the college about whom he had inquired concerning the reading of one of his manuscripts. He seemed to be fine. It is interesting that he did not mention his birthday.

Of these enclosures, they speak for themselves. I'm glad Spain is doing so much restoration work as the card from the Kyers indicates. It's always nice hearing from Del although I find her at her best when she is not attempting economic or political subjects. What she has to say about the Arabs, however, does express an impression very close to my own and especially in their current impetus to keep the military pot boiling instead of expending their energy on something constructive.

I intended marking the birthday card sent with yesterday's memo and signed Eve. It was from Eve Wood who lives in Wichita, Kansas. The burning of automobiles as mentioned in her note sounds very bad. I believe Wichita is one of those midwestern cities and mushroomed wonderfully during the 2nd World War. I take it that like so many other post-war metropolises, Wichita is witnessing a mushrooming of crime, too. With all the things crying for attention on the positive side, it does seem odd that the Arabs can think of nothing better than starting another scuffle.

I have dipped into the last two or three issues of News Week and found the writing excellent and most of the subjects interesting to me although I know nothing and care less about some of the more intricate financial dealings mentioned. In these few issues of the publication, and they don't form enough for a judgement, it is interesting to see how the news is slanted, not by twisting things too much but simply by omitting mention of points or subjects favorable to the Democrats and playing up Republican ideas and personalities. In short, it is subtle and makes for good reading if one doesn't lose sight of topics skipped over to be found in other sources.

And so the first June weekend begins and so I must fold up my beard for the moment.....

14904

14904

Sunday, June 4th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair, humid and warmer in the upper 80's.

The nicest thing about the weekend is the Thursday letter from Lyme. It is such a blessing to be provided with such a splendid collection of vignettes of the various aspects of life as viewed from little Miss Lee's vantage point from the prospect of feathered visitors which summer to what is astir at Bleak House.

It's good having news of A and M surroundings and I smile at the mention of these initials, reminding me as they do of that famous Texas school, known as Texas A. and M. for short, standing for Agricultural and Mechanical, neither name in the Texas combination seeming to correspond to the Lyme individuals of long acquaintance.

And thanks for telling me about mid town or down town doings. I am so glad to learn that Art is spilling all over the square and even seeping through some of the adjoining thoroughfares. As for the complete story as penned by Cervantes, it seems to me a synopsis of it would be all that one would care about reading in this busy world in which we find ourselves until one really found an unexpected

amount of time to devote to literature of the 600's. The characters in the piece remain in varying degrees of vagueness because I read them when a child and was being given a smattering of Spanish. --Don Quixotte, Dulcinea del Toboso, Sancho Pansa, Rosinate and all the rest. Much of the story has faded from my memory or at least most of the episodes. I am under the impression from this distance from childhood that I was probably too young when reading it to catch much of its significance. What's more, I recall that Don Quixotte was among the literary masterpieces which more than one man of letters has expressed the view that the work might well be cut down mightily without losing any of its value. I suppose the best remembered part of the book had to do with the hero tilting at windmills. If memory serves, the knights with spears and armor had long disappeared from human society when Don Quixotte came along. But he held the thought of the in great reverence, symbols of good, and he rigged himself up in such costumes from days long gone to fight the giants of evil abroad in the land, imagining the windmills he encountered with their great of spinning wings, to be the embodiment of these giants



14905

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On the home front things turn much as usual, the vegetables looking especially pert in spite of the past week's two inundations. The bell peppers are especially fine, as big as one's fist and ready for stuffing or whatever use one wants to make of them.

As for my coffee companion, she returned from the hospital Saturday afternoon. I dropped in to see how she was making it about 6 o'clock. She was just up from a nap and seemed a little on the petulant side. She went to church this morning and to a tea in town this afternoon. At 6 o'clock supper she did not partake of food when J. A. and I did but planned to run into town again to attend some kind of a meeting which began at 7. I am very ignorant about human reaction to illness as manifested by my neighbors and so I don't attempt to comprehend the course that leads one into the hospital and up and down the big road in such swift succession.

Mr. Chopin had a second major operation on Thursday when a tumor was removed. His son, Mat, junior, had driven down from Dayton, Ohio, and spent Friday with his papa. On Saturday noon, Mrs. Chopin phoned to say she and her son were going to spend the afternoon in Alexandria or Pineville with Mr. Chopin. As Mat, junior, had never visited Melrose, she asked if they might stop off here on their way back to Hatchitoches. The night,-- even though Saturday evening and night constitute poor visiting hours. I asked that they tiptoe into the place if they came after dark so the patient across the fence would not be disturbed. At 11 o'clock, they called me from Hatchitoches, saying they had just reached home and realized it was too late to stop off here on their way. It certainly was even though I had waited for them. Understandably Mr. Chopin remains on the critical list. The son plans to return to Dayton on the morning. Mrs. Chopin has reservations for the trip to Sun Valley, Idaho, to attend the National Press Association convention there on June 17th. The lady doctor in town who is keeping in touch by phone with the surgeon in Alexandria, advises Mrs. Chopin to retain her reservations for the 17th since nobody at the moment can guess if Mr. Chopin will die any time or if he will live for months or even years. Such uncertainties must keep one in a most unsettled state of mind, I should think.

The radio says fair weather stretches just ahead. We can take it. I hold the thought it may be balmy in June, soon....

14906

14906

Monday, June 5th, 1967.

Memorandum: Partly cloudy to fair in the 80's with a promise of dry weather through Wednesday at least.

August was supposed to lend me at hand this morning and although he put in an appearance, he wasn't much help, what with his hang-over from yesterday's frolic. By afternoon, however, he had a better idea of where he was. Quite a bit of hoeing went on in the garden which needed stirring considerably after all the packing of the soil by last Wednesday's and Thursday's rains.

I saw the artist at the post office this morning, the first time in quite a while. She looked as neat and trim as always and said she was sorry she didn't have any paintings yesterday when the California people I had sent her dropped in. She said Mr. Pipes had dropped in for a visit on Saturday afternoon and asked if he had dropped in here. I said I reckoned he must have been frightened off by pilgrims who might have been here about that time.

I talked with I. S. Willard this afternoon. She had much to tell me about Thursday adventures in the rain storm. She started out in her car to drive a couple of blocks to pick up somebody for luncheon but only got half way to her destination when water drowned out the engine. Somebody in another higher built car came along and rescued her from her stalled vehicle, carried her on to where ever she was going and then, to her surprise and delight, returned to her car, got it started and drove it to the Willard residence and parked it there awaiting her return. In the midst of the conversation we were cut off. I called her back, dialing 352 - 3235. I could hear the sound of the phone ringing and a "voice with a smile" said:

"This is information. May I help you." Information number is 411 which doesn't include a single digit of the I. S. W. number and one can but wonder how one can dial one set of digits and find one's self connected with a party having none of the digits in the number dialed.



14907

14907

I tried again and got I. S.W. immediately. She had been doing some research covering the West Indies in particular and especially the travels on foot by some Spanish priest who in the early 1720's traveled from some place in Honduras, through what is now Guatemala, Mexico, Texas and finally on to Natchitoches, all of which sounds like quite a walk for those early times. What she wanted to tell me particularly was the fact in papers covering the 1730's, she found several dated from Marly. She mentioned 1732 and 1733, all of which impressed me because I had vaguely thought of Marly as not being frequented much by Louis XV in the earlier years of his reign.

Yesterday I heard a pronunciation on the radio in a news program that momentarily gave me quite a turn. If I mention the name, Irene, my point will be clearer, perhaps. The man broadcasting stated that a British airplane had struck a peak in the P-Irene mountains separating France from Spain. I suppose the Pyrenees have been called many a thing but this effort was a new twist to my ears. "Pie-rene".

Two phone calls just interrupted this memo. One was from Mrs. Walker who wanted to ask me about three towns in different sections of France. She has a cousin in Denver who has been busy running up and down the branches of the Mattie family tree. It is said one bunch of people emigrated from one or another of these three towns en masse, settling in the neighborhood of Syracuse, New York, and eventually establishing a community called Mattieville somewhere in central or upper New York State. An inevitable family crest is involved, of course, which seems to be of interest to nobody in the family except the Denver cousin. I recommended the names of three sources of the 18th century in which families possessed of crests were listed and perhaps that will start the Denver gal going in the right direction.

Mrs. Chopin called to say her son headed back to Dayton today. She had just talked with the Veteran's hospital and was advised that Mr. Chopin had had a fairly good day but still remains on the critical list. It is easy to understand how Mrs. Chopin's enthusiasm about the Sun Valley trip has evaporated. --scheduled for June 17th. A piece of pound cake and a jug of chocolate milk beckon from the nice box and I must respond forthwith.....

14908

14908

Tuesday, June 6th, 1967.

Fair in the 70 - 80 range and withal delightful.

The Parish paper that used to appear on Mondays came out on its new Tuesday schedule today. I had half forgotten the subject of the column that made its bow in print, -- Way of Life -- or some such title. The peg on which it rested was quotations from an ante bellum newspaper. I didn't think much about it when I knocked it off but after several people had phoned me today, asking for more, I began to sit up and take notice. Verily I must undertake another one before long if readers find entertainment in such material. One thing is certain, I never tire of casting about in the columns of the ante bellum press. I must say there is scant straight news stories of much interest but the advertisements are frequently hilarious.

Today is one of those happy dates on the calendar when some bracket of welfare checks arrive and accordingly there were quite a few people loitering about the store gallery at the time I passed that way this morning. I was at once surprised and taken aback and delighted when I heard one oldster, a pillar in one of the plantation colored churches, inquire of one of his friends:

"I didn't hear no news this mornin' and I see a wonderin' how all us-es Jews a-doin' in their scufflin' with them 'Gypshuns'".

I lent an attentive ear for a few minutes to a conversation that switched back and forth from Biblical times to the present and back and forth again.

The whole rumpus currently going on in the Near East as reported by TV and radio is awfully nebular in the minds of most plantation folk. Naturally one would not expect them to know that the present Arab masters of Egypt have little or no relation to the Old Testament Egyptians who were pretty rough on the .... most ancient Jews. Everybody in the past century or so has taken it as



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a matter of course that the American negro of the old South has identified his own troubles with those of the Jews, led out of Egypt, -- interruption..... as I was saying, the American negro has long identified himself with the ancient Jews, led by Moses out of his Egyptian life of servitude. I had not, however, expected that today's local untutored negroes would so quickly take the side against the Arabs of Egypt in the current flare-up in the Near East.

Perhaps this is just another example of the unending surprises coming my way when it dawns on me from time to time just how surprisingly much they sometimes comprehend and again how much they don't. I think this statement is equally applicable to almost everyone encountered in one's day to day journey through life.

Instead of regular news programs this evening, the radio served speeches by various members of the United Nations Council and people representing the contending powers in the Near East squabble. Two of the speakers impressed me exceedingly. The Soviet head of the U. N. delegation with the bland way in which in the face of all present and the listening world, he twisted truth into falsehood in such a calm, measured fashion as to convince the listeners -- almost -- that he himself actually believed the lies he was spinning. As he spoke I recalled the denunciation given him the other day in his regular news commentary by Chet Huntley.

The other speaker who shone was the representative or perhaps Foreign Minister of Israel, Eban, or some such name. His voice is so pleasant, his diction so entrancing, it was a pleasure just to listen to him, not unlike the sensation one experiences to any recording by Alexander Scourby. Only first class literature is deserving of such an artist but if Eban or Scourby were content simply to read from the telephone book, I would find myself quite contented to listen forever.

I had a little telephoning I wanted to do tonight but haven't had an opportunity to do so as yet. I made my first effort at 7 o'clock and it is now 10:30 and the Delphin kids are still going a mile a minute on the party line, the burden of their conversation being nothing, I imagine, today must have been a busy one for Juanita B. and Pat for it was moving day for them. I'm glad the weather was cooperative and if they are too tired tonight, they ought to collapse expansively in their spiffy big new house in town....

mem

14910

Wednesday, June 7th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair to partly cloudy, thermometer at 90.

I was happy to see a letter from Lyme along with half a dozen other epistles in the morning's post. In anticipation of reading all of them at a single setting, not to mention the expectation of having considerable stuff dictated to me from the bellum newspapers, I made a somewhat elaborate preparation for a prolonged session. I was sitting down during the afternoon. But the best laid plans of mice and men are often upset by unexpected events. Instead of the secretary I had expected, a couple of these brothers came in instead. They were very buffed voices, none of them explained their presence. They were in the house because of a very bad cold. They should have remained with their own colds and their own coughs. They could speak only in such subdued whispers that I could hardly hear them. They spoke and when I heard had to be spelled out, and many words had to be spelled out, the sounds coming from their lips were so much alike that letters like b, c, d, e, g, p, t, v and so on all sounded alike and it was like a game of anagrams, trying to grab hold of one letter or another that might fit into what was being attempted.

Accordingly there was no effort made at receiving dictation on one letter was opened. Monday's from Lyme. When about half finished there was an interruption which provided sufficient excuse to send my two ailing helpers on their way. But we had progressed far enough for me to comprehend the major news item and some of the attendant circumstances. I sincerely appreciate the thoughtfulness implicit in the message, conveying as the message did, all that has been swirling around during the past several days. Verily, it did sound like Bleak House and I shall be holding the thought that now the full shock is over, there may be some re-adjustment of things for the survivors in the days ahead.

Reverting to the subject of secretaries, I must eventually do a column entitled "The Secretary's Brother". It just occurs to me it was this same brother who tried to substitute for his brother once before. He rattled off



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the signature on a letter glibly enough, --"Edith Wyatt  
Monroe". I asked him to repeat the last name and to spell it out.  
He did so, "M I L L E R --Monroe."

You can readily imagine the hazards in trying to get much dictee  
from such a helper.

On the plantation front, preparations are going  
forward for the convention of the Pecan Growers

Association of the U. S. which will converge on  
the place June 18th and 19th. Among other things

that are going to be demonstrated is a pecan picker.

It is now being assembled, having arrived yesterday. I haven't

seen it but the grapevine reports it to be a contraption

in two separate entities. First the tree is shaken by

the battering ram type of thing which has been in use for

2 or 3 years. Then when the pecans have fallen to the ground, the

first part of the new mechanical thing moves in and scrapes

the pecans, --and probably much other trash, into either

a straight line or into a circle, probably with a circle being

formed about under the greatest radius of the limbs of the

pecan. Then the second piece of machinery moves in, hoisting

up the pecans thus gathered into a line or a circle and drops them

into some kind of a truck or carrier just behind

the scooping device. This trailer or whatever it is called

is said to have some sort of a rotating mesh like globe what

somehow induces the pecans and the accompanying trash to separate and

thus the crop is gathered. I shall be seeing the machine

at work shortly and shall elaborate on how the thing

operates. As of the moment, it would appear to re-

present a other step in plantation mechanization

and elimination of human labor.

Like everybody else in the world with the possible ex-

ception of the Arabs and the Russians, I rejoice that the

two or three day old scuffle between the Arabs

and Jews seems to be pretty well finished. Whatever may be said about

the ineffectual part played by the United Nations in keeping

the war from getting started, it must be agreed that the United

Nations has secured a purpose far beyond measure in

simply being in existence and thereby providing

the machinery for world powers to get together to concentrate

on the problem. One can well imagine the absence

of such machinery might well have permitted things to

drift until one or another of the major powers began getting

involved in the fireworks.

The world is the poorer for the loss of Dorothy Parker. It's

odd how many radio stations in the obituaries mentioned her

line: "Men seldom take passes at girls

who wear glasses! .....

01EM

14912

Memorandum:

Fair and 90.

A early morning secretary en-abled me to finish yesterday's  
mail including the account of doings at Bleak House. I  
appreciate having the over-all picture of that incredible set-  
up. On finishing the account, I immediately  
disposed of the epistle.

The day turned out to be a busy one. About 10:30  
this morning James appeared and remained for dinner. Just  
before he departed at 2:30, Sister blew in unannounced,  
reporting that Celeste had started out for town, had had  
another bladder attack and had been taken to the hospital  
again. I believe it was Wednesday of last week she  
was taken there, returning here on Saturday.

Sister was not here for supper, having gone somewhere down  
the river, it was said. J. H. was at supper, however,  
and responded to many of my inquiries about the Near East  
doings of the day since I had not had an opportunity to tune in on  
news today and he had been listening just before supper.  
Conversation was quite gay. Nothing was mentioned  
about his spouse.

I am sorry to report that as is its custom, the  
Shreveport hound accompanies his mistress on this visita-  
tion. The reason I particularly regret this fact is because  
the peahen is currently setting. Once the dog is turned loose,  
he will track down the bird and that will be that, so far as  
having no b, by peacocks this year.

This afternoon the Reverend McClean appeared at  
my door, accompanied by one of his sons and another  
young man. The Reverend McClean is the gentleman  
who preached the incredible funeral sermon at Miss Cammie's  
funeral. He is a very nice man but he was younger in 1948  
and surprised everybody and pleased nobody who listened to



SIEM

14913

his prolonged dissertation revolving around and about the military exploits of the Hittites or however one spells the name of that very early military squabble featured in the Old Testament. For some years, I believe, the Reverend McLean has been based on Eldorado, Arkansas, and from that quarter he brought greetings to me from Tom Harris, --grandpappy of the peacocks,-- Anne whatever of the Chamber of Commerce of that fair city, etc., etc.

I took James for a turn in the Ghana garden, being especially anxious to point out the fine showing the tomato plants he had brought are now making. I thought he seemed pleased with their appearance. The gap in time as between April and June seemed to be non-existent in the general scheme of things. Perhaps it is a variation of the prolonged spaces between communications as in the case of the boy friend. It's not the way I myself am inclined to play such a game but I reckon one accepts the practice of such rules on the part of one's friends if one wishes to retain such intimacies as may seem to others as sufficiently tight to keep relations going.

Because of the odd behavior of the thermometer early in the Spring and the more than bountiful amounts of rain that have put the gardens under water so often these past few months, the gourd vines are out of all out of harmony and growth, the one with the others. The seeds may have been planted half a dozen times this season and some of them are coming along alright although they are exceedingly slow in attaining anything suggesting vines. The volunteer gourds, however, are another story. The seeds germinated before the planted seeds were sown and now the vines of the volunteer gourds are sprawling around on the trellises over head and some of the vines are hanging out dipper gourds a foot and a half in length. I must say that gourds, like people, are astonishingly different in the courses they pursue.

Carmen called me this morning. Her voice sounded like that of a crow. She must have picked up a germ yesterday which concentrated on her vocal cords. After a couple fruitless attempts to finish out a sentence, she gave up, saying she would call me on the morrow in case she could speak.

And now for a bowl of blackberries with some sugar and milk on them and a gentle slab of poundcake.....

SIEM

14914

Friday, June 9th, 1967.

Memorandum: Of today's program I have to say that the Fair and 90. I have to say that the Fair and 90. I have to say that the Fair and 90.

There is much broadcasting these days by stations in various parts of the State about the meeting of the Pecan Growers Association to be held here on the 18th and 19th. Sister was asking me about it but I could not enlighten her as to details as I had not even heard the radio broadcasts. Possibly she has in mind to be here for the doings but I'm sure she can obtain full particulars from the merchant planter.

I haven't heard as yet when Celeste plans to return from the hospital. I asked her servant about it today. She reported that the lady had called her and said she was feeling ever so much better but the servant, Rosetta, thought the lady would not be coming home this weekend. As for myself, I proceed on the assumption that a person who is hospitalized should not be worried by phone calls. As the house across the way and this one are both of the same party line, it will be as easy for the patient to call me as the server should there be any impulse to do so. During the interim of quiet, I am on the line from John Milton.

"They also serve who stand and wait."

Several days ago, the merchant-planter told me some people, Mesdames Webster, Brown, etc., of Lake Providence would be coming down this way to drop in on the artist in hopes of discovering some likely pictures and that they would like to include a Melrose tour at the same time. The magdalen date for their arrival would be on Wednesday. Later it was moved to Thursday and a third time it was changed to Friday. This morning I was alerted about 9 that they would arrive at 10. At 10 o'clock subsequent information the report of their progress in this direction stated they would be here promptly at all. That magical moment arrived and departed and about noon a couple of people from some place, bidden to dine here, put in an appearance. About 100, Mesdames Webster, Brown et al, turned up. They seemed to enjoy their tour in spite of the pressure to get on that to obtain among the ranks of visitors. Later the grapevine reported that they had found pictures to the number of nine



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at the artist's house and so had headed back to Lake  
Providence,--somewhere in north Louisiana,  
feeling mighty pleased with their day's outing.

This morning about 10, Sister headed out for Alexandria  
with Dan's wife, June, and her daughters. Sister thought it would be  
nice for them all to pay a visit on Madam Rand. The posse got  
back here about 2 and from the mood radiating around  
and about, I gather a fine time had been had by nobody.

The recorded edition of News Week, dated June 12th, came to hand today. I was curious to read what it had to say about the scuffling in the Near East. Of course I have no idea when this issue of News Week went to press but obviously it was before the Egyptians and Jewshad started the actual rumptus. Accordingly here is a magazine that went to press prior to the outbreak of the war and was delivered to subscribers after the battles had been fought. I can well imagine it must require a considerable amount of fancy foot work for writers on current events to voice their reports so that by the time the magazine hits the street, the news stories will not appear too far behind the times. A good job was done in this instance but readers are bound to be impressed by the fact that what they are reading in this issue covers a situation that has changed wonderfully in the short span of time between the going to press of the sheet and the time it reaches the readers.

Mrs. Walker called me tonight to read me from some notes she had made in Calfax, long before the Walkers ever dreamed of ever living in Watchitokes. I gather she must have been and perhaps still is keeping a journal since the notes she read had to do with a visit paid the Walkers by Charles Cunningham who had driven down there to see about borrowing their tom cat to mate with his pussy. In the notes Charles is quoted as saying that he lives alone and his cat is the only thing in the world that loves him and that he is very careful not to give the cat as much food as it wants since by staying with him in spite of its hunger, the cat will thereby prove to him that it loves him for himself and not for the occasional dab of food handed out to it. Off hand, this seems to confirm what Charles has always known that Charles, today as yesterday, has always been Charles.  
May it be a peaceful weekend in Lyme.....

14916

14916

Sunday, June 11th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Tair at 90.

This morning's radio mentioned storms from Oklahoma to Illinois. It mentioned some place in Oklahoma that received 3 inches of rain in 75 minutes while the Middle West experienced 40 tonatddes. A few times in my life I have witnessed one single tornado but the thought of 40 of them all going at the same time makes me laugh although I reckon it was no laughing matter.

The visitation that began on Thursday continues. I shall touch on one or two points about that subsequently.

For some reason I cannot imagine, Baton Rouge sent me a whole stack of Talking Books, arriving Saturday. As doing very much of anything under momentary circumstances, I made the most of the opportunity to do some reading since, unlike writing, reading can go forward or at least be resumed when frequent interruptions occurs.

Some of the books coming to hand I remember having ordered at one time or another in the past and there were others I don't recall having ordered although I may have, what with quite a span of time having elapsed since asking for some of the titles months back.

One such title was A. Conan-Doyle's "Hound of the Baskervilles", as entertaining a detective story as I can remember. It is short and didn't take much time turning through. There were some recorded magazines I skimmed through, too, a volume by Auchincloss devoted to half a dozen American women writers which I had started a while back but just got around to finish, excerpts from John Muir's autobiography and so on and so forth. As I mentioned one or another proper names in the above paragraph, I had a dozen literary lights flashing through my mind. I hope I said John Muir and

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note some other writer of his period which was 1838 to 1914.

It was not until I dipped into the biographical sketch in the John Muir book that I learned of the acquaintance of John Muir with the powerful railroad, E. Harriman, father of ex-Governor Harriman of our times. I believe Muir was a party on a trip to Alaska by boat under Harriman aegis and it was while Muir was a guest at a lodge belonging to Mr. Harriman at Pelican Lake, Oregon, that the multimillionaire instructed a shorthand expert to take down the Muir reminiscences at night while the two friends were chatting in front of the fireplace. There were over a thousand pages thus jotted down and afterward Mr. Muir put them into manuscript form for the publisher.

I had a pleasant little chat with the merchant-planter at today's midday meal. He said his wife would be home from the post in a day or two. He said she is looking fine. The lady doctor told him the wife has the mentality of a little girl in having no judgement whatsoever about always wanting to be whirling off in almost any direction without ever giving any thought to conserving her health when a modest amount of relaxation would bring her around physically if ever she would slow down.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock this morning, I tuned in on the radio to listen for a little while to the debate going on in the United Nations, if one may honor the talk by styling it a debate. I assume not many people are listening at such an hour and perhaps nobody is interested in getting an education in political tomfoolery. The thought occurred to me, however, that a TV record of the Soviet shadow-boxing should provide an excellent lesson to students who ever may care to witness the twisting of truth as set forth by ex-

Among the happier people on the plantation late this afternoon was the local artist. Perhaps she is even happier at this advanced hour of 11. And the reason for her delight was or is the big turtle I found near the front gate, turned over to her promptly, so she might go to work on it before sundown. The larger turtles seem more plentiful than usual this season and happy is the field hand who has the good luck to encounter one, everyone agreeing that turtle makes the best food imaginable. Off hand, I should think it must be quite a chore dressing, cooking and serving same but nobody ever seems to mind that. Something tells me a turtle will begin appearing in primitive pictures any day now even as they have in the wake of previous days of good luck.....

zip 71452

14918

14918

Monday, June 12th, 1967.

Memorandum: -- I am so glad that pleasant weather has been favoring the Lyme area of late. It is especially nice to know the two girls could venture out on a little frolic together.

Mid 70 to mid 90 and withal fair. The nicest thing about this lovely day is the mail from Lyme as of Friday last past, coming to hand in today's post.

It was so thoughtful of little Miss Lee to give such an interesting account of preparations being made for the Siamese crowned heads. I have always liked the idea of luncheons and dinners being given in the place mentioned and I am doubly delighted that circumstances favored an opportunity to observe the lay-out as preparations approached the peak for the receipt of the guests.

I appreciate the details covering the final services at Bleak H. It seems rather odd that the relative who had been asked to attend to so many things in anticipation of the notices being prepared and all should not have been bidden to the gathering immediately following the services but I tell myself that one is perhaps glad to have the satisfaction in having attended to matters as requested and grateful that one did not have to go through whatever followed when the family circle closed again.

And thanks for the clippings. I reckon, if I felt so moved, I might supply some details to the person advertising for personal memories of F. B. Johnson. In a way, it is possible that the adventures with that personality might be about as intimate if not as entertaining as any that might be dragged out of the limbo of forgotten things, the personal opinions of Miss Cammie Lyle and Leston, the curious ways of the aforesaid photographer, her lack of consideration for everybody, her autocratic ways, etc., etc. Well, we shall see.

And thanks for the clipping about the nuns who are slipping through former restraints and instituting a service that will have neither church trappings or church support, -- just a bunch of bags apparently setting up some kind of an institution that is free from the guide lines and income of the established order, with or without clerical blessing.



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Some opinions on this peculiar new non-Catholic Catholic sect, -- if one may employ such a term, came to hand at the same time the clipping reached me. Carmen called to say she and her sister and the latter's brother husband entertained 4 of Jack Durand's nieces from St. Martinsville on Saturday. One of her brother-in-law's nieces is Mother Superior of a convent at St. Martinsville, a person of breadth of thought and liberality of mind, according to Carmen, and the Mother Superior thought the doing of the ex-nuns was outrageous. It is said the convents are losing quite a lot of nuns who are withdrawing from their orders and taking up some other kind of endeavor and I take it the nuns mentioned by the clipping must be numbered among the withdrawers.

Sister left today for Leesville, much to everyone's delight. I called James to give him an opportunity to congratulate us all. He said he had driven through rain all the way to Shreveport yesterday to pick up Kay whose plane came in during the afternoon. She had departed for Charleston on May 30th, as I knew, for I had dropped her a note to Charleston on that day and at the same time had sent him natal day greetings, directing that message to Hatchitoches. It seems that on the 31st there was quite a lot of mail for Kay that came to hand in Hatchitoches and James had forwarded it all to Kay in Charleston and so it wasn't until she got back yesterday that he received his natal day greetings.

While I think of it, if I haven't already done so, let me make note of the local zip number--71452, --that is to say seven one four five two. If you think it a good idea for memoranda from this quarter bearing the zip number of little Miss Lee, I shall be glad to put it on out-going mail although I do not recall what that zip number may be. If it should be jotted down at the top of a letter, however, I am sure I could memorize it readily enough.

Among all the explosions implicit in every visitation, there were the usual ones on this go-round but anyone with any sense never puts any credence in anything that is said so I repeat this latest one with tongue in cheek, to wit, that the merchant-planter has just drawn another will leaving the use of his estate to his wife at whose death or rather her death, it would be given to his several nieces and nephews of which there are about 8, I guess.

Some sliced bananas and a hunk of pound cake await my attention. Again, rejoice in having today's message from Lyme.....

14920

14920

Memorandum: Tuesday, June 13th, 1967.

Low of last night was 77 and today's high 95. Surely one should be accustomed to summer temperatures when summer finally puts in an appearance a week hence.

Today I plucked the first ripe tomato of the season and mighty good it tasted, too. I also plucked two buckets full of half ripe tomatoes on which those trifling bluejays had been working. For lack of anything better to do, the bluejays drill holes in the green tomatoes, obviously not with any thought of eating them because they never do. They simply want to play at drilling and the green tomato offers just the right object for them to work on, sufficiently resistant to exercise their energies on even though the fruit is too green for them to care about eating. Just one push of their d against the tomato, never bothering to take a second go at the object in a garden where there are so many other nice fresh green untouched tomatoes waiting to be sampled. If the Walt Disney st wanted to introduce a little humor in a film concentrating on our feathered friends, the director might work out a scene in which a bluejay and a woodpecker held a contest to see which one of them could mangle a green tomato faster. I suppose the bluejay would be given the first chance to display his drilling propensities, followed by the woodpecker who with one turning on of the drill would smash through the whole orb in a matter of split seconds.

News from the hospital in town reports that Celeste is just fine and has been remaining there for a few days until her nervousness is all gone. It is said she will return and resume her activities here on the morrow. I suppose she will find enough to busy herself so that she may well be ready to return to the hospital as soon as the weekend is over. It isn't clear to me as yet as to just how the program for entertaining the Pecan Growers Association may turn. According to latest outlines, it appears the people attending the convention will spend much time here on this coming Sunday, going on to the J. H. Williams camp near town at close of day for some kind of a barbecue. Monday



03841

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supposedly will be spent mostly in town at the college. There are some people from Georgia and from New Mexico to whom I'm looking forward to seeing. There will be flocks of other people whom I shall probably remember, many of whom may be from Texas and

There will be one novelty that will amuse some of the visitors in the floral section. It is to be noticed in that first watermelon red crepe myrtle to the right of Ghana which you have perhaps seen in the colored photo of that building. The stem of the crepe myrtle or trunk stands with branches until it reaches a height of perhaps 8 feet when the leaves and flowers explode in a single mass. This year a sunflower seed germinated at the base of the tree and just for fun, let it grow without thinking much about it. It became a sturdy plant rapidly and so I did not pull it up as I had intended to do. The trunk of the crepe myrtle and the stalk of the sunflower are so close to each other that one scarcely notices the sunflower stalk. Thus the big disc of the sunflower with its bright yellow petals, glowing inside the tangle of red crepe myrtle blossoms, looks odd indeed. Within a few weeks when the seeds of the sunflower begin to ripen, the cardinals are going to be enchanted to have so many branches of the crepe myrtle to sit on instead of having to balance themselves precariously on the sunflower itself as is usually the case.

Mrs. Walker just called to ask something about a column. I asked her how the new summer semester is getting under way. She said the class in Old English is likely to prove a little exhausting, what with quite a few people having registered for it and, what with the added fact that the room is not large and is not air conditioned, one must of necessity struggle to avoid at the same time going to sleep and melting away. She said Hampton Carver had begun the course last week but gave up any thought of continuing it under such circumstances. She said Hampton had asked her about coming down the river to see me. I reminded her that Yucca is not air conditioned and although the place might not be crowded, it might turn out to be trying for those accustomed to Arctic temperatures in town.

I talked with I. S. Willard who wanted a couple pointers on the Orleans family, the father of Philip Egalite, the de Mezieres and so on. She said she had talked with Kay and found her feeling fine.

So runneth a dullish day and a memo of like description. A piece of Danish pastry and a glass of chocolate milk awaits my attention, followed by a response on my part to the call of my downy pillow.....

03841

14922

Wednesday, June 14th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Summer in the upper 70's, upper 90's bracket.

Celeste got back from the hospital this morning at noon. I had not communicated with her during her absence since last Thursday. I had in mind to drop by to say howdy this afternoon but noticed a couple cars of her girl friends already there, I decided to back up and try it again at the coffee-hour on the morrow.

This noon another of her girl friends, Effy Beck of Natchitoches, called me to ask about bringing some Arizona people down "any time convenient for me" although the visit had to be made between now and Saturday. I suggested Thursday afternoon but that conflicted with something and so I tried Friday afternoon but that didn't fit in either and so I tried Friday morning and got a possible go-ahead on that. "Any time that is convenient for you".

The Friday morning thing is going to cause much distress across the fence because Effy is one of the closest girl friends but if she appears here Friday morning, that will mean that Celeste will be distracted from the preparations she will be making for the Pecan Grove Association and so the thing tangles and snarls. "Just any time that's convenient for you....."

Having had the first sample of this season's tomato crop yesterday, we had the first sampling of this year's crop of egg-plant today and mighty tasty it was, too. Instead of frying it as she often does in slices about the size of and thickness of pancakes, Doreatha battered it with a lot of stuff in it, perhaps dabs of cornbeef, plenty of onions and such like and I hope she kept some out for herself since the five people at table "licked the platter clean".



SS941

14923

I shall be looking in Life for pictures of the new Justice of the Supreme Court. I find it interesting that the first person of color to occupy such an exalted place should be named Marshall, what with the name of another Marshall, --John, --being so historically tied in with the Supreme Court. I have been mildly and pleasantly surprised to listen to conversations concerning the new appointment. A few years ago, the hill billy type of mind with which one is forever encountering in this area, would have gone into orbit over such an unexpected example of Presidential disdain of racial bias. Today, however, the best such fomenters of racism can do is to express the opinion that "the President was wrong in making such an appointment when there is so much unrest in the country", --which is certainly quite a different tune, played in a much lower key, than only a few short years ago.

"I was glad to learn today that Mr. Chopin seems to be making a remarkable convalescence after his two major operations, either one of which might have been too much for a strong man which he is not. I believe a third and final day of surgery is planned before the end of the month. In the mean time, Mrs. Chopin has her reservations to fly to Sun Valley or where ever in Idaho, leaving this weekend. Her sister who lives in New Orleans and works in Shell, is planning to take her vacation at the same time. Mrs. Chopin will fly from Shreveport to Dallas where her sister, flying direct from New Orleans to Dallas, will join her and off they will go together to the National Press Women's pow-wow. It's nice they are able to have such an outing together.

Reports of doings at the Hatchitoches Times office seem a little blurred. Charles is currently contending with the "co-owner" about what percentage of interest will be turned over to the aforesaid "co-owner" and there seems to be some doubt in the "co-owner's" mind if he really wants to sink any capital into the paper. At the same time some unknown person in California seems to want to get in on the act while Charles is busying himself in unexpected 2 page, single spaced letters, lecturing members of the Times staff about drinking tea from a cup without an accompanying saucer, etc., etc.

I'm expecting to do lots of things on the morrow and am folding up my beard comparatively early after a piece of chocolate cake and a glass of milk.....

SS941

14924

Thursday, June 15th, 1967.  
Fair, humid and warm in the upper 90's.

It seems to me today may well be the Register's wedding anniversary. Be that as it may, June is the month, I am sure and if one hits the middle, one cannot hope to be more than a couple of weeks off either way.

I had coffee across the fence this morning and was pleased to see the lady in her l'Aiglon costume, up and doing. She did not seem depressed but was not happy that it now appears she will not be able to drive when and where she pleases by herself for fear she may have another gall bladder spell. She mentioned all the attention she had received while at the hospital from friends and even from people she didn't know all that well. I think this was not intended to underline the fact that she did not receive flowers from Leston although that may have been in the back of her mind.

She asked if the big house was in order for Sunday's and Monday's visitors. I said I was holding the bouquets back until Sunday morning so they would be at their freshest. Nothing was inquired about Ghana, the African House or Yucca and nothing as about the gardens. It goes without saying that they, too, are receiving my attention. I think there is some notice in today's issue of the Hatchitoches Times which I am sending along, not because of that subject of Pecan Growers but merely because it seems there are two or three things by Charles about Charles on the front page. I think they are of scant or no interest at all but they carry further the general fashion in which the publisher flounders around in speaking of himself. Carmen called today and was complaining at the way Charles whom she seems to think is all hers, should be running along at such a great rate about his personal feelings in print.

Carmen, at 76 probably thinks of Charles at 55 as just a boy and in need of her admonitions. I must say, she certainly has a point.



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Just as I turned the page, Kay gave me a buzz. She allowed as how I am the only one who ever remembers their wedding anniversary. That is understandable enough. She reported on her recent pause in South Carolina where it had rained much of the time but fine weather eventually came along and she took a storm out for a ride, passing around by The Bluff so Aunt Willie could see her fine flowers, her pets and so on. She was ready to settle down for a good night's sleep when they got back to the Nursing Home, Kay said.

I told her I was all wrapped up in appointments for the morrow and suggested she try it one day next week.

At the Post Office this morning I bumped into the artist. She was looking as chipper as usual and seemed ready for a prolonged chat. I could not linger long, however, as I had people at Yucca awaiting me. Among the letters I was holding in my hand, having just picked them up at the office, was one from Sally Farrell, again trying to worry me about securing a Hunter for Plantation Wash Day for her. My efforts in Sally's behalf when successful have never seemed to satisfy either Sally or me quite completely. She has made efforts through Frances Rue Henry Larkle to secure paintings but apparently that hasn't turned out quite as she would have it and so here she is back to me again.

As for the artist, she seems to be doing a great turn-over these days. Day before yesterday one customer passing this way after stopping and picking up some paintings confided to me she had had difficulty in rounding up four hundred dollars in cash to pay her for her purchases, the artist being adamant about accepting nothing but "coin of the realm", and never a check. A couple of days earlier another customer had been casting about for three hundred dollars in cash. If the artist keeps this up, she will have to be getting some of her next of kin to open a Hunter bank in order to procure greenbacks with which customers may pay for Hunter purchases.

Some fresh peach ice cream is beckoning me from the ice box which ought to go nicely with some fresh blue berry muffins and that will be it for the middle of June.....

14926

14926

Friday, June 16th, 1967.

Memorandum:

I learned today that it is not the national but the state peacan association which is to honor us this weekend. That ought to simplify things considerably as to numbers, I hope.

I had hoped to find a card from Miss Kate in today's post but was disappointed. I think it has been two weeks since she has written and this failure of the post naturally makes me wonder how she fareth.

In my morning appointments I found much interest in what one lady from Hatchitoches had to tell me. I was pointing out how the old armadillo is at present undermining the bricks on the front gallery. She told me somebody in her family had been having the same problem. Then somebody built a trap and that 43 of the triflin animals had been caught in the last week. "Verily, that is exactly I need," I opined. She asked me if I was serious and I allowed as how I was. She said the same person who had built the first trap would be delighted to build another for five bucks. I told her the plantation would fork up such an amount immediately on receipt of the foresaid gadget. I hold the thought the thing may be forthcoming promptly and so capture all the invaders before they have completely ploughed up the gallery.

There was an excellent example today, demonstrating how cock-eyed reports can reach one concerning the status of hospital patients. Clara Genung called me this afternoon. She had just learned, she said, that Mr. Chopin "is all well and out of the hospital". Of course he is neither well nor out of the hospital and, as a matter of fact, is awaiting another operation shortly as soon as he has re-gained sufficient strength to withstand same. I think La Genung gets all her information from her daughter and I am quite sure she may have heard Mrs. Walker make some statement regarding the patient but certainly what was said must have been hopeless confused by La Genung. It reminds me of a line Miss Cam was forever quoting: "Don't believe anything you hear and only half of what you see."



14927

14927

There was much ado in town of late about the apparant break-up of the Bobby Deblieux family, --a family of four.

Mrs. Deblieux has long been something of a problem, -- mental fits and starts and stops, too much drink, occasional trips to the mental asylum in Pineville and general boistrousness. One of the more alarming things of late has been her inclination to put two pistols and a rifle on the sofa before her two little girls come home from school in the afternoon, pointing out these items to friends who may chance to drop in, indicating to them which gun is to be used on which child and which on herself.

I have known his band and wife since they were children. When they were married, I had a feeling there would be rough times ahead and I guess there have been rough times right along. Now she is starting suit against him for divorce and he against her, --action that seems to have been out of order at this particular moment since the wife is under a six-month probation leave from a mental hospital and I imagine any reputable lawyer would never set proceedings in motion during such an interim. The grownups could somehow probably manage better without each other, especially as each has parents to lend aid and comfort. It's the case of the children, --about 5 or 8, must of course be the chief sufferers in such a tangle.

Mrs. Chopin and I. S. Willard have just called. Mrs. Chopin wanted to say she is sleeping at dawn on the morrow for Sun Valley. Her New Orleans sister who is going with her just called her from New Orleans, asking her if she had heard about some plane being held up in its departure schedule because one lady passenger was so large a round, no seat belt of sufficient length could be handily discovered to encircle the would-be traveler. This was a crack at Mrs. Chopin who inclines toward rotundity.

I. S. Willard phoned to ask about the Pecan Growers Association meeting. She has some pecan trees on her property near Clarence and would like to learn what there is to learn about the raising of pecans. I told her to come along on Sunday regardless and if she wanted to she could entertain both the pecan ladies and the pecan gentlemen during the afternoon, picking up what wisps of information about raising pecans at the same time. The General will arrive tomorrow to participate in the doings and I reckon I shall have my work cut out for me during the ensuing couple of days.....

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Sunday, June 18th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair in the upper 90's.

Saturday the merchant-planter sent a car to Baton Rouge to pick up the General so he might be here to participate in today's gathering of Pecan Growers at this bend of the river.

It is always a pleasure to be with the General who arrived in the middle of the afternoon to remain until Tuesday or Wednesday.

I suppose three or four hundred pecan growers and their wives came this afternoon. It worked out very nicely as to the tour of the gardens in that some of those who were first to reach this bend of the river went directly to the orchards to view the demonstrations of various types of machines while others paused here first and then went on to the orchards when others were returning from the groves and thus the spread was such as to be fairly smooth and no great pressure of people at the same time.

I met lots of people who were quite new to me and quite a few old friends. In the latter group were the Jack Fulliloves and it is always a pleasure to see them.

Before dawn I had gathered magnolias, cannas, etc., so that the big house would be adequately decorated with fresh flowers and the place really did look quite festive.

Celeste had mentioned that it would be nice to use a hand woven tablecloth of Miss Cammie's on the dining room table. The key to the armory in which that tablecloth rests was at Celeste's, an old dining room table during the past week.

I had spoken with her about giving me the key to get the handwoven item but she was so busy she didn't get around to give it to me and said she would give it to Doreatha on Saturday. Both Doreatha and Rosetta, the servant across the fence, worked there on Sunday, assisting with dinner and the afternoon dispensing



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of good cheer. When people began arriving, I left the entertainment at the big house to Celeste and her associates while I took over as soon as groups quitted the big house and were ready for a tour of the gardens and the houses, -Ghana, the African House and Yucca. I was quite busy until after 8 o'clock tonight and when I passed through the big house about 9, I was impressed to notice that the same old white linen tablecloth was still on the dining room table, Celeste apparently having forgotten that a fresh and spiffier item had been forgotten.

The put of doors picnic at the J. H. Williams camp near town drained off many of the local visitors by the time 7 o'clock approached, that being the hour for festivities to begin there. But many people lingered on in the gardens until 8 o'clock. After I had assumed everyone to have gone, I got busy to attend to a few chores, attending to the peacocks, etc., when half a dozen people put in an unexpected appearance, --people having nothing to do with the pecan business. The leader of the posse was that youth who once had worked with Carolyn Ramsey and journeyed to New York with her on one occasion to attend a film festival. I asked him about Carolyn and he said he had no idea where she might be or what she might be up to as he had neither heard nor heard of her in four or five years. He had his wife and two or three other people with him. He said they are living in Texarkana, had come down this way to spend the day at Hodges Gardens and thought they would pass this way on their journey to Texarkana. I thought it trying to put quite a lot of sightseeing into a single day and I know that I myself had had end of pilgrims for one afternoon. I gave them a little tour but did not invite them to sit down.

I had hoped Saturday's post might bring me a card from Miss Kate but nothing came through from that quarter. I believe it has been a couple of weeks since I have had any news from that quarter and in view of the delicate state of her health, I naturally am concerned when too much time passes between messages.

I. S. Willard had passed this way this afternoon, bringing me some cottage cheese which I have used in connection with ripe tomato and things from the garden for a belated supper, along with some artichoke paste and cheese crackers and some special cookies the Fulliloves fetched along for me and so I shall turn to same now and thence to my downy pillow.....

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Monday, June 19th, 1967.

Memorandum: Since this house is a bit of a mess and the garden is a bit of a mess, I am writing this memorandum to remind myself to get the house and garden in order.

Continued fair and hot.

The nicest thing about today has been Saturday's post from Lyme. Perhaps the zip number is designed not so much to facilitate the sorting of mail as the speeding up of delivery. Be that as it may, I must say I find no complaint about the dispatch that enables one to post a letter one day, let it travel the next and arrive at its destination the following day.

I was so happy to run across the quotation regarding doings at Marly. I was twice happy because I had been at Marly in spirit last night for I had awakened at 10 minutes before 2 o'clock and felt like spending a happy half hour in the 17th century and so had put on one of my favorite transporters to yesteryear and found myself vastly composed when I got around to cut off the machine and collapse. And so, when today's post arrived, and when Marly came to the fore so unexpectedly in the quotation, I was doubly-pleased with the whole business.

I appreciate your thoughtfulness in keeping me filled in on the unhappy business called Bleak House.

Surely it is far better if the father never realizes on which journey his son has departed

One cannot but wonder about the parents and how they will fare the days ahead and how the surviving offspring will react to their needs. I shall follow the story with interest although there appears to be a tinge of sorrow over so much lying in.

And thanks much for telling me of Auntie. I am so sorry to learn of her set-back and shall be holding the thought her recovery this time may be swifter and complete. I count it such a blessing to be the recipient of news from that quarter for everybody seems the closer when one is able to commiserate over their progress.



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On the home front, today's time schedule was different from yesterday's but there was much about it outside of the time element that was much the same. This was especially so in the case of people, --hold-overs from the association convention by people who blew in to town for the Northwestern pow-wow today but who somehow wanted to make up for lost time and yesterday's tour by starting in early today.

About 6:30 this morning I received a note from the store, --a verbal note delivered by an overseer. It was from J. H., letting me know that some important people who had flown in from Fort Worth yesterday had failed to reach Hatchitoches until picnic time and so had not come down this way after dark. I believe the couple constitute the status of son-in-law and daughter of somebody from Fort Worth who offered a couple of million dollars for the place a few years ago. It was said they would arrive here promptly at 7:30. 9:30 is when they finally made it, after which everybody went off to town for a symposium at the college and a noon banquet and that was that.

The General passed this way this afternoon about 4 for an old-fashioned chat before supper time. He asked me to give him a re-fresher on the history of Yucca and the African House, primarily, he said, because so many, many people last night at the picnic had spoken so enthusiastically about the two buildings, etc., etc.

And so we had a nice little go at things here at Yucca and thence ventured over to the African House and thence to Ghana, paying long the way to pinch at vegetables, admire flowers, etc., etc., as always, it was very pleasant.

When reading about early morning shopping in Lyme, I was reminded of the thought that possesses me every morning at dawning these days when I step into the Ghana garden, noticing how pretty the eggplants are looking, the shimmering of the dew on the ripening tomatoes and the rich reds of the bell pepper all adrip with dew, I find myself wishing little Miss Lee with her market basket were along side, plucking the fresh edibles so many of which are at their prime at this season. And now I must fold so I may be ready to grab my basket a few hours hence and with little Miss Lee in mind, make my morning rounds.....

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Tuesday, June 20th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Heat and humidity in the upper 90's with a little sprinkle about 5 o'clock this evening that cooled the air not at all but did increase the dampness considerably.

Pilgrims put in appearances frequently and just the wrong time throughout the day so that I have not heard any news as yet but hope to catch up with some later tonight. I had hoped to catch Messrs. Brinkley and Huntley on their respective programs around 6 o'clock but the 'phone rang at that moment. A pleasant male voice when I answered the 'phone, said:

"Who's speaking....."

and that took me less than a split second to bounce the receiver back on its resting place. In a couple of seconds the bell rang again. The second time the same voice asked for me and got a response. It turned out to be somebody from Northwestern, recommend by somebody who had told the person that I was the one to contact about folk lore, --of all things.

Well, in response to the inquiry about certain oldsters who might be contacted in Hatchitoches Parish about folk lore, I said I might be able to supply a few. As I spoke, I thought of the artist who has forgotten more folk lore than most people ever heard of. The person to whom I was speaking had never heard of little Miss Hunter. That seemed to be a promising start. I suggested the person call me again on the morrow. Of such materials are college summer workshops made.

The General plans to return to Baton Rouge tomorrow afternoon. He seems to have enjoyed the fresh vegetables from the Ghana garden and asked if he might take some home with him. He certainly might.

At dinner, I asked the General if he sees Payne Bréazegle and wife occasionally. He said he does see them occasionally and that Payne, now in his 80 is definitely on the frail side, does not walk very steadily but continues to drive a car occasionally which the General does not do for trips of much distance. I did



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not tell the General that Carmen had 'phoned me this morning and, among other things, reported that her brother, Payne, of Baton Rouge was driving up to Natchitoches this afternoon with his wife. She said they would remain in Natchitoches over night and drive back to Baton Rouge on the morrow. She said sometimes her brother uses a chauffeur but in a trip like today's, she thought he would probably drive himself. I did not mention the General's name to her and, naturally, did not mention to the General that Payne and wife would be returning to Baton Rouge tomorrow afternoon. Transportation never seems a problem in the family at this bend of the river and I, for one, would not care to assume the responsibility of so much as breathing that Breazeales would not be traveling the same road on the morrow as our present visitor.

This week's issue of Life came to hand in today's post. I haven't had an opportunity to turn through it as yet although I hope to get around to doing so a little later tonight. As I marched from the Post Office to Yucca, I did glance hurriedly at a few pages; the pages turned in unison with my steps, the ever changing pattern of sunshine and shadows along my path doing all sorts of odd things to the illustrations as I turned over the pages as I walked along. Somehow I got the impression this issue holds many subjects of interest to me and I shall be impatient until tomorrow when I hope to have an opportunity to read some of the captions at least. It is so nice to know that little Miss Lee is taking care of the Life matter with characteristic generosity and that is my appreciation. I assume notification will be coming to me and from the publishers and everything from that quarter will of course be promptly forwarded to Lyme. so a acquaintance with what and how things turn may be followed through readily. In the meantime, may I say thanks for the billionth time for this latest manifestation of the kindness of My Lady of the Lamp.

I shall enclose today's Natchitoches paper without knowing anything about its contents but I'm sure it can't have much in it. It is said the gentleman whom Charles styles as "the new co-owner" will come to Natchitoches the 1st of July. I was mildly amused the other day when I learned that it was the father of "the new co-owner" was the gentleman who in New York at the time of the national award for columns was the individual who made the acceptance speech in behalf of Testa when the latter was accorded a nod.....

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Wednesday, June 21st, 1967.

Memorandum:

Continued fair and hot. I heard a couple of weather reports this noon but the Weather Bureau in Alexandria and Shreveport never mentioned the advent of summer which, I suppose, may have arrived sometime or other on this date but as to any mention of it at all, let alone the magical moment that it crashed in was never referred to.

I did hear that President Johnson has his first grandchild, a boy. What young Mr. Nugget's first name is to be was, like the arrival of summer, never mentioned.

The General returned to Baton Rouge right after dinner this noon. He carried with him a plentiful stock of fresh vegetable, one basket for his house, one for his son's menage. Carmen had called me this morning to report the pleasant afternoon and evening she had had with her Baton Rouge brother and his wife. The husband and wife are both Hunter enthusiasts but I know not if they stopped at the artist's house on their way home. I did not mention the intention of the General to return to Baton Rouge today and as J. H. had already set aside a driver for the General, it seemed to me better to let things go along without mentioning the presence of road running neighbors who would be traveling the same highway to a fairly close destination at the terminus of the trip.

The primary purpose of Carmen's call this morning was to ask me to lend her a hand in making a selection of a woman prominent for her printed material. Carmen is to open the autumn season of Leslie Club which will devote itself this coming winter season to women known for the work of their pens, --one woman to each of the several sessions of the Club throughout 1967 and 1968.

I asked her if she had anybody in mind. She said she had not and that was why she wanted my suggestion since the program for the year is being made up now and the name of the speaker and the character to be treated at each session has to go into



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the program now being prepared in advance for printing of the programs.

I told her I thought there was only one person to whose career she should address herself, a woman who had perhaps been read more often than any other, not from the 19th century but the 20th,-- asking her if she didn't think so. She said she couldn't for the life of her imagine about whom I was speaking. And so to tease her a little more, I opined that she ought to know she she had known her personally. She said she had never met Margaret Mitchell and I laughed and told her I didn't have la Mitchell in mind but Dorothy Dix whom Carmen, her mother and her grandmother had also known, they having entertained her in Hatchitoches and she them in New Orleans. Carmen was enchanted at the suggestion, said she never would have thought of her and thanked me for bringing up the name since she could assemble most of her material from memory and not have to do so much digging as for somebody like Emily Bronte or George Sand or George Eliot. and so that took care of that. I laughed, but not out loud, when my secretary this afternoon in response to my request for the name of the writer of a letter, spouted out with gusto: "Charlie Brown Goldberg". Now how he converted Claire into Charlie both amused and puzzled me. Although I hadn't paid any attention to what the secretary was up to when I was jotting down the address on the Goldberg communication, he obviously had been peeping over my shoulder. At least when I went to snatch the envelope from the typewriter, the aforesaid secretary volunteered the helpful information that I had not written the first line correctly: "You done writ 'Miss' and there aint no Miss" on this letter, he explained.

Charles had read me the editorial. Charles had written in yesterday's paper when she called this morning. It sounded as strange as many another Cunningham bit of writing. I asked J.H. what he had made of it when we were supping together tonight and he said he could only say that all the Cunninghams are mighty odd on occasion.....

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Thursday, June 22nd, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair and humid in the mid 90's. Just after I had folded up my typewriter last night, two phone calls came through, neither of them being of the slightest importance but each one a little unexpected. The first was from Miriam Carver, Hampton's aunt. I had not heard from her in years, I guess. Perhaps she got my number from I. S. Willard. She began by saying that she knows that Saturday is a busy day for me but in spite of that, she wanted to bring some friend of hers from New Orleans for a Melrose tour on Saturday morning. I inquired after the good health of her family. She said Hampton can't make up his mind about what profession he wants to take up, sometimes Law, sometimes Religion. She said he has a scholarship to study some kind of Biblical lore at Harvard this next semestre and will do so. After he has received his degree in that field, he will decide if it is to be Law or Religion which is certainly a quaint bit of choice-making.

After Miriam and I had terminated our chat, the phone rang and Mrs. Walker, saying she and Hampton would like to come down to pay me a visit on Saturday night. I said: "But Saturday is always a busy day for me and Saturday night doubly so. I said nothing about Miriam's call but to myself I said that one Carver in the morning and another at night might be a little heady. Mrs. Walker said she would contact Hampton on the morrow and see if he could make it on Friday night. I am not enthusiastic about close of day visitors from town any day of the week but Friday night might be possible, Saturday impossible. I believe Hampton and Miriam live in the same house and each will probably be mildly surprised when one learns from the other that a Melrose pilgrimage has been engineered within the same 24 hours. So far as learning of either visitation, the one may find it out from the other but I shd I not bother to mention the name of either to the other.

I'm putting today's issue of the Hatchitoches Times in the post. Somebody at supper said there were some



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pictures of the Pecan Growers hubbub on page 2 of the second section or perhaps of the first section. Since the meeting was held on Sunday, I don't know why the Sunday pictures didn't appear in Tuesday's issue but then I never understood how the Hatchitoches Times operates anyway.

I knocked off a couple of notes to "Charlie" Claire Brown Goldberg last night. I think they are of scant interest but since I chanced to have a carbon sheet in the machine, I am enclosing the notes although they are not worth your attention if you chance to be pressed for time. If la Goldberg gets the impression R. B. Johnston and I were not made for each other, she be quite correct.

I am happy to report that I found my 9 o'clock coffee companion bubbling over with delight because of the best of all kinds of worlds in which she found herself this morning. She even thought the basket of newly plucked vegetables delivered earlier in the morning pretty. I think one reason for her happiness is the prospect of giving a party shortly and there may be one or two other parties given by girl friends in the offing, too, and that would be conducive to great joy.

Pilgrims continue to take up too much of my time. I am considerably behind in some of my labors and pilgrims are seldom helpful in such matters as, say, writing a column. The University of Arkansas seems to be shuttling quite a few people down this way lately. Today it was Dr. and Mrs. Watkins, I believe, head of the medical school of that institution. They came at noon which is never helpful but they were pleasant and that excuses some things. Their 2 children, --sort of 8 or 10 years old, were civilized and that is really something worth recording.

In the letter from Clara Tyson, there was an inquiry about my opinion of "S. E. P." or some such initials.

Off hand, I haven't come up with the words for which these initials stand. I shall drop her a note tonight and request an elaboration.

Ho-hum, and now for a dab of desk work but not so much as I should attempt. I think I shall fold up the heard early thought to see if by girding up my loins tonight, I may accomplish twice as much on the morrow.....

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Friday, June 23rd, 1967.

Memorandum:

Deep summer as of June 21st and 22nd.

After sealing yesterday's envelope, the word, Extra Sensorial Perception, came to mind. It will be fun writing L. Tyson on that score, since E. S. P., like folk lore, seems to cover a very wide and ill-defined piece of ground.

Mrs. Walker mentioned that she would phone me last night regarding the hour she and Hampton would pay me a visit tonight. As I had not had the pleasure of hearing from her by 8:30 this evening, I phoned to see what was what. She explained they cannot make it until next Friday.

Just as I put down the receiver, some Mrs. Michaels called from Hatchitoches. She said Beth Beaufort had given her my number, suggesting that Mrs. Michaels mention her name when speaking to me in regard to a tour for Mrs. Michaels and her parents visiting her from Shreveport. Why I should be jumping crucked for Beth, I can't imagine.

Much to my surprise about 10 o'clock this morning, James appeared at my door unannounced. He remained for dinner and an hour or so afterward. He appeared in his usual good form. I believe it was a couple of weeks ago since last I had heard from him.

I gather there is a great deal of activity at Hyde Park. Kay announced recently that she intended buying a large acreage in Minnesota or Canada with a view to establishing a reserve for wolves. She has always felt the wolf is a friendly animal who has never been understood by human beings. Off hand, it would seem that the establishment for the protecting of such animals would impose quite a lot of doings. Since the original intention was outlined, the base of operations has shifted to the mountains of North Carolina where a large reserve could be purchased and developed for the aforesaid animals. There seems to be something remotely analogous between the expenditure of billions for putting a man on the moon for a few minutes instead of putting scores of youngsters through some kind of an educational mill.



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Carmen 'phoned me this morning to say that Janet Kyser had just called her. It seems that Janet and the girl who shares her Shreveport home with her are taking some summer school courses at Northwestern this season. Janet told Carmen that Dr. Yvonne Phillips is moving from the Kyser home this week and that Janet and girl friend who have been commuting daily from Shreveport to "atchitoches" will occupy the Kyser residence beginning Monday. Janet called Carmen to let her know that she, Janet, had just heard from her mama and papa. They were in some kind of a mild bump or wreck or some such and while John was somewhat shaken up he seems to be alright. Thelma's neck was somehow jerked or twisted and she is wearing some kind of a brace around her neck. They are proceeding to Madrid to remain for a few days. If Thelma appears to be getting along alright, they will proceed to Switzerland for the balance of the summer and then return home in September. If Thelma does not seem up to "alp-ing", they will return home from Madrid right away. Carmen didn't ask me and I didn't volunteer the information that Yvonne Phillips is moving from the Kyser residence to Kay's house at 1226.

At dinner today there were some peacan gentlemen from L. S. U., along with James, the clerk and I. We all seemed to lap up the food, much of which was garden fresh. I can't say much for the okra crop this year but we did have okra for the gumbo from Ghana and I found it toothsome. Okra usually flourishes from about this time until the first frost in mid November and ample will be our supply although not the super-abundance of some seasons, so much of which found its way to Shreveport when not dropped off along the way to various acquaintances in town.

I. S. Willard called to say she had received candid camera shots taken at the Willard-Berry wedding in London a while back. She reports that the groom will be bringing his bride for a quick look around Louisiana in August and naturally I. S. W. is impatient for that happy event to take place. A local tour has already been requested.

Some custard, pound cake and a tall glass of chocolate milk awaits my attention and thence to a little more typing and thence to bed.....

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Sunday, June 25th, 1967.

Memorandum: Continued humid and hot in the 90's.

It was a busy weekend but a pleasant one. I feel, however, that I wasted a lot of time listening to this evening's radio interview at United Nations with members of the world's leading news media asking the chief of the Russian delegation a flock of questions, the responses of which, I suppose, nobody expected to be more than mumbo-jumbo which it certainly was. I must confess I had to pay rather strict attention to some of the question to be sure if all of them were being put in Russian or only some of them. I think interviews of this type would be more satisfactory all around if only the questions and answers were broadcast in English. That would obviate the tiresomeness of 50 percent of the program to start with and since probably comparatively few listeners in the United States and Europe, outside Russia understands Russian anyway.

Fortunately, there were a couple of interruptions while I was trying to listen to the broadcast so that I didn't have to suffer throughout the entire length of the thing.

Although my reception was a little sketchy on the receiving side, I came to the general conclusion that it will be easy enough to have peace in the world if both the United States and Israel will simply hand over everything to the Russians and the Arabs. How people can make such suggestions as did the Soviet spokesman and with a perfectly straight face and reacting the same thing over and over again is quite beyond me. It might be too much to expect the Soviets and the Arabs to display a sense of humor but I think it is not too much of them to avoid insulting everybody's intelligence.

I heard something about travel this weekend that I thought impressive. Every year there is a series of trips sponsored by Northwestern, some to the West coast, some to the East coast and occasionally to Europe. Anybody can participate in this tour if they have the money. According to my informant, there will be a jaunt of three weeks this August through the Scandinavian countries and two people participating in the hejira will be Sister and daughter, Dootsie B., their trip

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being paid for by merchant-planter. I reckon I wouldn't know any other people who might be contemplating such a whiz but I shall make it a point to inquire from college grapevines so that potential victims might be warned to such prospects in ample time to alter reservations.

I shall enclose a post card that arrived in Saturday's post. What with the things bearing the signature, or initials, C R, I assume, but it is a wild assumption, it may well be from Carolyn Ramsey. You have seen all correspondence from that quarter and perhaps your memory is keener than mine as to the last time anything came from that quarter, - perhaps a year or longer. However that may be, if C. R. is the C. R. I am thinking of, I am wondering what is biting her and what she has up her sleeve that seems to make it worth while to wig-wag me. Perhaps we shall eventually find out and, again, perhaps we shall not be hearing another peep for years on end.

Mrs. Chopin called today to announce her return from Lake Tahoe or where ever it was in Idaho that she spent last week. She said she and her sister had a fine trip, the convention went off smoothly, the food was marvelous and the prices rather less than she had anticipated. She and her sister shared a room that was very comfortable with a pleasant view, price at only twelve dollars per day. Perhaps as the season up yonder has now been extended to include both winter and summer, the former exorbitant rates have come down. She only had one complaint, the inordinate amount of walking one has to do at the air ports. She flew from Shreveport to Dallas where she had to change planes and thence to Denver and another change and then Salt Lake City and another change with the amount of walking to be done at each change quite wearing. If one had ample travel funds, it might be a good idea to make use of a wheelchair, handing one's tickets to porters - if any - and thus save a lot of wear and tear.

As Mrs. Chopin terminated her travelogue, Mrs. Walker gave me a buzz. She had invited some people in this afternoon to hear Mrs. Morris give her account of her recent trip to Hawaii. Luckily a very few people were in town, -- people who had been invited, and so the party was very small. It was a very pleasant surprise. As I sat there, I thought of the end and the beginning of another week. I hold the thought it was a happy, cool one in Lyme.....

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Monday, June 26th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Continued humid and hot in the 90's. It was just grand finding a letter from Lyme in today's post, the letter dates Friday last past.

I was almost envious to contemplate Lyme's thunderstorm had made a round this past week for, although we do not need the thunder, we could take lots of the rain. How nice the little feathered friends made it before the shower.

I am so glad to know the identity of the first overnight guests at Grand Irianon. Without knowing anything about the British Prime Minister and Mrs. Wilson, I have a feeling they would be rather more likely to appreciate their surroundings than would the Soviet gentlemen whom I had supposed might have been housed there on their visit to France during the winter. Somehow, too, I have a feeling the Grand Irianon might have felt happier in housing the British within their walls than the Soviets. If memory serves, the Louis XV was but a child, Peter the Great when visiting France, was an occupant of the Grand Irianon. I think I never heard any accounts of Peter's stay there. One hopes that that "great bear" treated Irianon better than he did the home of John Evelyn when the Czar of All the Russias paused in England. Peter's health was not up to par during his Irianon visit and perhaps, therefore, he wasn't quite so boisterous as he was while occupying the Evelyn estate.

I was glad to see the clippings about the carryings-on in the Macdougall Street - Minetta Lane neighborhood. I hadn't thought of that particular nook in years and I find myself wondering if it has changed much and if Minetta Lane still curves around the way it used to. There were a few Orientals living in the neighborhood in the '20's but no Africans, as I recall. Color was creeping into the Village area in the late '30's from the avenues west of 7th but I don't know if the tide has swept all across the area by this late date.

It is nice to know about Auntie's birthday as



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having made its round this past week. Let us all hold the thought that one of the blessings on her natal day may be a step in the right direction toward good health again.

This noon when someone knocked on my door, I thought it was the clerk summoning me to dinner. I was wrong. It was Herr Wehre, the self same gentleman who did the article for the Picayune about Miss Hunter. He said he was just passing that thought he would drop in to say Howdy. He said his Russian wife was in the car but did not add the baby was there, too, a fact I learned later from agents. After greeting him, I told him quite frankly, after asking him to what hour his watch hands pointed, that I had a couple of miles appointments which was true and suggested that if he had in mind presenting his wife to the artist, it might be a happy arrangement to do so right then and there and then pass back this way when I should be enchanted to give the wife a little tour. We were talking on the gallery and by a happy coincidence, my phone rang at just that moment, providing me with a perfectly authentic reason for quitting him abruptly. I saw nothing more of him or his Russian wife or his child which probably suited them just perfectly even as it did me.

Tonight the mulattoes are waking Rita,-- Madame Hebert Metoyer,-- in town and tomorrow they will bury her across the way at the Church of the Children of Strangers. I hope the newspaper carries an obituary. I guess she must have been in her advanced 80's. She and I never hit it off very well together for she was moved by a form of insanity that always seemed tiresome to me. I believe her name figured in that list of notables as penned by the Lost Angeles lady a month or two back when she recommended several people to me who would be glad to set me straight about no end of things. Rita was sort of that style. For instance, although she wouldn't contribute a penny to preserve any of the Metoyer heirlooms, she was forever complaining that Miss Cam had "stolen ten thousand dollars worth of Grandpere portrait Poor Rita, forever promoting some kind of a scuffle and always finding herself in the middle of one. At this late date, may her soul rest in peace.

So things turn and I must turn to a nice cool salade awaiting my attention and then see if I can find some radio news.....

14944

14944

Tuesday, June 27th, 1967.

Memorandum: Humid and hot in the 90's. It was 11:45 when I folded up my beard last night. All evening my doors and windows had been left open as, indeed, they remained all night.

This morning just before breakfast, Doreatha asked me if I had had company last night. I had not. She said the wife of one of the overseers when Doreatha was coming to give breakfast. The overseer's wife mentioned that possibly I had had company at the big house last night. She and her husband had passed along the highway and noticed the big house had all lights on. They ladies speculated if the guest might have remained all night.

Doreatha went on and on reaching the big house, found the lights were indeed on and the electric fans going full blast. There was nobody in the house.

After some speculation, Doreatha and I came to the conclusion the visitors were probably Dootsie-Baby and some of her friends. Sometimes she goes to Shreveport on Monday, returning to Fort Polk on Monday night or Tuesday. Probably she had brought some ladies or gentlemen or both with her, stopping off here on her way from Shreveport to Fort Polk, lightening things up and airing their feet at the big house and then had departed, blandly leaving lights and fans going full tilt.

J. H. dined at the big house today and when something was mentioned about 4th of July, I said in a sort of casual way that I wondered how Dootsie Baby was planning to spend her prolonged weekend and with equal casualness, asked if anybody had heard from her recently. Nobody had. Naturally I let the thing drop right there but I must say I am glad Dootsie Baby and friends did not invade Yucca last night and grateful am I that the folks across the fence were not disturbed. Perhaps something will come up about it later. In the mean time, what a way for anybody, even relatives, to behave.



14945

I haven't had anyone read me anything from today's Hatchitoches paper but I understand that on the front page there is a reference to the misadventure Thelma and John had in Spain. This week's colum, "Courting Piece" refers to T. Bennet Johnston and his wife, the former Mary Gunn, granddaughter of Sally Hertzog of Magnolia.

There is a little section of 2 or 3 sheets accompanying the town paper of today, put out by the Tourist Bureau or some such. In that section there is a story about Clementine Hunter by Martha Wilson of Baton Rouge who obviously got some of her material from the Shreveport Times issue of a year or two back that was written by Ora Garland Williams. There are the usual mistakes in the article but it seems to me that in spite of that, it is a pretty good piece.

I had such a fine cold drink last night, I mustn't forget to jot down the recipe which is simplicity itself. I plucked a couple of sprigs of spearmint during the afternoon when they were heavy in shade. After letting a little cold water run over them to wash off any possible insecticide, I placed them in an ice tray filled with cold water and pour in a half teaspoon of sugar, putting the tray to freeze in the ice section of the refrigerator. When almost finished with my desk work around 10:30 or 11 o'clock last night, I removed the tray, cracked up the ice cubes, standing the glass in an air current from the fan for a few minutes and then began sipping from the glass as the ice melted. It probably doesn't sound very exciting as a drink but I found it wonderfully refreshing and so much to my liking that I am going to indige in some of the same brew tonight.

Among this afternoon's visitors were a couple of mulatto nuns from New Orleans. A long time ago the father of one of them as a little boy named Roque had been a member of the church across the way. In spite of the heat and their long costumes, the girls seemed to have a wonderful time and adored Clementine's African House section showing the clothesline with its garments that include long red handlebars, yellow drawers with green lace and all.

and now for a dab of desk work, followed by some melting ice permeated with mint, a little reading and thence to dreamland.....

14946

Wednesday, June 28th, 1967.

Wednesday, June 28th, 1967.

The heat and drought persist. Today's post brought a letter, addressed to Melrose Old Mae. She wrote to ask how Melrose got its name. She mentioned doing some kind of research with a view to giving the names and whence they came, for an article or some such covering old plantations.

One should never be surprised to receive a letter from that quarter if something is wanted. I must confess, however, I was not quite prepared for the additional request in the same communication, to wit, that pictures of the plantation would also be welcomed. What with all the pictures Ola Mae's girl friend must have of Melrose, I think I shall let my file of photos remain closed momentarily and little Miss Ramsey's treasure house drawn upon in this instance.

At the same time and in quite a different vein, I was mildly surprised to learn that Caroline Dornon's book about the Indians has been reviewed in some Louisiana paper. When Carrie's last book about plants appeared, I prayed her to give me some particulars so I might attempt a dash of advertising through the medium of the column in behalf of sales for her opus but I found it difficult to get anywhere at that time. And so now another book makes it bow, at least one columnist quite in the dark about the matter, eager to push public interest in the thing but getting no where so far as the raising of a finger by either the author or the publisher. It makes me laugh to think of it, -- people as so many have done in times gone by, standing on their heads trying to give Carrie a hand while Carrie moons off any old direction, being unable to care less that people should be trying to make a gesture for her benefit. It isn't the thing but it does remind one of Miss Hunter making a face like a hoop because somebody succeeds in getting her and her works into the most widely circulated national magazines.

the business .....



14947

14947

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The first surge of tourist traffic for the prolonged 4th of July weekend holiday is already beginning to make itself felt at this bend of the river, a sudden spurt in road runners. Always liberal in matters of religious and State holidays, Louisiana has already told State employees they may have Monday, July 3rd, as a holiday. I am told, however, that this does not mean the State educational institutions will be closed but, on the contrary, the college faculties and graduate students are expected to return to the halls of learning on Monday morning. I haven't learned if the 4th of July will be observed as a holiday or not. A guess either way would be likely to hit the nail on the head. After all, Washington's Birthday, though a national holiday, is no holiday for any Louisiana schools and how the 4th will fare can scarcely be anticipated in advance.

Naturally, on the home front, one can but wonder as to which ones and how many of the family will put in an appearance and for how long. One thing is certain, there will be no cook at the big house for tomorrow Doreatha and Ezra and driving over to Houston to spend the weekend with their two sons and the latter's wives for a four or five day frolic. Perhaps, -- and I hope, -- Shreveport et al. will be too busy making preparations for the impending Scandinavian whiz to bother about venturing into country at the moment.

And speaking of Shreveport reminds me of the Shreveport dog and the dog reminds me to report that I continue to see nothing of the peahen whose brood should have been hatched long ere this late date so I take it I can simply charge off mother and children against the last Shreveport visitation.

Calls continue coming through from graduate students taking summer courses there. One such came this noon. It was from a Lafayette, La. resident who reads Plantation Memo in the Opelousas World. The point of the phone call was to request a conference down here on the subject of plantation folklore and the request was granted. I think before folding up my beard tonight I shall do a column under some such title as Plantation Folklore and as it may come out in print before the present summer session has finished, perhaps the material may tend to be of service to the graduate students, apparently all intent on that subject at the moment.

I hold the thought there may be some ice cream in the Lyme ice box even as there is in the Yucca one. I'm about to sample a dab right now before going to work on the folklore business.....

14948

14948

Thursday, July 29th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Continued, hot.

Today was busy throughout and intermittently dizzy.

With the sheer joy of living, I spent three dawning hours amidst the roses and flowers in the garden. I ate breakfast and had no better sense to go right back and spend another hour or so after a cup of chocolate and a cigarette in the wake of breakfast provided me with extra vim and vigor to undertake more before the sun got too hot.

Freshening up with a hurried shower and freshening new raiment, I dashed across the fence at 9 and wasn't late. I must say I was mildly taken aback, however, when I learned from the servant that Celeste and J. H. had headed out for New Orleans before 8 o'clock. They will return Friday night, it was said.

An hour and a half later I marched to the post office with the outgoing mail just as a phone call summoned the clerk. He returned to the post office section right away, saying the call was from Sister. She was called from Hutchitoches to say she was bringing a lady down for fifteen minutes, just to take a quick look at the gardens and they would both leave immediately for home as they had to be there before 12 o'clock. I guess it was about 11:15 then and keeping such a schedule was of course impossible.

Instead of retuning directly to Yucca, I passed by the big house to alert Doreatha. Early this morning, I had gathered seeds of fresh vegetables from the garden,

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thinking Doreatha and Ezra would like to put them in their car when they headed out to visit their sons in Houston and believing the boys would be like some fresh vegetables from the Cane River country. My alarm gave Doreatha ample opportunity to pack the things in her car before the visitors arrived. When the latter got here it was not only Sister and the lady, Mrs. Tom Pittman, but also the latter's daughter, a married lady from Memphis. Of course, after a tour, they remained for dinner but, happily, left shortly afterward. I hold the thought this visitation may wrap up the 4th of July from that angle.

This afternoon I received an unexpected visit from Mrs. Prudhomme of Campiti. It was the first time I had met her. She is the artist who does such exquisite studies of birds. She had three relatives from Dallas with her and all were charming. One of them mentioned that Mrs. Prudhomme is having a show in Shreveport on the 8th and 9th of July and they had come over for the exhibit. If Shreveport weren't so far away, I should like to visit the show. I made that observation, Mrs. Prudhomme said that she would be glad to bring her canvases down for me to see which I thought very kind of her.

I shall write her a letter later tonight for since she was here, I have had several ideas about interesting various organizations to sponsor her bird paintings and, if she hasn't already explored one or another of these notions, she may be able to profit from setting some of them in motion. I might even give the project a push in the papers, especially in special feature articles of Louisiana, Texas and Oklahoma papers. Assuming Mrs. Prudhomme comprehends what publicity is all about, she undoubtedly might

benefit as much through an effort in that direction as might the artist whose concept of the whole matter is non-existent.

The Prudhommess remained here until nearly 6 and as the clerk was going to town for supper and as I was going to have mine later, I got busy at watering the Ghana garden which is a long process but worth the sake of the parching vegetables, I think. One doesn't require daylight for such business and so I kept the water flowing until after 9 o'clock and now I'm holding the thought the plants are the happier for the unexpected drink of water thus provided.

I'm not hungry as yet but shall be getting a little inclined toward a salad after I have done some mail and shall probably fall asleep as I flatten out and turn on the radio.....

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14950

Friday, June 30th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Continued hot.

And here it is the end of June which seems to have run its course with inordinate speed on this go-round. The local post office will be busy tomorrow morning when the post arrives, what with all the oldsters there to receive and cash their checks in anticipation of a frolicsome time this weekend at the local honkey-tonk.

What with one thing and another, I have missed lots of news reports over the radio during the past couple of days. Perhaps it was day before yesterday I chanced on a brief interview in which the King of Jordan was discussing Near East matters with a top news man. I have probably remarked upon the same thing before when a news man who is bound to be so well versed in effecting his contacts with royalty astonishes the listeners by a error that in other sections of the world would be unthinkable. Just as nobody, I suppose, addressing General Eisenhower would call him Colonel, so it seems astonishing to hear the King addressed as Your Highness instead of Your Majesty. But such things do seep over the air waves and I suppose the radio station sponsoring the interview immediately gets snowed under by a million complaints from listeners. If the world had no greater matters over which to squabble, what a wonderful place it would be.

I talked with I. S. Willard this afternoon. She reported that she and Kay had driven up to Briarwood to have noon dinner with Carrie yesterday, getting back to Hatchitoches by 2:30. Somebody must have taken a tuck in their skirts, -- Kay to be up and abroad before noon and Carrie to let her guests depart before sundown.

I. S. W. thought Carrie was looking fine. Both Kay and I. S. W. bought some copies of Carrie's new volume, "Southern Indian Boy, a small volume that doesn't sound like much but that, of course, remains to be seen. I. S. W. laughingly remarked that the author obviously didn't know the price of her latest book as demonstrated by the fact that when Kay went to make out a check covering the purchases, she asked Carrie the price and both Carrie and I. S. W. responded at the same time, Carrie saying it was three dollars and a half, I. S. Willard saying it was three dollars. The \$3.50 price stuck.



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I asked for news of Kay's good health and I. S.W. reported that she seemed pretty well, showing signs of irritation only once when then encountering a momentary difficulty in turning her car around. I. S.W. understood Kay would be going to Charleston next week for a brief visit. I inquired about the health of Kay's husband and learned that he is just fine and very busy painting. I take it that plans for the prolonged holiday are more or less on the quiet side.

interruption.....

Ho, hum..... Kay just called. She told me about her Briarwood visit and asked if she might come down to see me Monday afternoon. I said she could come but the day before the 4th of July might be busy. She said she was leaving Hatchitoches on Wednesday evening when James is driving her to Shreveport where they will spend the night and where she will take an early Thursday morning plane for South Carolina. She asked if she could come Wednesday afternoon. I told her I thought it better for her to conserve her strength against the Wednesday night drive to Shreveport. Then she asked if she might come down tomorrow afternoon about 6. Saturday is the worst possible date or day in the week but I said Saturday at 6 would be just fine.

I examined what progress the butterfly lily buds are making on this last day of June. Several buds are about the size of the last two joints of the little finger. They will be enlarging to a length of about 3 inches in length and as big around as one's thumb before the first blossom appears. I doubt if they will make it before the middle of July this year and not before the week of the 20th. But it is fun anticipating that magical moment when the first one unfolds and gives forth its entrancing perfume so I may pluck it and send it along in the direction of Lyme.

I am having supper at 10:30 or thereabouts tonight. This morning I found a likely looking cucumber which, neatly sliced, is now chilling in a bowl of chilling buttermilk that will make a fine cool soup, followed by an avocado salade, a dab of peach ice cream and a blueberry muffin and some Tender Leaf ice tea....

14952

14952

Sunday, July 2nd, 1967.

Memorandum:

Continued hot. Thirty one days without rain.

It was so exhilarating to discover a letter from Lyme in Saturday's post bringing one up to date as of Thursday last past.

I was especially happy to hear about the little coffee-klotch and can well imagine how entrancing it must have been for all three participants. I haven't a doubt all three of those taking part will be looking forward to a repeat performance but I hold the thought the hostess may not wear herself out in making preparations for a repeat performance.

And thanks no end for acquainting me with the particulars about the doings at Soeaur in 1704. The last time I was scanning dates on property, I got mixed up in some of the dates and have been busy rectifying trying to divest myself of the precise years that somehow were tucked in my mind as being authentic, so thoroughly established in my memory one may fasten on firmly to a telephone number; for instance, at the giving of same, only to discover later that an error was made when the number was first enumerated so that one has twice as difficult a eradicating the memory of the one that was inscribed so firmly at the first telling, making it doubly difficult to substitute the correct one that is subsequently given.

As I recall, Colbert left Soeaur to one of his sons who a few years later entertained Louis XIV and the Court there and then, sometime later, the King purchased the property for the duc du Maine but I am no sure about the years these transfers took place and I don't recall how it later passed to the duc de Penthièvre as I am sure it did, perhaps as late as the 1760's. We must go into this later, not to mention the Caylus Memoires et al.

And thanks no end for the clippings regarding the successions of both Anna and of Howard Gould. I am so delighted to learn that Lyndhurst passed to the national trust so that it will be preserved. Lyndhurst with its gray stone walls in romantic English architect and its rolling green lawns makes such a pleasant adjunct to so many of the beautiful old estates in the Dobbs Ferry-Terrytown neighborhood.



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It was so kind of little Miss Lee to touch on the matter of prices of current prices in the truck garden section, - figures that gave me quite a turn when chalked up against the quantity of such food stuffs that well up from the local garden. And speaking of vegetables reminds me of at least two baskets of pretty ones that never got delivered.

Early on Saturday morning I had gathered a pretty assortment for across the fence plus two other baskets looking equally colorful that I had stored away in a cool place until they could be delivered at close of day. There was the 6 o'clock appointment with Kay and I thought it might be a pleasant gesture to present one to her for her household and at the same time ask her to drop one basket off for I. S. Willard on her way home. I figured that in either or both cases the ladies might enjoy the colorful design made by the festoons of lettuce and muscadine, the red of the tomatoes, the purple of the eggplant, the bright yellow of some unusually golden cucumbers looking like gourds, the deep emerald of the bell peppers, the rose-red of the newly grown okra of that tint, the white of the onions, the deeper red of the beets, the bunches of brown pods of beans, the lavender of the young turnips, the deep green of the parsley and so on and so forth. Well, there were the baskets and there was 6 o'clock followed by 7 and then by 8 o'clock and no sign of my guest. She called later, however, and apologized, saying she had over-slept and would make a round on Monday. I told her that would be just fine. I did not tell her about the baskets and that long before Monday had dawned, the vegetables would have found other destinations as, indeed, they did.

There were quite a few pilgrims yesterday and today. The one I least expected tapped at my door this afternoon about 5 o'clock, -- two ladies in fact, one a little larger than the other. When I responded to their knock, they seemed surprised. I didn't know them. I swore I did not recognize them and they seemed a little hurt but came in regardless while I was grabbing a fresh shirt. Again I had to confess I didn't recognize them but expressed the belief I might do so as time went on. "I don't feel so badly for myself," said the larger person, "but I did think you would recognize Desiree." It was the lady doctor, of course, and while I immediately embraced her, I was feeling disappointed for my part that she had demonstrated such poor sense, and, of all people a physician who ought to know better.

And so the 4th of July weekend gets under way and I hold the thought it was filled with peace and relaxation at Lyme.....

14954

14954

Monday, July 3rd, 1967.

#### Memorandum:

Heat and humidity in the 90's. During the past 24 hours we received 4 tenths of an inch of moisture, -- mostly in sprinkles that seemed to evaporate on touching the ground but I reckon the dampness heartened vegetation a little. This evening the Weather Bureau said it is fair and it may be at the Weather Bureau. Locally, however, it is cloudy and the static so considerable that one could make nothing at all out of the news broadcasts.

Sister blew in just before dinner this noon and departed some time afterward. She had gone to Dallas with June who simply had to purchase a dog of rare breed there on Friday. Sister returned to Pecan Park with her and spent Saturday there with her and Sunday and, for all I know, may still be with her or possibly she has returned to Shreveport. Perhaps, on the other hand, she went to Leesville with Dootsie Baby who seems to have been in Hotchkisses this weekend. Sister didn't seem to know where either she or her daughter were planning to go. She did mention that on August 2nd, however, she and her daughter would be flying to Scandinavia.

During her visit yesterday afternoon, the lady doctor told me that last Friday Joe had consulted her at her office about his wife. Apparently it has dawned on him that Juanita A. is drinking heavily and obviously is getting more and more remote socially. I think she sees almost no one now. Having driven one wife to drink, now the second one seems to be well on the road and it appears to people who know her that she isn't likely to make a turn about. It is such a pity that the head of the household who is off can drive the one under his thumb ahead of him. I assume it will end up that the second wife will eventually go to pieces while the driver maintains his accustomed course, surviving everybody.

It was a short weekend for Doreatha and Ezra who got back from Houston on July 2nd instead of remaining in the Lone Star State for the balance of the holiday. They reported having a fine time but were contented to return home ahead of schedule. They had



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a close view of an exciting accident while in Houston. A truck load of soft drinks passed them on one of the main thoroughfares but just as it was back in the proper lane in front of them, a car bolted out of a side street, striking the big old truck broadside, turning it over and smashing more bottles than anyone could imagine. The car that wrecked the truck was traveling at a hundred miles an hour, pursued by the police. Inside the car were three youths who had just held up a store, securing 130 dollars. Two of them were wedged inside the car and were captured on the spot. The third member of the gang, the driver, managed to extricate himself from behind the wheel badly cut and run a block when he was overtaken. Ezra said traffic was tied up for blocks, not the least reason being that broken bottles ankle deep covered the thoroughfare for quite a space and took some effort on the part of the street cleaners to get it cleared away so traffic could proceed.

Kay came down this afternoon for a visit of 2 or 3 hours and bringing much fruit and vegetables for me. We did have a pleasant chat but it was brief as compared to the reading from two books she brought along with her. Both volumes contained stories about animals of which she never tires of reading. She asked me if I should like to hear the one about a deer first. I said that would be fine and, indeed, it was. In fact it was almost like re-establishing contact with old friends again as she had read the same story to me on her last visit. The other was about "That Quail Robert" which was equally charming and all quite new to me.

Kay plans to fly to Charleston on Thursday and has many tales of Aunt Willie's physical improvement as indicated by the several conversations she has had with her during the past few days.

I showed Kay some of the red okra plucked from the Ghana garden. She had never seen anything like it before and wanted to take some to Charleston with her and so I included some in the basket of tomatoes I had prepared to take home with her.

In today's post I got off a letter to the Editor of the Hatchitoches Times. I made no carbon. It was brief. "Dear Charles, I hope you will continue with your current series of memories. So many people voice my own feelings when they say they cannot resist turning to 'I Good Old Days' and reading it before looking at anything else in the paper. Sincerely, Leston."

That will make him slap happy and ought to encourage him to keep the incredible going on for at least another several months....

14956

14956

Tuesday, July 4th, 1967.

Memorandum:

An inch of rain last night, followed by fair skies today with heat and humidity still in the upper 90's.

Seldom do I use the word, gloat. But that is the only word I can think of that properly describes my feelings last night when a gust of wind sent the draperies flying straight out in a horizontal position and a cloudburst seemed to have started. In a few minutes, however, the intensity of the downpour subsided, tapering off of a gentle rain with no stir of air at all. I had been wanting moisture for the Ghana garden so much that I could not restrain my impulse to enjoy the dampness to the fullest by stepping out on to the gallery where I was joined by Tom and Tomtom on the bench. They seemed to take the rain casually enough but I was drinking in every raindrop and relishing the sudden drop in the thermometer from 90 to 70. All three of us sat there for an hour until the last raindrop had fallen. It was all very pleasant.

I had expected to make a couple of telephone calls but did not have to bother with that since the one and only solid crash of electricity at the inception of the rain had knocked out all telephone lines in this area. Service has remained non-existent throughout the past 24 hours, providing a measure of quiet that most certainly would not have been mine all during the holiday, had not the being suddenly put the communication lines out of kilter.

Both Doreatha and the servant across the fence, Rosetta, were given the balance of the day off after 9 o'clock this morning. Doreatha had stuffed and roasted a chicken and J. H. and I had planned to "picnic" in the summer dining room of the big house, what with Celeste having planned to spend the day with Toosie and other girl friends in town.

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14957

14957

1967, July 5th, Wednesday

J. H. passed by Yucca about half an hour before dinner time and suggested we carry the chicken, some sliced tomatoes and things to the house across the fence which we did and ended up by having a fine go at things, including as a dessert some fresh figs that had been plucked and put in the ice box this morning.

A few years ago, nobody on the plantation paid any attention to the 4th of July, preferring their celebration of the season on June 19th. This year, however, there was much talk of the 4th of July and the plantation for the first time in I don't know when, was utterly on vacation. Doreatha and Rosetta had promised to supervise the preparation of food, broiled in the open, at the honkey-tonk. According to various tendrills of my grapevine this afternoon and evening, the food was good, the crowd merry and a grand time had by all.

I had a few chores to attend to and hoped I might do a bit of reading. I should have known better than that, however, what with half the world in the big road and too many of them, --that is to say, the world, his wife and associates, heading up and down Cane River.. I did get around to read one recorded disc of NewsWeek and found the topics I scanned to be informative and pleasantly presented. There were too many interruptions to get very far, --pilgrims and plantation friends dropping in. I hope to have better luck tonight before folding my beard, however.

Early this morning I be-stirred myself to gather a bouquet, the like of which I had never seen before. It consisted exclusively of the Gothic fingers of the okra pods, some the conventional green, the others red and a few faded ones of deep rose. I thought Celeste might like to take them as a surprise to her girl friends. I had an ulterior motive, too, for in this way I could learn if any of her friends, some of whom are rather long established residents of the Parish. She returned about 8 o'clock tonight, reporting no one present had ever dreamed red okra existed and some wondered how I had dyed them. So turneth one Glorious 4th.....

14958

14958

Wednesday, July 5th, 1967.  
Memorandum: Sunday, July 5th, 1967.

Two tenths of an inch of rain during the night and a trace of rain this afternoon. It appears we may get another sprinkle tonight. What with the thermometer in the 90's, you may readily understand that the humidity, too, is in the same bracket, what with the occasional sprinkles.

Because of the absence of mail on the 4th, I should not have been surprised if today's post had been heavy but it wasn't. Come to think of it, probably prospective correspondents were too busy preparing for a prolonged weekend to get entangled with letters and they were quite right.

A gift package from Diamond's of Phoenix, Arizona, --a bottle remover. The card was from the Boggs whose address I don't know, --some small town in Arizona. If memory serves, they are a couple brought down from town by Effy Beck a couple of weeks ago.

The letter from John Johnson, Marseilles, Illinois is quite out beyond my memory's depth. Perhaps he is a gentleman of color, brought here a while back by some of the Roques although it seems to me that gentleman's name was Glord, --a name I never heard before, sounding like a toss up between the Lord and a gourd. It is noble of people to write after a brief hour at this bend of the river, --hope that none of them ever guess I can't remember which is which.

I am happy to report that telephone service was restored in this area today. I asked J. H. why electrical service can be restored so rapidly, once it is knocked out by a storm, in striking contrast to the leisurely lines with which the famed American Tel and Tel go or don't go about the restoration business. I didn't get a satisfactory answer but I did learn that

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while electrical service is frequently knocked out by  
thunderbolts, telephone service never is and that it  
is usually a breaking of the telephone wires by falling  
limbs or whatever that interrupts telephone  
service. What I wanted to find out was what proportion  
of repair service is maintained by the electrical  
companies as opposed to that of the telephone company  
but he didn't say and something interrupted our conversation. My  
guess has long been that the 'phone company keeps down its  
operating costs in part by employing few if any people in  
their repair service over weekends whereas the electrical companies  
tend to keep a force available throughout the entire week. If  
electricity fails on a Saturday or Sunday it is put back in order  
with the same speed as on other days of the week. On the other  
hand, if a telephone, a single subscriber's 'phone  
or a whole communities telephone network goes out of  
order in this area after mid-day of Friday, nothing seems  
to be done about restoring the service until the  
following Monday.

Such considerations and a dozen others pertinent to the  
same problem were buzzing through my brain tonight when  
Morgan Beatty in his evening broadcast was wringing  
his hands about the Federal agency that has raised a finger in  
the direction of American Tel and Tel, ordering it to  
cut down its profits to seven and a fraction percent on its  
earnings. It's the same tenor that one so often  
associates with BEC when reporting matters in which Big Business  
figures.

At the coffee hour this morning I learned that Pat and  
Juanita B. took off yesterday for Montreal and Expo 67.  
They left the children with the latter's grandparents on  
Juanita B.'s side. It seems Pat and wife  
flew the major part of the way, perhaps as far as  
Detroit or some such place and then took a "rent-a-car"  
from there on to Montreal. The idea seems to be  
a good one, it would seem, at least for those who  
want to save much time by traveling by air and yet still  
being able to rent a car near the point of destination  
to drive through a portion of the country and to the Exposition a  
thence back to Detroit or where ever to resume their plane trip home.

I don't have much desk work to do tonight but I do have a  
nice avocado salad awaiting my attention, not to mention  
some black cherries, the latter having been sub-  
merged all day in sugar and milk, well cooled in the  
icebox and I think I am going to enjoy them while  
doing a bit of reading about John Muir until I  
get sleepy.....

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Friday, July 6th, 1967.  
Memorandum:  
Ho, hum..... Hot and humid with most of the day spent in  
jumping between raindrops and pilgrims which certainly  
makes for dull employment.

I enjoyed a little telephone conversation with Mildred  
McCoy this afternoon. She had much to tell me about her  
recent jaunt to Hawaii and I was all willing ears. She said  
she supposed she spent about a thousand dollars, the guided  
tour being a package deal at \$650.00 that covered transportation,  
breakfast and luncheon, the three hundred and fifty dollars being  
invested in excellent dinners, trashy souvenirs and what not. She  
thought she got her money's worth for the 10 days or however long  
it was she was gone.

She said she is flying up to Washington tomorrow  
for a four day visit with her son at Charlottesville, hoping  
to spend two days at Williamsburg and a half day at Monticello, after  
which she threatens to come up to see me and tell all.

I suppose she and Kay may be traveling part of the way on the  
same plane, perhaps as far as Atlanta. Kay had told me  
she was flying today but I learned from I. S. Willard  
this afternoon that the Registers didn't get away  
yesterday but rather were leaving this afternoon for Shreveport  
where Kay will board the 6 a.m. plane in the morning. Mildred  
said she is spending tonight at Cloutiersville but is having  
her colored man drive her to Shreveport at some strange hour  
so she can catch the 6 a.m. plane. Perhaps the girls will hump into  
each other.

At a quarter of 12 this noon, while I was trying to get into  
some fresh raiment, the store phoned. A Mrs. Johns of New Orleans  
was there, asking if I would see her at the front gate. I would.  
Mrs. John or Johns had two Shreveport ladies with her, friends  
of Blythe. They were heading toward the Crescent City and  
as Mrs. Johns had written me once about something, she wanted to  
stop off. I asked her if she could tell me the time. She could: ten  
of twelve. I asked her about what she had left at home. She in-



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stinctively clutched at her purse and couldn't think what she had left behind. Blandly I said it was her sense of propriety which most road runners leave at home when they start out. I told her if she and her friends wanted to take a quick gander at the African House, I would take them there and right straight out. They wanted to and I did and when we got back to the front gate, a car stopped on the opposite side of the road and I said to the three ladies:

"You see what you do, enticing me to the gate. Here are some pilgrims catching sight of us will be opening that door in a second and asking for a tour."

The door opened and a pleasant lady came across the road and asked for a tour. I bowed to the Johns' party and told the new visitor the hour was 12 and that we had a quint old custom of eating at noon in the country.

"But we come from such a long way down in south Louisiana", said the new comer. But that didn't get her anywhere and the New Orleans contingent drove away and so did south Louisiana, I hope.

Celeste had her favorite interior decorator, Carter Edwards of Shreveport, for dinner. In the house across the fence, the kitchen is being torn out and done over, during which operation, Celeste and J. H. will be eating with us at the big house.

Carter Edwards leaves later this month for a quick go around France and Spain. He especially wants to see the newly restored Grand Trianon and, surprisingly enough, Vaux-le-Vicomte. Somewhat diffidently he asked if I had ever heard of either place. I confessed I had. He seemed amazed and immediately fell to asking lots of questions. Power to Mr. Edwards.

As there has been no acknowledgement with thanks, -- and none without thanks from "Charlie" Brown Goldberg I take it my memoir to her on Frances Benjamin Johnston did not fill her with delight. I have heard it said that if you are going to write any biography at all, you had better love or hate the person since an objective view by any biographer never results in a good biography. Well, let us hope "Charlie" Brown Goldberg loves F. B. J., a personality when I knew her calculated to inspire love from so few.

Today's inch and a half of rain brings this week's thus far to a little over 3 inches, unusual for July. The planters say we have had enough for the moment but will be glad for some more next month. So it goes and so I go to the cooler in quest of ice cream.....

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Friday, July 7th, 1967.

Memorandum:

A slight shower at 5:30 this morning was followed by a day of super-sunshine and continued super humidity.

J. H. had received a telegram from the Governor yesterday, asking him to attend some kind of a pow-wow in Baton Rouge today. He was back home by mid afternoon, having journeyed down the road early and returned promptly at the conclusion of the meeting. He said he had not encountered rain anywhere along the route but the landscape was all a drip in the wake of yesterday's rains.

I talked with James at noon. He said that he and Kay had driven through rain yesterday all the way from Natchitoches to Shreveport. He said the most impressive sight during the trip both going yesterday and returning today was the new campus where the new L. S. U. Medical Center is going up on the edge of Shreveport. He said he had no doubt the building going up are perfect from the architect's and the builder's point of view. As for the location of the buildings, however, that is another story. The acreage appears to be in a low area and all the new buildings present a striking effect in that they appeared to be rising from a lake, being completely submerged at their foundations and approachable only by boat at the present time in the wake of another heavy downpour yesterday.

About 8:30 this evening, Ursula Walker and Hampton Carver came down in pursuance of an appointment made yesterday. I guess it has been six months since I had seen Mrs. Walker, perhaps five years since I had seen Mr. Carver. I thought the lady looked much as usual. If I may borrow a phrase from la Marquise de Sevigne, I thought Mr. Carver appeared "greatly altered". Perhaps this impression was due in part to the change in styles which may or may not change men's costumes from year to year. I suppose



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tight pants may be in fashion at the present time. In any event, his legs looked mighty spindley and his arms that protruded from his short sleeved shirt struck me as looking thin, too. When last I had seen him, I got the impression he was well rounded in limb and torso but quite the opposite was the impression tonight. The effect was not a body that had shrivelled but rather, instead of being the physique of a man perhaps 24 years old, he gave every impression physically of being a youth of 15 or 16 summers. Formerly his looks were of beauty rather than handsomeness but tonight the effect was that of unfinished childhood that had not as yet emerged into maturity. I must confess I should have recognized him, had I not expected his visit.

All during the evening, my mind as I glanced in his direction, was trying to figure out how it was that my pre-conceived notion as to how he would look after the years in Harvard no way conformed to actuality. I came to the conclusion that Hampton and Morel a half dozen years back, resembled each other so ingly save for the difference in color. Over the years during Hampton's absence, I have seen Morel several times each week. Morel has continued filling out handsomely and I suppose I took it as a matter of course that Hampton was taking the same course. That must account for the amazement I felt on beholding Hampton tonight.

I was glad to see that aside from the bucket of champagne they brought with them, there was also the copy of The Sun King which had been borrowed at Christmas time. Before sitting down, we took a walk in the Chana garden where we viewed the big sunflower in the top of the crepe myrtle, the plants of red okra which neither of them had seen before, etc., etc.

Back home, we sampled the champagne which was excellent and they entertained themselves for a while when I had to take a call from I. S. Willard. It was after 10 when they finally departed, bearing baskets of colorful vegetables I had packed in anticipation of the artistic appeal the things might have and the possibility that they might find use for the food itself over the weekend, what with Ursula being a good cook and Hampton's grandmother famed in that department, too. The evening's conversation was sprightly enough but rather thin, it seemed to me and I must confess I was altogether happy when they were gone and I could splash through a shower and seat myself at my desk for a little conversation with Miss Lee before folding up my beard and calling it a day.....

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Sunday, July 9th, 1967.

Memorandum: To: Mr. Fair, 90-11th and humid. Subject: Fair, 90-11th and humid. I hold the thought it was as pleasant a weekend as locally. And the nicest thing about it locally was Saturday's post bringing the beautiful card with a likeness of one of our feathered friends on one side and on the other a sweet message from little Miss Lee. I was not surprised to learn that the Glorious Fourth was a busy holiday and I hold the thought the succeeding Saturday and Sunday allowed a greater measure for quiet. I am delighted to learn of the "holiday of the birds" and their enchantment in the renewal of kindred hearts within the little group.

I didn't have very many pilgrims Saturday or Sunday. There was a batch at 5:30 on Saturday afternoon who succeeded in making me mad because by their presence, I let myself get annoyed and I always resent my own weakness in allowing myself to blow off steam when I should much prefer conserving such wasted energy to expend on something worth while. Dr. and Mrs. Frank or some such name have had the camp behind Fug, Lou's house for two or three years. How Mrs. Franke got the idea that the lease on a camp gave her to drag all her guests over here for a tour whenever the camp is being occupied I cannot imagine but such a strange notion she seems to be possessed with. 5:30 p.m. was not the best hour of the day or of the week, in fact, to descend on me and I imparted my opinion on the matter to her although I guess she is too dumb to comprehend she is out of order. Be that as it may, I survived and there is always a chance my message got across to her although I doubt if people who will barge in on one at noon or bath time on Saturday night ever get anything through their thick skulls and one should feel pity rather than resentment at their lack of imagination. I continue hearing nothing from Miss Kate and the sisters Haupt



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are also without news. It's odd that I don't know a soul in Monroe who could round up some particulars.

This evening about 5 o'clock, Celeste, J. H. and I took a little ride along Cane River, then over to Montrose and thence along Bayou Derbonne as far as Derry and thence up Highway 1 to Montrose and thence back home. It was very pleasant and just north of Derry, perhaps a mile or two, on Highway 1, we turned off to the right toward the river to visit Henryville, the house where J. H. and Steve were born. I have been along Highway hundreds of times but never did happen to go back to the river to their birthplace. It is perhaps a mile or less from the main highway and so not readily seen from that distance, what with trees, etc. It is an 1890 one, much bay window and all that sort of thing but the location is pleasant and some of the trees impressingly large. So far as I know, there never was a photograph made of the place and so the next time I am down that way, armed with the proper instrument, I shall snap a few likenesses of the place for there certainly should be some extant to tuck into various scrapbooks covering Miss Cam's first home in the Parish and the birthplace of her first two children.

In today's Alexandria Town Talk, I am told, there's an article by Ethel Holoman about the Madame Aubin-Roque house. I had heard Ethel had rushed into Natchitoches the other day, grabbed a few pictures having to do with Museum Contents and said she was going to do an article. From newspaper clippings on the subject of moving the old house, or proposed moving of it, she constructed a little story and somebody said she had dipped into something I had written on the subject and, after pasting all of the things together, had come forward with the aforesaid article. It is said she even gave me credit for the stuff she took from my facile pen but as I have not as yet run into a reader at this hour, I have little notion as to how she managed the business. I talked with Miss Haupt this morning. She spends the nights with her sister, Bertha, at the hospital, making a round to their home, a couple of houses below the Registers every morning. We are all try to get news of Miss Kate Perkins and promise to share our findings with each other. We report regularly but nobody in the past month has been able to establish any kind of contact but we keep on consulting with each other regardless.

And now for a dish of ripe figs embellished with a dab of ice cream, a slab of pound cake and a glass of chocolate milk and so the new week gets under way.....

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Monday, July 10th, 1967.  
Memorandum:  
Continued hot and humid.

In the post came Friday's letter from Lyme, bringing no end of delight and the promise of more for the morrow because there was the pleasure of trying to comprehend what my secretary was struggling through, not to mention four interruptions and finally a complete break when I was called away to the aviary section. Thus today's preliminary exploration of the contents including the clippings plus the balance of the unread letter will be attempted in its entirety on the morrow.

I thought it so kind of little Miss Lee to speak so encouragingly of Leston's recent essays. I suppose if the J. Bennet Johnstons are back from their Florida vacation, they will be writing shortly regarding the Courtship Piece and I shall pass that along if, indeed, it is forthcoming.

The interruption mentioned above occurred when a son of the soil tapped at my door and announced he had two crates, each containing a bird, which the merchant-planter had procured for me somewhere north of Natchitoches. I had the crates carried to the Unicorn House where, within the wire enclosure, the peacock and peahen were released from their crates. To my surprise, each of them took a couple of steps forward and then turned around to glance in my direction, showing not the slightest sign of surprise to find themselves in new surroundings and giving every indication that they were not at all frightened or alarmed. I had brought a biscuit with me and breaking it in two, I extended it in the direction of the birds and both took a couple of steps in my direction and with all the casualness in the world, began eating out of my hand. Obviously they are tame enough and I hope they are going to like their new home and their new feathered associates. The younger



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peacock, recently widowed, came over to the enclosure and through the wire netting started up a conversation right away with the newly arrived peahen just as though they were ancient acquaintances. I shall keep the newly arrived residents in the enclosure for a couple of days and then edge them gently over to the African House and the mirror. Once they have observed the pretty birds in the mirror, of course, they will be anchored at this bend of the river for good.

I think the column, Plantation Camera Shots, will appear in tomorrow's local paper. In it, several photographers are mentioned, starting off with Frances Benjamin Johnston. Perhaps I shall send one of these issues to "Charlie" Brown Goldberg for her data on F. B. Johnston in Louisiana. Come to think of it, Charlie Brown has not acknowledged receipt of the memo sent her a couple of weeks back and from this silence, possibly I am being given, to understand that she will be just as happy if I don't send her any additional material.

Before I forget it, I want to mention a point I recently discovered about the word, daisy. I was enchanted on learning its derivation and shall always like the flower the more because of this concept. You may recall that the daisy's center is a golden disc like the sun. The ancient English gave the flower its name, "day's eye" and the flower will always mean the more to me simply for this reason.

What with one thing and another, I never did get around to do my reading over the weekend. One or two books had come to hand which I do not remember having ordered but I shall sample them before returning same. One of these is a novel by Mary Renault, The Mask of Apollo. It seems to me she is the one who wrote The King Must Die and Bull from the Sea, -- stories about Crete, if memory serves.

I haven't read anything by Miss Renault and so shall make my first attempt with The Mask of Apollo. Everybody seems to have read The King Must Die and I have heard it spoken of favorably by various people of unlike literary taste and I shall have a go at it sometime later, I hope. Fortunately, The Mask of Apollo is read by your friend, Alexander Scourby and his rendition of anything, even the telephone book, would make listening worth while.

....interruption.....

I. S. "illard just called. She had come upon an article in some publication entitled, --the article, --Splendors of the Grand Trianon. She wanted to tell me about a recent ride she had with Kay in which the latter kept driving on the wrong side of the highway w sounded hair-raising enough. And now I must raid the ice box for some peaches and cream and then fold....

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Tuesday, July 11th, 1967.

Memorandum: Humid and hot with a sprinkle followed by sunshine at 4 this afternoon, making the humidity a little higher, the heat a little lower.

The first thing I did this morning on be-stirring myself from my downy couch was to grab some peacock breakfast and make a round to the Unicorn House. There I found my newly made friends awaiting me by the gate to the enclosure. As I stepped inside, they both approached a little closer and a half second later, both were eating from my hand. I gather they had had a good night and were generally satisfied with the world as viewed from their new situation. About tomorrow morning I shall invite them over to view themselves in the mirror by the African House and they will be free to "broad" or remain at home and something tells me they will be content to "stay put". I suppose it is inevitable that with three peacocks vying for the attentions of a single peahen, there will be some scuffling going on as between the gentlemen but they will have to work that out to suit the most determined one of the group.

I was impressed today by a good excellent example of how some people can contrive to do things the hard way. As I headed for the Post Office this morning, I passed J. H. who passed to say that J. H. Williams had just called, asking if I would give a tour for some of his friends between 5 and 6 o'clock this evening. At noon the cook was asked to give supper promptly at 5 on the theory that I might get a bite of food before hitting the pilgrims.

Supper was served promptly at five and just as I put a d. of butter on the hot grits, the clerk who could see the front gate, announced pilgrims. I got up and headed in that direction, --two ladies and a man, all from Shreveport. The first lady said she hoped I remembered her as she had been here a couple of times before, that she had a camp just above Bermuda and would like the lady and gentleman whom she presented



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a tour. I said the hour was hazardous as I already had an appointment between 5 and 6. She said she wondered if that could have been made by J. H. Williams as she had called him to see about making a date.

Just why anybody with a camp on the river who has been here several times before should phone J. H. Williams to make an appointment for a Melrose tour, I cannot imagine. Be that as it may, we had the tour and how the pilgrims fared afterward, I cannot imagine but of one thing I am certain my grits and everything else which Doreatha had left on the summer dining room for me were cold except the sliced tomatoes which were supposed to be cold were warm and so was the milk. Fortunately, Tom and Tomtom don't mind buttered cold grits and milk at a 98 degree temperature while my ice box was holding cold cuts against just the sort of thing that developed.

And speaking of Tom and Tomtom reminds me to say that I am expecting to get hold of a couple of films shortly, perhaps in a day or two. I think they are very small but I am told by Miss Helms who took them that the one of Tom and Tomtom are good. If I may be so bold, I should much like to send them to Lyme for little Miss Lee to have a look at with a view to having at least the one of Tom and brother printed for the record. I should like to return the original films to Miss Helms eventually but there's no rush on that score. More on this topic at some subsequent sitting.

Two people put through calls to me from the college, asking for the address of Francis Benjamin Johnston which was easy enough for me to give: -- "Heaven."

They mentioned having seen the reference to her in today's column and for some reason wanted to communicate with her.

Tendrills of the grapevine from the direction of the Hatchitoches Times indicate that several letters to Charles, urging him to continue his "Good Old Days" articles will appear in Thursday's paper, and, it is said, one from Lestan will be included. I'll send along the paper when it comes to hand, although Lestan's note was written long ago and I have not looked at it for a glass of tender Leaf tea and that will be it for today.....

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Wednesday, July 12th, 1967.

Memorandum: Partly cloudy with temperature and humidity in the 90's.

Today's post brought the enclosed letter from Miss Helms together with what I suppose may be the film or films she took earlier in the summer. I did not open the envelope enclosing the film or films, fearing they might be too tiny I might drop them and find myself incapable of re-capturing them. How Miss Helms got the idea I wanted to use the film or the print of same for a book, I don't know. My sole wish was to have a likeness of Tom and Tomtom for your record. When this has been secured, I shall be glad to return the negative to Miss Helms. At the moment I am thinking of the film John Kyser may have of Lou Paul and Louella. When he gets back, I must ask him to let me have a print from that negative, too.

I phoned the artist today on behalf of some pilgrims who wondered if there were any Hunter canvases available at present. There weren't any but the artist was in a talkative mood and had lots of things to say while the pilgrims waited. She has acquired another car but did not turn in the one she had before but rather gave it to her triflin' granddaughter, Dolores. Dolores is "sort a" married to some Alexandria youth who sometimes, but not often, plays a drum in some Alexandria orchestra. I think one of his earlier wives has an apartment which is shared with her former husband and the latter's new Canoe River wife. It all sounds like a somewhat odd arrangement but if it suits them, far be it from me to ponder on any of the details. The one interesting thing about the set-up is that neither Dolores, her "sort-a" husband or the latter's former wife claim ownership of a driver's license. Since all three of them, however, know how to drive, the license is merely a detail that can probably be taken care of later, -- not too much later, one hopes.

And while the artist was acquiring a new car for herself and giving her previous one to Dolores, she thought she might as well



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get a new car for her grandson, E. Clyde Claude Emmett Davis, junior, more familiarly known as "Ughmore", pronounced "Ughmore". What Ughmore did with the earlier car she had given him, I don't know and didn't inquire. As Ughmore isn't working and as her son, King Hunter, is not working and since both Ughmore and King are out of jail for as long as they continue paying something for the support of their respective offspring, the artist is paying both those alimony bills monthly and supplying both gentlemen with spending money and the upkeep of their respective cars. And further, in order that her daughter, Jackie, mother of Dolores, may not feel that she is being left out in the cold, the artist bought her a new gas stove and had a gas supply tank installed and at the same time, paid fifty dollars to get out of jail one Paul Metoyer, who is Jackie's helper, being the same gentleman whom Jackie shot through the window a year or so ago. Folk ways and finances seem to be wonderfully manipulated in the Hunter family and while I leave it for others to dwell on the folk ways, I shall merely observe that Miss Hunter obviously must be in the money to make such expenditures with such a lavish hand, - the same lady from whom none of the children or grandchildren could extract a nickle, not even with dynamite, a few short years ago.

Clara Genung called me this morning. She said she wanted to tell me her brother, Leo Mattie, of Denver, died at the age of 90 last night. She wasn't upset by the news but simply wanted to tell somebody and her daughter wouldn't talk about it with her so she turned to me. Clara is 81 or 82 and certainly deserves whatever solace she can derive from relating a five minute account of this episode within her family circle.

Cammen called to say she had seen June and Bill Larson when they arrived in town last evening. She said Bill had an upset stomach and was going to rest for a few days. She said she had assured them that all they had to do was to call her when they were ready to come see me. I hope they have the sense to take a car from his family's garage which has an ample supply to get him down here and back.

The rumble of thunder suggests there might be a dash of rain in the offing. We really don't need any but we can take some more if the weather man insists. The butterfly lilies would welcome an extra drink. I believe it will be well into next week before the first one of the season unfolds.

Some sliced peaches await me in the ice box and a slab of chocolate cake will round out tonight's snack and that is it for the moment.....

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Thursday, July 13th, 1967.

Memorandum: I was also glad to discover the reference to Little Miss Ramsey. I think you hit the nail on the head when you wonder "when if ever" we might hear from that direction again. As for myself, I haven't acknowledged receipt of the card as yet. In view of all the time she lets elapse between acknowledgement of communications from me, even when mine have been requested by her, I suppose she will scarcely notice any failure on my part of communicating with her.

The merchant-planter at supper tonight said something that related to anything else that had been the subject of conversation and I still find myself wondering what it is all about. He said: "Oh, Mr. Riley is coming up on the 17th to look at pecans. He's a friend of yours, isn't he.....you know, Riley the wealthy coffee man of New Orleans....."

Somewhat I got the impression that after he had said the first sentence he suddenly realized he hadn't intended to say anything and so I did not respond with the obvious question: "I see....."



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"What do you mean, to look at pecans."

Mid July scarcely seems the magical moment when anyone would be traveling from New Orleans to Melrose to look at pecans. I assume he may have meant pecan property. I don't know. But anyhow, that is what was said along with one on two remarks about properties he owns in various quarters of the State. Taking a page from little Miss Lee, we shall take notice of that when the time comes.

This afternoon I had four Methodist preachers and their wives all at a single session. The Reverend Jolly Harper, -- what a name for a preacher, -- has charge of the Methodist Church in Hatchitoches. It seems I had met him and his wife on a local tour last winter but had forgotten all about it, they being with some Texas people or some such. But in spite of a slight drizzle, things went nicely enough and before they left some photographers appeared representing some commercial survey organization and what they wanted of pictures, I cannot imagine. All I wanted at the time was an opportunity to hoe some onions and as I succeeded in attaining that fine end, I was quite satisfied.

It's quite remarkable how the new feathered friends are getting along some peacefully. I had thought all three peacocks would be fighting with each other with the voracity of the newly arrived peahen at the center of things but everything has followed along without a ripple although El Ponderoso inclines to be somewhat reserved.

Standoff-ish. I had a somewhat extended interruption it was, too. My phone rang. It was J. H. whose voice sounded like the whine of a schoolboy, just caught with his hand ransacking the cookie jar. He said he was leaving for Baton Rouge before day. He expected to see Steve. He had forgotten to tell me that in a letter from Steve a day or two ago, the latter had asked him to bring him some fresh vegetables from the garden. J. H. wondered if I could round some up in the dark. I could. Fortunately my feet must know about every inch of the Ghana garden. I put two boxes of stuff, one for the seniors and one for the juniors, in easy reach near J. H.'s car and came back to Yucca and into my second shower bath of the evening. So turneth the day and so do I now turn to a dish of chilled fresh figs and cream and a slab of pecan cake, forever disdainful of what happens to the waistline.....

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Friday, July 14th, 1967.

#### Memorandum:

Remarkably cool in the lower 80's as a high and in the upper 60's as a low. Humidity is down to 42 percent and the skies are cloudless. A cool breeze out of the North turned the trick of presenting the mildest temperature for July that I can remember.

Perhaps the Weather Man was celebrating Bastille Day and wanted to show how fine things could really be done. I'll bet Tall Charlie didn't get half so grand a break.

I called James this afternoon and was glad he seemed to be in the best of all kinds of worlds. He didn't have any particular news but told me lots of things he had been reading in the papers. He said he had been painting and volunteered the information that he had been down this way to fetch the artist some canvases the other day and found them as up and doing as ever. He even threatened to bedrop in to see me one of these days and I told him that would be fine.

I gave I. S. Willard a buzz around 3 o'clock this afternoon. I intended asking her for a title of a book she had mentioned the other day but she was in such a flurry, I never got around to ask her anything about literary matters. She had just received a phone call from Shreveport. It was from a lady whom she had known during the depression and with whom she and her little son had spent some time at Lyme Rock, Connecticut. The girl had hailed from Venezuela or some such place and was remarkable for her stability. I. S. W. explained. I guess she still has a home in Lyme Rock although she has some kind of a business in Philadelphia where, among other things, she manufactures the stuff of which "Contact", the cold medicine is contrived. She and her 80 year old brother are driving somewhere, perhaps New Orleans, and they wanted to see WS on their way. They planned to spend the night at a motel in Hatchitoches. Realizing I. S. W. would have plenty to attend to in making ready for the visit, I broke off quickly to give her a chance to make her preparations. She did not know how long her guests would be in town, perhaps only one night.

And so, at 6:30, I phoned I. S. W., inviting her to



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bring her guests down here, supposing they had arrived, as, indeed, they had by then. I thought a little whiz into the plantation, a quick look around, a glass of port and a little chat might be pleasant before they made up their minds to dine in town. The brother had lived for 20 years in Ile de France and I thought he might have some interesting things to say. And so by 7:30, I. S. W. and the lady appeared on my gallery. The mother had preferred to remain in the car. We had a little tour and no wine and scant conversation and that was that.

On the radio front, I never did hear any reference to the fall of the B, still, but there was a lot of talk about L. Bamberger's home town and the racial scuffling going on in that neighborhood today.

On the local front, the conservation of human energy which is said to be the first law still continues inoperative so far as the folks across the way are concerned. As stated last night over the 'phone by the merchant-planter, he did indeed get off for Baton Rouge before sun up. I assume he returned home sometime after dark. There was a party at some camp, perhaps the J. H. Williams one near town, to which Celeste had already gone and thither J. H. journeyed to participate and bring his wife home. It seems remarkable that a person with so much sense in some fields should be so utterly lacking any in the matter of taking care of one's self.

Among today's pilgrims were a couple of ladies who came together, both being at Northwestern at the summer semestre. One was from south Louisiana, the other from Columbus or Columbia, Mississippi. As we approached the African House, they noticed a couple of peacocks wheeling and turning in their afternoon setting-up exercises. The ladies halted abruptly, asking me if I thought it safe for people to approach the place where the birds were. I had no notion that it would be any matter to consider. The ladies said it had always been their understanding that peacocks were likely to attack people if the latter approached the birds when exercising. I had never heard of such a possibility and am forever brushing the elevated fans out of my way as I pass by them and they never took a swing at me. I do remember Zelma's old yonder who used to pinch at the seat of my pants when we encountered each other in the road but I never before heard that a peacock was inclined in that direction. I must make inquiries about this if I can find anyone who knows anything about peacocks.

And now I must turn to the mail and then call it a day. It's going to be grand sleeping tonight, so nice and cool.....

14976

14976

Sunday, July 16th, 1967.

Memorandum: I have a 'phone call from the house

Continued fair in the 60-80 range

The magical moment of the year, floral wise, is hanging in the balance along the front gallery tonight. In spite of last night's chill, somewhere in the low 60's, the impulse of the butterfly lily to unfold its loveliness could not be withheld. This morning two white spikes, about the size of kitchen matches, had pushed out of the cone-liketop of one of the st all day long they remained at just that stage. Tonight there is a warring moon and perhaps that will bring forthin semi-darkness what the sun failed to evoke during the day. I shall leave this envelope unsealed so I may tuck the first blossom of the in this letter, should it chance to open during the night. If it sh fail to unfold, I feel certain it will before tomorrow night and so, ing to put in its likeness in this memo, it most certainly should not fail to make it on the morrow.

This weekend has been wonderfully quiet so far as pilgrims are concerned. There were very few 'phone calls, too.

I did have a buzz from Mrs. Chopin last night. In expectation of having her daughter's family for a week or two, --they are expected tonight from New Orleans where they have been spending week with the son-in-law's family. Mrs. Chopin said she did much shopping in town yesterday. In a dress shop, she ran into Natalie who was buying a yellow raincoat which didn't look like a raincoat at all. Natalie stated that she and her husband were taking off for Nevada on the 2nd or 3rd of August to remain there for a month. Natalie was said to look just fine.

Following my habit of trying to read a little on Saturday nights, I indulged myself in that pleasure last night and succeeded in getting further than is often the case. There were two or three books I wanted to sample but having



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started off with Mary Renault's Mask of Apollo, I found it so much to my liking that I stuck to it but did not finish it. As I understand it, her three books on Greece, all novels, I believe are The King Must Die, The Bull from the Sea and the Last of the Wine, not to mention Mask of Apollo for good measure. It is said only The Last of the Wine has not yet been recorded.

In the Mask of Apollo a successful Greek actor of the time of Pl records his career. There is little or no description but what little there is has to do with a trip to Syracuse. Somehow Miss Renault brings to life the Athens of the Golden Age, particularly as regards the theatre. It's a book I shall enjoy re-reading after I have had a go at The King Must Die and Bull from the Sea. I believe The King Must Die is about Crete and, I assume, at a time some thousand or twelve hundred years earlier than The Mask of Apollo. I suppose one does well to get well steeped in such books, especially if one eventually goes the rounds on a holiday through the Grecian isles and mainland.

There were only 3 or 4 interruptions during the evening and it is possible I enjoyed the Renault opus the more because I was combining listening to the book as I ate a leisurely supper. The resistance piece, aside from a Cane-tiver meat pie, I relished a salade much to my liking. To a dish of somewhat dry cottage cheese, I added a bell pepper cut up fairly fine, a couple of tomatoes, half an onion and half a cucumber that had been sliced and left to stand in vinegar since the day before. To this I had added a dash of sage and a sprig of parsley, mixing the whole thoroughly and then pouring half a coup of sour cream over same and leaving it in the ice box for a few hours. Just before serving, I scooped up 3 or 4 tablespoonfuls of chilled bell pepper jelly, looking pretty enough on the white cottage cheese with its spots of red tomato. No wonder I found myself liking Mask of Apollo.

I just stepped out on the gallery where I discovered the moon achieved what the sun had failed to accomplish, the bringing forth the first butterfly lily of the season. I hope it retains some of its perfume until it reaches little Miss Lee....

14978

Sunday, July 16th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Incredibly beautiful weather for July, --humidity still low and the thermometer still in the 80's and withal fair.

It was just grand finding Thursday's letter from Lyme in Saturday's post. With the 4th of July having come and gone, it is but natural we should begin giving thought to Labor Day. After that, the holidays of December and January will be putting forward consideration those on-coming holidays and so the whirl of Time speeds on.

And so the little feathered friends are going to have another opportunity to go visiting each other. One seldom thinks much about what holidays mean to our furred and feathered friends but in view of all the coming and going on the part of their masters and mistresses, holidays must really make quite an impression on the pets. I don't ever recall having read any essays on the pets' feelings about alterations of their daily routine when holidays are up. Perhaps I shall eventually put on my thinking cap and see what -- can still be said on the subject.

And thanks much for telling me of little Miss Lee's feelings on the matter of outings. For those of us who can travel so far in both time and space when given a moment of quiet to indulge in such peregrinations, I suppose one could scarcely expect people, solely dependent on physical gadding about to comprehend the enjoyment that is ours when chance gives us an opportunity to explore favorite yesterdays and longed for places, enabling us as does a measure of quiet to head out on outings that far surpass in enjoyment most of the trips by the ordinary scootings about as looked forward to by most people.

I'm so glad to learn about the plans for the little reunion in the Street neighborhood. I know everybody will be having a grand time and am eager for a report covering same.

And may I say how much I appreciate the data concerning Sceaux and the 1690 and 1700 dates pertaining to the ownership of that property. I suppose the particular volume you are currently exploring does not continue the story down through the 18th century when the duc de Pentieure, the Princesse de Lamballe and all the other latter period lived there prior to the Revolution.



14348

Swedish, July 1957.

14380

14979

Monday, July 17th, 1967.

Memorandum: Continued pleasant weather, the high in the 80's with film-like clouds to soften the sun's rays. There are few days if any in the year that I am so anxious to get off a letter to Lyme as was the case this morning, what with last night's miracle in the lily having taken place and with me being anxious to share the first perfume of the season with little Miss Lee. And so, with the radio advising people not to send much mail because of the rail strike, the postman decided to make his rounds an hour ahead of schedule a yesterday's memo sits here on my desk to go forward the morrow with this one.

Today's post brought Miss Dorman's book and a pretty little book it is, too, its measurement reminding me of those little books of German printing that proved so popular in the '30's. I am sorry Carrie felt constrained to write something in the front of it, mentioning Lest, n by name, so that forwarding it to Lyme was a thought that had to be dismissed the moment I caught sight of it.

I have quite a few letters to write tonight and one of them must be to her to thank her for her gift and to express regret that it did not reach me a little earlier before I wrote the column about little Miss Dorman and the Indign. I could have done that job so much better if I had what I was talking about before writing about it. I suppose Carrie had orders to fill before sending out copies and that she should have done just that is understandable.

Something tells me from the feel of this machine that I have started off with a typical "Denholm" margin which I shall attempt to correct on turning the page.



14981

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Well, now, let me see. I believe this is more like it.

I suppose I have said everything there is to say about butterfly lilies in previous columns. Nevertheless I think that I shall run the risk of repeating myself by writing another after I have done some mail. I have already discovered a title for the t and once a title is to hand, the rest of the thing ought to slide along smoothly enough. While I can think of several titles appropriate for a July or early August column, the one I have in mind seems odd enough; "Sweet Snow" but once the piece has been penned we can tell better if it suits or not.

Carmen called me this morning as usual, eager for a listening audience of one to recite the weekend adventures which sounded dull enough. She called me again this afternoon about 5, simply being unable to wait until tomorrow morning to inquire if I had heard from Bill Larson. She got the answer promptly, --I had not. She explained that he had called her early in the afternoon, asking my unlisted phone number which she had given him. She said he wanted to talk with me. I suppose she was automatically worried for fear Bill and June may be coming down from town to see her, her sister and her brother-in-law which, I assume, is just exactly what Bill has in mind.

The grapevine has it that tomorrow will see a visitation from Shreveport on the morrow. That is something to anticipate, too, and in that case the Breazeale contingent might be helpful on the old theory that there's safety in numbers.

Mrs. Chopin's daughter of San Antonio 'phoned me from Hatchitoches to say Howdy, having arrived with her husband and children last night from New Orleans. She said they had bought a new car in New Orleans and that the company from which they had purchase it had evidently forgotten to put any grease on the wheels so that they burned out the bearings on their way up here. They had planned to go to Monroe to spend the day with friends on the morrow. I thought the opportunity an excellent one asking her to call St. Joseph's hospital to inquire about Miss Kate since since neither the sisters Haupt nor I seem to be able to get any written communications through to her. And now I must roll up my sleeves, perhaps rolling them would better, and so knock off a little desk work before calling it a day. I hold the thought at least a faint suggestion of perfume lingers on within the envelopes.....

14981

14981

Tuesday, July 18th, 1967.

Memorandum:

The sky remained overcast all day, tempering the heat of the sun and extending the moderate thermometer readings.

I know not if the threatened railroad strike had anything to do with the skimpiness of the mail. Life magazine arrived and looks promising. There was no first class mail and we did not even receive the Hatchitoches paper which does not come by train but by truck. To everyone's satisfaction, our guest did not arrive for dinner. There were some people just before dinner, however, a gentleman and his wife and sister-in-law, the gentleman being a person J. H. enjoyed talking with inordinately because they had once known each other some fifty three years ago when as boys they went to school together at Chamberlain-Hunt Academy in Port Gibson, Mississippi.

Carmen 'phoned to relate the continuing problems she is having with her brother-in-law. She said Ruth Cunningham is having parallel problems with Charles about whose mental condition Ruth is considerably concerned. Carmen's brother-in-law goes to Shreveport on Thursday for a check-up and Charles leaves for Baltimore on the same day to have his stomach ulcer worked on at Johns-Hopkins. Perhaps both gentlemen in their respective institutions will get some mental care, too.

I. S. Willard 'phoned to express her gratitude for last Saturday's or rather last Friday's entertainment when her Philadelphia-Lyme Rock guests passed this way. The phone connection was poor and much she had to relate was difficult to understand. She mentioned the gentleman had a property somewhere outside of Paris, a place with a park where, although in his 80's, the man likes to exercise his horses. She mentioned the neighborhood of what sounded like "Dum-eel" but when I asked her to spell the name of the place she said it was D u m e s n i l.

Little was accomplished at gardening today. I undertook a few things and was quite taken aback when I discovered an eggplant, the largest I had ever seen. It was about the size of a basketball. I shall give it to the cook on the morrow to see if it is worth cooking. My guess is that like many another vegetable, the smaller or at best, the medium sized ones are to be preferred to the larger ones. I tried to keep August from doing anything other than resting today. Since Saturday he has been on the bottle, not drunk but sufficiently high to prevent him from being of any account.



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As I turned this page, I answered the 'phone, a call from a member of the local paper's staff. According to this reporter, the editor's wife, his sister and the lady doctor were as one in their belief that Charles needed psychiatric treatment. How to get him into the hands of a mental physician was the question. Charles had made an appointment for more extra physical attention by making an appointment in Alexandria for X-ray pictures. The lady doctor advised him not to have this done in Alexandria but rather to go to Johns-Hopkins where the doctor who had attended him last year would be to hand to examine the X-ray pictures and treat him accordingly. The point of this advice was to get him into the Baltimore institution so that psychiatrists would be readily to hand and be able to examine the patient for his mental condition as a sort of run-of-the-mill procedure. All the ladies felt this would give Charles the benefit of such care without even the question of any need for such attention ever coming up in the mind of the patient. And so Charles and wife will take off for Baltimore on the morrow and may the best psychiatrist win.

Last night I finished Mary Renault's *Mask of Apollo*. I liked the part that centered on Greece, giving as it does some feeling of folk ways in Greece during the Golden Age. The part of the book, and that is extensive, that is centered in Syracuse, interested me less, concerned as it is with political and military squabbling which somehow seems to be played in a different key. I, for one, am glad to be informed about the Syracuse of 500 B.C. but I find it would have suited me more if Miss Renault had carried through on domestic Grecian matters and left overseas military matters find space in some other opus.

J. H. inquired of Senator Ellender on behalf of a friend about the possibility of this American friend seeing the Grand Trianon a few weeks hence. The Senator wrote back promptly that he had 'phoned Paris and learned the Trianon is open every day to visitors at some nominal fee on every day except Tuesdays. The section of the palace, Trianon Sous Bois, however, is never open, being reserved for the personal use of the French President. So that's what the "hot line to Paris" says, something we all knew all along.....

14983

Wednesday, July 19th, 1967.

Memorandum:

After a single solitary sunbeam today, just low hanging clouds dropping sprinkles now and then to the measurement of perhaps three quarters of an inch. The thermometer has remained almost stationary in the lower 70's.

At the coffee hour this morning, Celeste gave me a letter to her from Mona Spurlock of Shreveport, a gal she has known all her life. Being too busy herself, Celeste asked me to answer the letter.

Mona is in a way a little bit on the L. S. Willard side, fanciful, to say the least, especially when it comes to ideas about going places. Mona's letter revealed she had the splendid notion that it would be just fine if she gathered together a bevy of women, some of them from Barksdale Field, and after all of them had prepared a picnic dinner, they would all mount their respective horseless carriages, drive to Melrose, spread a collation across the gardens and invite the two local households to partake with them.

It would be best, one gathered from her letter, that the frolic should be staged forthwith but there was something about October in the letter and that was just the straw I needed. I told her October 14th and 15th would be just fine but not to plan on bringing any food. I went on to say that the annual Hatchitoches-Cane River Pilgrimage is scheduled to take place on October 14th and 15th when she and her ladies could see the region to best advantage and that food in town and at the Church of the Children of Strangers would present just the proper fare for her and her group. I underlined the fact that at present visitors were unthinkable for those of us at this bend of the river.

Knowing Mona as I do, I shall not be at all surprised to see her any time next week or even two or three days before October 14th and 15th. After all, Mona is the type of person who pays scant heed to anything told her about any such things as matters pertaining to Pilgrimage. So much for Mona except to repeat the words of the old tune:

"I saw a preacher on his knees,  
I thought I heard a rooster sneeze,  
..Oh! Mona."



14984

14984

I ran into a pretty good example of "all around Robin Hood's barn" today. I am sorry the phone connection was poor so that what I wanted to learn most, I understood least. Hope Haupt has recently been trying to learn something about the status of our mutual friend, Kate Perkins. I guess Watchitoches is perhaps a hundred or possibly 125 miles from Monroe. Neither the sisters Haupt nor I chance to know any of Miss Kate's friends in Monroe. All of us, however, knew that Miss Kate has a nephew who recently moved to Hawaii. By some means, Hope got the nephew's address and wrote him and in response learned that --and this is where the communication was poorest for me, --Miss Kate had suffered some kind of a brain up-set, perhaps a mild stroke. And all this comes to hand, not from 125 miles away but thousands of miles across the country and part of the Pacific and back again which is certainly a "Robin Hood's barn" if I ever heard of one.

Hope Haupt also said that although Miss Kate might not be able to grasp all that is sent her by letter, it is felt she can understand some of it and so I shall continue writing to her regularly even as has been my custom during the past several weeks when word has not been forthcoming from that direction.

August whose business it is to gather figs early each morning just never did show up today which is probably just as well if he is still on the bottle. But there was no great loss except to humans in the figs that did not get gathered since the feathered friends had a wonderful time getting their fill. The bluejays were very busy in the tops of the trees shortly after dawning and an hour or two later four peacocks were stationed on the ground around the perimeter of the trees and without flapping a wing, were jumping high off the ground and catching ripe figs with vast dexterity. Such a concentrated display of jumping jack facility I never witnessed before.

The cook didn't come to give supper tonight and so I find myself with a certain hollow place in the middle awaiting a filling both as for supper and a 10 o'clock snack and so I must up and at the icebox....

14985

14985

Thursday, July 20th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Cloudy in the 70's all day with an occasional sprinkle, insufficient to register on the rain gauge... At coffee this morning I found Father Fredericks had pre-ceeded me. I think he once lived in Western Pennsylvania, was stationed here 20 or more years ago, then was transferred to south Louisiana and has been back here about a year. He is very pleasant and I have seen him once or twice, perhaps during the Christmas holidays. He greeted me with his usual cordiality and he jumped right into what was on his mind, the fact that he had found an error in my Decoration Day column. I couldn't remember what that had touched upon. He couldn't either, only the error which, according to him, was the fact that I had stated in the article that lilacs were used in the North for decorating graves. He hastened on to say that not lilacs but geraniums are used in the North to decorate graves on Memorial Day. I have no doubt potted geraniums may well be used but I am quite sure the Reverend Father is off his rocker if he thinks lilacs aren't used, too. But I thought it scarcely worth while to go into a scuffle about floral grave decoration and what was more, I didn't want to contest the point and thereby deny the gent the pleasure he was deriving from the "error" he had discovered and had been nursing for the past number of weeks. I suppose he had read the column in which the type-setter had made an error giving Madame de Sevigne an 1871 date. Carmen just called. She had been in Shreveport most of the day. When she got back, she found a letter from Ola Mae expressing the hope that the Historical Ladies would re-consider their decision not to let Ola Mae handle the October tour publicity. Carmen said she was certain she would not let Ola Mae get her finger in any of the pie. Carmen has scant notion about publicity, in my opinion. Nevertheless in view of all that has gone before, I think anybody entrusting anything to Ola Mae is well advised. I have no doubt that the card from "CR" to me was probably written in large measure by Ola Mae's partner who



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would be smart enough to realize that Carmen would consult me on such matters and that resuming relations with me might further chances for the tour thing for herself and Ola Mae. Carolyn has given the Pilgrimage excellent coverage and no doubt could do the same again but the combination of Carolyn and Ola Mae is something else again and I, for one, would hesitate to recommend such a combination to anyone casting about for publicity agents.

I heard the last minute or two of a CBS program last night having to do with books and the proportionate number of readers of books in various countries of the Western world. The person of the CBS staff who was doing the things said that he did not know what Frenchmen did for entertainment but it was obvious to him that reading was not high on the list of French diversion since the French seem to read much less than Americans and Germans. I think I shall write for a transcript of the program and if I secure it, shall pass it along to what little Miss Lee and Lest, n jointly can make out of it.

On result of the present damp conditions obtaining hereabout is the putting out of blossoms with great abundance on the wisteria vines. One sees an occasional blossom in late summer but never before do I recall such masses of blossoms on a vine that does most if not all of its flowering in March.

Yesterday Celeste went by June Harry's house for something or other June was making preparations for a birthday party for Dootsie-Baby's boyfriend. Dootsie-Baby had asked June to give the party in Hatchitoches explaining that she had wanted to give it in Shreveport at her home but that her mother always insulted all the friends the daughter ever brought there that she couldn't think of having anyone there and so had asked June to stage the party. I can't imagine mother and daughter going on any such sprint as a Scandinavia tour together, especially with what must be smoldering in resentment in Dootsie-Baby's heart but perhaps Dootsie-Baby is like her mama in that she, too, can eliminate from her mind anything by way of resentment against her mother whenever she feels like putting it out of her mind. Sister, and Celeste, now there is a trio and how all three of them, incapable of tolerating the existence of each other, can still engineer themselves into the company of each other. Perhaps the novelists of society can make such impossible contacts. One thing is certain, I cannot.

And now to the ice box for a little ice cream and ripe figs and so to my downy pillow....

14987

14987

Friday, July 21st, 1967.

Memorandum:

Cloudy and humid this morning, fair and humid this noon, cloudy and three quarters of an inch of drizzle during the afternoon with the thermometer throughout "hoovering" around 80.

The nicest thing about the day was the letter of the 18th from Lyma. Somehow these delightful vignettes of life provide a certain nearness that seems to eliminate space and time. It's especially nice to have greetings from the little feathered friends, too.

The publication from which I. S. Willard read to me about the Grand-ranon was some semi-official or culturally sponsored item which is supposed to be sent me shortly and I shall pass it along as soon as it arrives. I don't know the name of the publication and when I tried to inquire of I. S.W. this evening by phone, I was unsuccessful in reaching her.

And while I think of it, this matter of the 'phone is a point which probably is well known to everybody although I had never thought about it until mentioned to me recently by Mrs. Chopin's daughter. The daughter is remaining for a couple of weeks' visit with Mrs. Chopin. The daughter's husband returned to San Antonio on Wednesday afternoon by auto. In order to let his wife know that he had made it home safely, he put through a person to person call when he had reached San Antonio, asking the operator to connect him with a certain person, let's say Alice Smith, at Hatchitoches 352 - 1641. The operator from San Antonio called that number in Hatchitoches, was told that Miss Smith was out at the moment and would call back and that was that, the message or merely the person to person call confirming the husband's safe arrival at his destination and no cost whatsoever. I suppose there are other tricks one might play on the telephone company but this very simple one seems to be among the few I have ever heard of.

This morning's post brought two or three letters in long hand which stumped the secretary who chanced to be inexperienced in hand written letters. One of these was from Thelma. It was posted in Lucerne. There was something about a ten pound weight that apparently was employed in the treatment applied to the neck which sounds formidable. Tomorrow I shall have a better secretary and after reading it and getting the address, I shall pass it along.



14988

14988

Just as I was turning this page, a call came in from Mrs. Walker. I think I may have mentioned a day or so ago that she had run through her term paper with me, the subject being some contemporary American poet, the paper running through 25 or 30 pages, bibliography, notes and an over all letter of explanation about curious details. Tonight she wanted to say that the director of the Department for which she planned to do the biography of James Aswell has recommended that she shelve that idea and instead do a thesis on comparative literature or some such, a dull subject which anybody could write and which nobody would be to read. It does seem unfortunate that she is not permitted to do the Aswell thing for many reasons, not the least of which is the fact that she has access to a great many papers nobody else would ever probably find within their reach. Then, too, she knows quite a few people who knew the Aswells, people like Thelma, John, Leston, etc., from whom many facts pertinent to understanding the character. A third consideration is the fact that Mrs. Walker herself has a genuine desire to attempt an Aswell biography, a major factor in such an undertaking, since she would put into it so much more than a person without interest or enthusiasm who might be assigned the chore at some future time when neither much of the printed material and little of the personal acquaintance factors might be drawn on now but gone forever when those who knew James and Rosalyn have either forgotten or turned other fields.

The Aswell career was humdrum enough to inspire no one but like any object catching the eye of the artist, it had more than enough in it to provide subject matter enabling an artist of Mrs. Walker's gifts to capture and project a study that would be of genuine interest.

I tried to reach Natalie a couple of times in the past day or two. There are a couple of things I want to know about the college before writing the Kyers this weekend. I assume Natalie is bound to be mighty busy with both school, -- this coming week is the last of the summer session, I believe, and her plans for Nevada plus the fact that her daughter's mother-in-law is said to be quite ill which may add to family attention that wouldn't exist if the health situation were better at the home of the in-laws. And so things turn and I hold the thought it is a pleasant weekend in Lyme....

14989

14989

Sunday, July 23rd, 1967.

Memorandum:

Drizzle with rain and people on Saturday with the thermometer in the upper 70's most of the day. Sunday was dry of drizzles of water and people in the humidity and temperature soared into the upper 90's.

Celeste went to New Roads today to spend a little time with girl friends down there. I reckon she will be coming back about mid week.

Last night Mrs. Walker called around 11. She said she had been out to dinner with somebody following a very pleasant afternoon party at Natalie's. It seems the latter gave a reception for the members of the English Department of the college.

Somebody, and I can't think for the life of me which person I know in Hatchitoches, mentioned that Natalie had given a review some time back of Mary Renault's "Mask of Apollo". I called her this morning, asking her to give a synopsis which she did. She said she had tried unsuccessfully many times of late to reach me by phone. She mentioned that she and her husband would be taking off for Nevada shortly, planning to return home prior to September 12th when college re-opens.

She said she has been suffering for some time, --years, I believe, she said, with arthritis in her hip and wanted to let me know she felt it would be impossible for her to assist at the October Pilgrimage although she would be glad to participate by lending her presence sitting down.

About 10:30 last night, a call came in from I. S. Willard. She said she supposed I knew all about the exhibition but that she hadn't mentioned it before this late date since Kay had asked her not to mention it to anyone when she told her about it some time ago but I. S. W. had assumed Kay and James had told me all about it. Now, however, that there was a notice about it in the Shreveport paper, she assumed, in other papers as well, she thought it was all right to mention it and she volunteered to read me what the paper she had to hand had to say about it. Naturally I was all ears.

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14990

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The paintings of James Pipes Register are currently on exhibition at the Gibbs Museum in Charleston, South Carolina, stated the article. There was some account of the general nature of the work with emphasis, I guess, on color. Then there was a quotation from the artist regarding his especial interest in the Louisiana scene, et, et, et. Mention was made of Mrs. James Pipes Register, the former Miss Katherine O'Brien of Bluff Plantation. Mention was also made of the present director of Gibbs Memorial, a gentleman unknown to me and it was stated the latter had formerly been the director of the Horton Museum of Shreveport. And that, is I may coin a phrase, is that.

In Saturday's post came two letters from Caroline enclosed in a single envelope. The shorter one, as you will note, has something to say about Frances Benjamin Johnston, the general tenor of which leads me to believe it wouldn't please "Charlie Brown" Goldberg one bit. At least la Goldberg hasn't dared to answer the notes I sent her, leading me to assume she didn't care for them in the first place and therefore she probably wouldn't care for Carrie's memoir either. Since I did not have the pleasure of hearing from "Charlie Brown" in regard to my first notes regarding the photographer, I naturally did not bother to send her the added crack that appeared in the column under some such title as "Plantation Camera Shots".

Regarding the other Dornon communication, the one having to do with tomato culture, I read it very swiftly and it only occurs to me now that I might quote from it in part or in whole in a subsequent column about vegetables. Accordingly if you will either return it when convenient or, should circumstances allow, a transcript of that page but triple spaced, it would be just grand. In the event that there are pressures at the moment, however, please don't bother to make the transcript but simply send back the original. In the event the transcript could be turned out at the present time, however, just keep the original.

In view of Esther's interest in the butterfly lily, I sent her a flower last Tuesday. The letter came back on Saturday, however, as I had made an error in the address, having sent it not to Westbrook but rather to Westport which is another town in Connecticut. I shall try over again on the morrow. So turneth a quiet weekend at this bend of the river. I hold the thought there may have been an equally quiet one in Lyme.....

14991

14991

Monday, July 24th, 1967.

Louisiana weather at present reminds me more of the steam room in a Turkish bath than anything else I can think of. It was cloudless but steamy all morning and I could hear spraying machines going full tilt either in the cotton fields or pecan groves or both. At 12 o'clock noon, some clouds suddenly appeared and dumped a half inch of water in a matter of minutes, knocking out all the spraying efforts of the morning. Then the sun came out for a couple of hours to get things properly steaming again and then more rain and so it goes. It was a delightful surprise to find Friday's letter from Lyme in this morning's post. I am so happy to have news of doings in that quarter. I am especially glad to learn of the little outing with a congenial friend in town and I appreciate the perfect synopsis of the movie for I am always glad to keep informed about such matters. As for the racket that ensued later in the day, it struck me as a perfect example of somebody "making a mountain out of a moth hole".

And thanks no end for the data concerning the Maine matters. I am so glad to get straight in my mind once more the relationship of the succeeding generation following the transfer of Soeaur from the Colberts to the Bourbons and just how the Penthièvre-Lamballe twist came into the domaine, the Prince of Lamballe having been the son of the duc de Penthièvre. If memory serves, the duc de Penthièvre also occupied the property of the chateau of Rambouillet which Tall Charles now seems to frequent on occasion. I don't know just when Rambouillet was built but it is obviously a much earlier estate than the 17th century of Soeaur. I'm glad Rambouillet survived and naturally regret that the chateau at Soeaur did not for I fancy Soeaur was the more exquisite of the two buildings.

There were other letters in today's post which I did not get around to read. There seems to be a rather long one from Helen and it will be interesting to see what she has to report on the doings of herself and her Marshall friend, the mention of whom reminds me to say that I have not as yet acknowledged receipt of the CR post card.



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I appreciate the news regarding travel and marriage topic as noticed in the local paper. The Phelps girl must be planning to be married at home rather than in Germany as had originally been anticipated. Perhaps the groom is among those soldiers abroad who has been transferred to home base again.

I haven't heard the names of any of the people, except the two, of course, who are to make up the Scandinavian hejira. It is said we are to be honored by a visit from Shreveport on the morrow so perhaps there may be additional particulars regarding the tour at that time.

When Kay flits over to South Carolina, I usually on Sunday's drop her a note at her Charleston apartment at the same time I send a letter to Aunt Willie at the Nursing Center. I mailed notes to both ladies this morning. This afternoon I. S. Willard called, wanting to discuss in particular some points about Philippe Egalite and his family tree and I was especially indebted to little Miss Lee for having supplied me only this morning with details on such matters in the Toulouse branch of the Bourbon family. After we had done quite a round on yesteryear, we got around to the immediate present when I. S. W. mentioned that Kay had returned to Hatchitoches last Friday. She had not expected to return so soon but had eaten something in Charleston that had not agreed with her and so had come back. It wasn't clear to me why such a cause should call for such a jaunt but there was some speculation that possibly there was an element of nervous tension that had flared between niece and auntie and greater quiet could be obtained and hence a quicker restoration to good health, should some distance be developed between the two ladies. A phone call from Hatchitoches to me any time between Friday and Monday night have been helpful for me in handling at least one item of correspondence but my letter to Kay will be forwarded back to Louisiana as soon as it reaches South Carolina.

There was a slight mix-up about a watermelon this evening, the type of thing which happens occasionally and nobody ever unravels the mystery. Half an hour before supper time, Andy appeared at my door bearing on a platter a slice of watermelon, a circular piece a couple of inches thick cut, apparently, from the middle of the melon. He said J. H. had sent the melon to the big house for Doreatha to put in the ice box after having cut a slice he was instructed to bring to me after Doreatha had cut it. I put the ring in the ice box and at supper I remarked to J. H. and the clerk what a fine looking melon it was. J. H. said that it was indeed a fine melon and that Ezra had raised it. I said, "Oh", knowin Ezra never raised any kind of a vegetable in his life but that his wife, raises a garden. When we left the suppertable, I remarked to Doreatha how fine the melon was, asking her if it had come from her house. She said she hadn't planted any this year and wondered why J. H. and the clerk had left the table without having had any in the ice box. I didn't know but am going to sample my ring right now..

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Tuesday, July 25th, 1967.

Memorandum: Remarkable to relate, there was no rain today. The skies were clear, humidity and temperature in the 90's.

Last night, just as I had adjusted the nightcap to my typewriter and trotted out some peaches and ice cream, I had a phone call from Kay. She had much to tell me about the Charleston one man show which she said was a success. A reception had been arranged for the opening of the show and I trained coats and dogs half an hour before the thing opened but therein stopped abruptly a little before the doors were thrown open and so a goodly number of people attended. --I suppose by invitation. Anyway everybody looked pretty, her own dress was a success, the food and drinks were good and several pictures were purchased. Naturally everybody was disappointed that the artist was not present but everyone thought his representative in the person of his wife was just as near perfection as it could be. Aunt Willie might have attended but it was felt she might over-do and so they persuaded her to visit the museum a little later during the exhibition.

The reason she came home before she had intended was because she had eaten something that had not agreed with her.

She wanted to know when she could come down to see me this week. I said I was expecting a call from the Larsons and would give her a date on the morrow. She said that would be fine. I asked her at what hour I might call her, explaining that any time that would be convenient for her to take the call would be fine for me. She couldn't think of any hour at all but finally decided 12 o'clock noon today would be just fine.

Just after hanging up, the Larsons called and we agreed that today would be the perfect moment for a session. And then at 12 o'clock noon today when I went to dial, the wire was being used by the Delfin kids who usually hold forth for hours on end. At 12:10, however, Kay called me and we found a Thursday afternoon session would be just fine for each of us and that was that. She wanted to know what books I might like to have her bring to read to me. What with a stack of recordings already to hand, I wish she wouldn't bring any books but as she loves to read aloud, whatever she brings will be just fine.. can't say just what it is that make me feel so but nevertheless



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I am under the impression she feels she ought to make these gestures as a sort of compensation for the lack of contacts which have obtained on the part of the squire for some time past. S far as I am concerned, I wish she would not assume any effort on that score but if it is going to make her feel the happier by making them, it's alright with me.

And so 2 o'clock this afternoon rolled round and Bill Larson and wife, June, appeared and I was glad to see them after 4 years and we made up for lost time by talking about books and the theatre and all and I found them just as pleasant as I had remembered them. They brought me the fruit cake and Taylor's port that Carmen had been delegated to deliver ever since Christmas but had not done so.

The Larsons have taken up photography and were enchanted to get a few shots while here. The peacocks seemed to know what was expected of them and appeared to advantage in many of the shots, I believe.

The Larsons plan to fly back to Manhattan on Thursday, taking with them the two dogs they had brought down for a Louisiana vacation. They remarked their two dogs were drying their mother's dog crazy. Again I wondered why people going on such trips take their hounds with them. Of all the friends I know in this area, the inclusion of the family dog when members of a family come to spend a vacation at home invariably puts things into a tangle both for the guests, the host and hostess and all the animals thus thrown together. I can well imagine what might ensue were I to suddenly startle people in town if I suddenly appeared to make some polite calls, bringing a peacock or two, not to mention some other birds, the cats and so on, all in my train.

The visitation from Shreveport which had been announced for today never materialized. I pause to knock wood since an hour and a half still remains of this day. One holds the thought that preparations for the impending Scandinavian trek may discourage jaunts into the country before departure date for the northern tour. The more I think about the two persons scheduled to embark on the journey, the more I ask myself why somebody doesn't write a book or a column on Why People Travel.

And now for a dab of fruit cake and a glass of Tender Leaf and so to bed.....

14995

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Wednesday, July 26th, 1967.  
Memorandum: ...

Fair with humidity and temperature in the 90's by day and the 70's at night. Dry June plus much spraying eradicated the mosquito but the July rains and their washing away of the D.D.T. are giving the mosquito a new lease on life.

Cousin Arthur's office called today to ask if I would receive a photographer from the Baton Rouge Advocate who wished to make some Melrose shots. I would. He arrived at 2 o'clock and I recognized him as having been here on a rainy day two or three years ago. Whether he had forgotten about that trip, I wouldn't know but if he did let it slip his mind, he recalled the day of labor when I mentioned two or three little episodes. After that he consulted some kind of a file which revealed he needed no pictures here except one of Leston, after which I directed him to the artist's house. I am sure he had visited Miss Hunter on his earlier visit but he had apparently forgotten all about that and so he went on his way in her direction, accompanied by his 14 year old son who seemed to be of considerable assistance to his papa in carting along all the duffle that camera people are forever surrounding themselves.

He told me that Martha Wilson of The Advocate would be coming up this way in about 10 days and hoped to interview Leston at that time to do some stories for which he was making today's illustrations. As Mrs. Wilson has already done an article on Miss Hunter, I suppose her brief visit here may be even briefer if she has but one interview for this bend of the river.

While I think of it, let me say that today's memo may or rather yesterday's memo, scheduled for mailing this morning, may bear a Hatchitoches cancellation for the postman was an hour ahead of schedule today. The clerk said he would post my out-going mail in town tonight. I would also like to say that in spite of considerable care I take to keep my envelopes in the driest place I know, they continue



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more or less self-sealed just as I get them from the Post Office and it is frequently with difficulty that I manage to get them opened to insert the memo. I mention this point because I have noticed some of the envelopes of late appear rather ruffled up at the seam which is due to the struggle I have in getting them open before putting the memo inside.

There seems to be lots of baseball broadcasting on the radio tonight in consequence of which I could not get anything but sports on my favorite stations and the accustomed news time. I shall do a bit of casting about in the air waves tonight to see what has happened to "Tall Charlie". The last I heard had to do with his incredible speeches in and around Quebec and the observations regarding them made by the Canadian Prime Minister. There seemed to be no question of "Tall Charlie" instead of keeping the public reception planned at Ottawa, might swell up in a huff and fly off to France from Montreal without going on to the official reception at the Canadian Capitol. Never stable in mind, it would now appear evident enough that "Tall Charlie" has entirely lost his good sense, if any, in regard to foreign relations in general and Canadian relations in particular. I hold the thought that somehow he may be put on the shelf when he gets back home before he does any more damage to international relations.

On the national front, the news of riots especially in the Michigan area are lamentable to put it mildly. I was surprised to hear a CBS broadcaster say that there are whites along with the colored in the sniping business in Detroit. I am thinking of the tons of precious good will that was Russia's at the close of World War II and how Staline, obviously out of his mind, dumped it all overboard. The racial gains made from the administration of F. D. R. to L. B. J. have now been dumped overboard in large measure and the present riots are bound to set the racial clock back the Lord alone knows how long.

Celeste is back from her weekend frolic in New Roads. Apparently a darling time was had by all.

And right now I'm studying about a darling time on my own hook, ransacking the icebox to see what it has to tempt me and it will not be difficult for me to run into something, what with all the hollow I feel within me.....

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Thursday, July 27th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair and warm in the 90's but rather more pleasant than usual, what with the humidity down into the 50's.

I enclose a letter from Helen and from Aunt Willie.

How Helen does get about. Her days are so strenuous that her escape from the usual routine to take a whiz of a few hundred miles for a day or a weekend must be restful but the pace would certainly knock out most people. The idea of doing a day's roundtrip of 700 miles to pick up a beauty kit that could be sent by parcel post sounds like the height of squandering human energy but apparently it agrees with Helen and so I am all in favor of it -- for Helen that she had to say about Miss Ramsey sounds exactly like the same tale I have heard over and over again both from Helen and Carolyn. I find it mildly amusing that in view of the necessity for getting a new schedule set up and plans mulled over for cutting down expenditures, one dreams of sliding out to California to soak up sunshine on the beach. Surely in deep summer, what with all the lakes in Texas and Louisiana, not to mention the Gulf, there must be a place closer to home for sun soaking for a poor girl in the Lone Star State.

I take it Aunt Willie's letter for the most part was dictated but even so, it is quite remarkable for a lady of her age. Her ability to manage little details is something that is remarkable, too.

This day was quite a busy one, what with people coming, lingering and eventually going, -- ten hours of people, some of whom merely tended cluttering up the place and preventing me from attending to the occasional personal contacts that might have been more helpful if pilgrims could have been kept out from under foot.

One case during the morning had its humorous overtones even though I was provoked at the pushiness of some of the people. While in the midst of things with a secretary, a knock came at the door. I could see

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three figures of men on the gallery and I suppose they could see me, too, and I suppose they could see that I was busy with a secretary. They knocked a second time and then a third. Finally I went to the door and one gentleman explained that he was a priest from Campiti or some such place, had been here five years before and had returned to say goodbye as he was going some place and wanted to have his two associates see the place. He explained he was a German priest and his associates were from New Orleans and that they would like to chat with me, too. I figured that if the gent had passed this way once before in his life, had not contacted me since, it was almost superfluous to bother to come to say goodbye although I realized, of course, that the sole point of his visit was to get a tour for his two companions. I had closed the door when I stepped out on the gallery to chat with these persistent on-rushers and, to my surprise, the Reverend Father started to open the door, remarking there was another gentleman inside with whom they might like to chat, too. I told him I should have to deny myself the pleasure of inviting them inside as I was in conference as he had already no doubt noticed but told him to feel quite free to conduct a tour on his own account through the African House. He didn't seem to think I was dispensing hospitality very graciously and I, for my part, didn't think he was practicing common social rules by his persistence and that was more or less that. The episode merely confirmed what seems to be the general idea, to wit, that people in the country have nothing to do all day but sit around impatiently all day awaiting the arrival of just anybody to break the monotony for them.

Kay called at 2 o'clock and reached here at 2:30.

There were interruptions during her three hour stay but they were disposed of without any pushing. She wanted to read to me some more about Mr. Robert, the Quail, a charming story which we had explored a bit before, prior to her recent trip to Charleston.

At supper, the clerk said she had stopped at the store on her arrival, asking if she might drive her car to the side gate. He said he thought she looked in better health than he had ever seen her. I got the impression she was feeling better than she has in years. She forgot to bring me the program of the Charleston show but promised to mail me one. Somehow from one or two little phrases she uttered, I got the impression Aunt Willie was too much for her and that she had accordingly come home earlier than she had expected. She brought me some fine fruit and other foods and I'm going right now for a slice of cake after sampling half a honeydew melon....

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Friday, July 28th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair in the mid 90's.

The enclosures speak for themselves, I guess. The one from Thelma got lost for several days, coming to light only this morning when the house was turned upside down for a cleaning and the note from Switzerland fell out from behind the draperies where it had fallen from the top of the reading machine.

Carmen called me today to read me a letter from John regarding some Episcopal Church business and in his letter, penned last Sunday, he said he felt Thelma's injuries may have been more extensive than originally thought. After a month, she still has difficulty eating, for example. He said there would be a check-up on Monday, --supposedly last Monday, and from that consultation with the physicians, it would be decided if they would come home this weekend or remain in Europe for a couple of weeks more.

I am also enclosing a recipe for watermelon preserves or whatever it is called. When the Reverend and Mrs. Jolly Harper, -- what a name, -- were here a while back, they brought me a jar of the watermelon preserves. I just got around to sample it the other day having had no intention to open it at this season of the year until I discovered the top was half unsealed, leading me to surmise the stuff would be spoiled if kept in the present heat and humidity very long. I found it grand and this morning, about 11, I reached for the phone to call Mrs. Jolly, only to have the phone ring before my hand touched the receiver. And picture my surprise when the person calling turned out to be none other than Frau Harper. She and her husband had been asked to secure a few tiles for their Minden or Rustun lands who had been here with them recently and she asked if they might come down today. They might, on condition they could supply a watermelon preserve recipe as an entrance ticket. I think anybody is short-sighted to cook one's self over a hot stove in the summer, especially when there are such excellent jellies and preserves on the market. I thought, however, that



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you might like to store this one away with your gourmet favorite dishes and the theory that you might like it too, or that, perhaps you might like to share it with one or another of your friends with the full assurance that it really is good.

I don't know what I did with the tart letter I received from Mon, Spurlock. It was penned in a joint display of wounded heart and resentful spirit. What the poor dear cannot comprehend is that nobody at this bend of the river has any thing to do and cannot possibly be sane if warding off visitations guaranteed to last all day. If Mon wanted to come on her own hook, that would be one thing for she has known Celeste since Mansura days. But to engineer an outing for a garden club to spend a day here is something else again and there's no point in me engaging in further correspondence with her, especially as her initial proposal was not to me but to Celeste.

Mildred Cunningham called me today, asking if some friends of her daughter in Alexandria, might come Monday. They might. I hope we do not receive a visitation on the same day.

And speaking of the Scandinavian jaunt, I'm now wondering if that really going to materialize. My grapevine reports that as up to yesterday, at least, Sister has not picked up her papers from the Health Department in town, papers that are required prior to departure, and at the same time I learned that while Sister had indeed received the proper number of required shots, Dootsie-Baby has even had any as yet and departure date from New York is next Thursday from New York. Off hand I cannot think of a single project in which either or both of the present parties have been concerned that the thing hasn't been shot through with variations of panic, flub-dubbery and turmoil, many of them never having come off at all. I should be at all surprised if the impending one fizzles out before it gets started. I am holding the thought, however, that by some miracle this current project may materialize since it seemingly should guarantee at least three weeks of comparative quiet locally.

I have some cherries awaiting me in the icebox and a generous slab of pound cake, after which, if still awake, I must try my hand at doing a column. May it be nice in Lyme this weekend.....

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Memorandum: Sunday, July 30th, 1967. Fair except for some heat lightning last night, humidity and temperature in the 90's. The nicest thing about the weekend was the letter as of Thursday, from Lyme, together with enclosures and clippings.

How can I say how much I appreciate the transcription of the Dornon letter. I do hope the making of it did not impose too much strain. The fact that it was done with such dispatch surprised me for I really had not figured the original would reach its destination so speedily and accordingly I was altogether astonished to receive it back so quickly.

I was especially impressed with little Miss Lee's ideas about the Squire's handling of the exhibition in having not mentioned the matter to Lestan. Miss Lee voiced Lestan's feelings exactly. There must be some fly in the ointment about which Lestan is in utter ignorance that has brought about this all quiet business. The skipping of reference to a birthday was one of the earlier manifestations of "froideur". Yesterday about 5 in the afternoon when I went to the store to pick up some groceries, the clerk handed me a small loaf of pumpernickle bread which he said James had handed to the artist to transmit to me. I assume this was an item Kay had forgotten to bring along with her on Thursday and had probably handed it to him to give to me when he came down this way on Saturday. Heretofore, if not passing by Yucca when stopping at Miss Hunter's, he would give me a buzz on the phone. This latest wrinkle seems to be harmoniously tucked in with the rest of the current pattern but what occasioned all this business is anybody's guess.

It was so thoughtful of little Miss Lee to send along the clippings from the Times regarding the strange doings of "Tall Charlie" at Montreal. What a pity a man in his mental condition should be possessed of so much power to cause so much damage alike to international relations and his own country. I loved the account of the cartoon in which Mrs. L. B. J. is urging her husband to stop thinking of "Tall Charlie".

It was so thoughtful to include mention of the obituaries of Basil Rathbone and of North Carolina's most distinguished poet. Although I try to keep up with radio news, I somehow failed to hear any reference to the death of either of these two fine people. Like everybody else, I admired them both whole heartedly.....



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On the home front, things were comparatively quiet.

For the past several days, J. H. has been somewhat under the weather with an upset stomach. Like everybody else, I suppose, he looked forward to a peaceful Saturday night and Sunday w "staying put" might make him feel better. But "the best laid plans of mice and men" came into operation on Saturday evening when Sister 'phoned from Shreveport, going on at a great rate in the midst of a crying jag. J. H. at first said he would be right up but on second thought, said he would make the trip up there on Sunday which he did. I saw him about sundown this evening. Celeste had gone down the river to the Cohen camp where a party was in progress for the Phelps girl, about to become a bride. J. H. 'phoned me on his arrival home and I went over for a little chat and a bite. He said Sister seemed alright today. She and her daughter expect to fly from Shreveport for New York on Thursday, going directly from the local p to the one heading out for Scandinavia a few hours later on Thursday. I shall believe she and Dootsie-Baby have really departed only when I hear they actually have. Twenty one days should ensue from departure date before they are back. How pleasant to contemplate such an interim.

In spite of several interruptions last night, I got quite a bit of reading done and liked what I read. The July 31st issue of NewsWeek arrived on the 29th and I skimmed through that. I then dipped into some essays by Lionel Trilling which sounded profound as far as I proceeded but before I knew it, my head was nodding and so I returned the Dr. Schweitzer's biography, read by A. Scourby, and my head never nodded once. I so much enjoyed his brief references to various people, -- Clemenceau, Frua Cosima Wagner, et al. Until today, I had never thought of A. Schweitzer and B. Franklin together but now I am thinking what fine times they could have had settling the fate of the world if they had lived at the same time. Surely when B. Franklin welcomed A. Schweitzer to Heaven, they are bound to have had a great time catching up on conversation they had not had an opportunity to initiate on earth. On Saturday evening I was reminded of the Miss Johnson of "Hatchit" who was here a couple of weeks back and who asked me if the peacocks ever take a pass at people. I had laughingly dismissed the question as something I could not imagine. But on Saturday evening I found myself wondering if the young peac o lately arrived had taken a pass at that lady. The birds were famish and ate ravenously from my hand until they were stuffed. I turned to walk away and the gay young bird up and with perfect co-ordination and all at the same time took a peck at my shoulder blade, spunked me around the middle with his wings and gave me a swift kick in the pants. Perhaps the inquiring lady did have a point after all.....

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Monday, July 31st, 1967.

Memorandum:

Humidity and heat in the 90's and all clear.

It was so nice finding Friday's letter from Lyme this morning's post.

It's so pleasant to keep abreast with the world of little Miss Lee through the word pictures thus presented.

I can well imagine what happiness prevailed on the return from the outing by the girlfriend and all. But I find it shocking that in spite of the pleasant scenic surroundings while away, the lady should have lost so many pounds. Surely one of the primary requisites of a successful vacation is delectable food. A stomach denied something substantial and delicious not only casts a pall on the physical being but the propensity for happiness in one's surroundings at the same time. I can readily understand how another situation may well be determined upon for the next venture into suburbia or the country.

As regards the need for repairing of the lunettes as worn by another neighbor, how noble it is that such kind friends should undertake to engineer such an undertaking on behalf of one incapable of doing so on one's own hook. I am holding the thought that things turned out to everyone's satisfaction, especially to those supervising the effort since, I suppose, the patient isn't really so much concerned about such matters as those looking after the busine.

Today I thought of that good old stage and movie drama, -- could it have been by Lonsdale, called the "Last of Mrs. Cheney". I forgot who did it on the stage, perhaps Edna Best and Herbert Marshall. It seems to me that in the film version Norma Shearer and Hedda Hopper were among those in the cast. I thought it a highly entertaining show both on stage and in movie.

The reason I thought about this theatrical piece today was because I learned of "The Last of La Cheney", -- that is to say, the death of an old local resident whom we called Cheney or La Cheney. I must learn what her name really was. The last husband I remember her to have had was Archilius Brown.



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but that was not the first marriage for either party since both had several children by prior matrimonial adventures. Will Rodgers, the local carpenter, was a son of La Chaney and Will Ro after his mother had married Archilius Brown, married a daughter of Mr. Brown. I suppose such a union may have happened frequently enough but this happened to be the only one I could remember wherein a couple by their second marriage become at once the parent and step-parent of their newly wedded children.

Archilius died two or three years back and La Chaney will be buried beside him at St. Mary's on the Bayou in the Little River section.

Mildred Cunningham the other day on behalf of her daughter in Alex asked me to entertain some Alexandria ladies, friends of the daughter although the daughter did not come. As I learned from the five ladies and solitary priest traveling with them, they had had a picnic lunch on the grounds of the Church of the Children of Strangers. As their appointment called for their arrival at 2, I should not have been surprised but was when they put in an appearance at 1:20. Having gone to all the trouble to drive all the way up here just to eat a picnic lunch across the way, do a tour here and returned to Alexandria, it seems to me they might have exerted a little self-control and reined in for half an hour to view the Cane River scene from their vantage point across the river or even driven a little along one bank or another of the river itself to kill half an hour but they didn't. They were very pleasant, however, and complained only once and that was when they did not receive my endorsement of their intention to visit the second floor of the big house. One of them made a gesture to try the stairs but I remained adamant, telling her as I have told others under similar circumstances that if she felt she had been over-charged for the tour, she might stop at the store on her way out and get her money refunded. As in previous episodes of this type, the dumb bunny looked puzzled at what I said and then declared:

"But we didn't pay anything to make the tour."

"In all fairness," I replied, "then you really can't say you have been cheated, or can you?"

Bobby DeLieuze phoned me this afternoon to ask a favor. As a member of the Chamber of Commerce, it had fallen to him to serve as guide to a couple of plantations tomorrow to point out fascinating old plantation houses to camera men for some NBC group. He had in mind turning them loose first on Beauport, then Oakland and then Melrose. I told him to reverse his program coming here first and mentioned 2 o'clock as the magical moment. I hope that hour works better tomorrow than it did today.

Some peach icecream is calling from the ice box and I must respond to it and some chocolate cake and a spot of Tender Leaf tea.....

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Memorandum:

Continued hot and humid. The tourist flow continues in ever increasing volume. Ye olde plantation isn't supposed to be open to run-of-the-mill pilgrims and perhaps many are turned away. In spite of that, however, I continue to be inundated. So many of them continue putting in an appearance at inconvenient moments. Most civilized people ought to know that 12 o'clock noon is not the proper time for anybody to break in on anyone. What's more, the store ought to have been sense than to send me people, unknown in the endless list of "friends of the family", but the store like the pilgrims continues demonstrating little judgement in such matters.

A case in point occurred this noon when 20 minutes before food was to be served, one batch of people was sent to me and, hard on their heels, another bunch was sent at 10 minutes before the magical moment for gathering at the board arrived. It was all very harum-scarum.

I told the clerk I was expecting camera people at 2 o'clock and asked him to turn away any people who might be trying at that hour to invade the place. I suppose he did so but perhaps J. H. didn't understand for at precisely 2 o'clock a flock of ladies from Dallas put in an appearance. Right behind them were the camera people and so things turned for the balance of the day until 7:45 when I got rid of the last of all comers.

The camera people worked with amazing dispatch and I'm wondering if what they secured was worth much. In the taking of pictures there must be some happy medium between endless fiddling with just the right angles, the taking of light calculations, turning the lenses and so on and so forth as opposed to slap snapping of shutters and wrapping up the scenes in one second flat. Today's camera men were of the speedy variety and in part, perhaps, because I had made preparations for their convenience prior to their arrival, the whole job was accomplished in something less than 20 minutes. As the photographing of several garden shots including close-ups of peacocks and the host, not to mention 4 hours, it seems as though the thing was rapid.

By dint of break-neck sprinting, perhaps one could get shots of the big palace at Versailles, the Grand and the Petit



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Trionons, all within half an hour, but I should imagine the pictures would be much. What was achieved here in such short time may have some value but I doubt it. The scenes will be incorporated in a documentary film of all this section of Louisiana that will be given an hour and a half run from 8:30 to 10 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, August 31st.

In today's post came a clipping about Winter Quarters, one of the Dr. Haller Knutt plantations in Louisiana. The article seems to be poorly written although the presence of Mr. MacDonald's name is interesting, the latter being the Dutch Garden near Newellton. You will recall that the town house of Dr. Knutt is the fabulous, unfinished Longwood of Natchez.

In the mail, too, was the current issue of Talking Book topics or whatever it is called. It came from the Library of Congress with a note pasted on the front, undoubtedly having been sent by Bill Bray.

Mrs. Walker just called. She said she had been dipping into Swann Way which she had received from Esther Lape in today's post. The ladies up at Salt Meadow are having a quiet summer, Helen Gavin not being very well and Esther being engaged in reading Proust aloud to Helen. Esther must be feeling pretty well if she feels up to reading aloud those endless sentences of little Marcel.

Mrs. Walker made so bold as to hint that possibly a letter to Westbrook might be in order, --long sentences from Lestan's pen to balance off those of Du Cote de Chez Swann. I doubt if I shall get a round to include the Lape-Gavin names on my list of letters to be written tonight before bed-folding time but perhaps I shall on the morrow.

According to Carmen, Charles and Ruth Cunningham returned from Johns Hopkins last Saturday. Charles is proclaiming with great joy that Johns Hopkins sent him home with a clean bill of health. Everybody wonders on hearing such news what could have happened to the much publicized stomach ulcer that Charles had been talking about so long. Others are wondering, too, how Johns Hopkins could have given him a clean bill of health when he is so obviously wacky. Perhaps the Baltimore Institution concentrated on the ulcer and having found none turned to the brain with the same results and so could send him home with a blank slate. Charles' sister-in-law, Mildred Cunningham, says that Charles' trick is to trot out the ulcer whenever he wants his wife to shovel out some money. This seems to have worked sometimes a while back but not now. And now I must roll up my sleeves and attack some letters and the for a dab of ice cream and to bed.....

15007

120021

Wednesday, August 2nd, 1967.

Memorandum:

Continued hot and humid.

Early this afternoon while crossing the road en route to the store, a car that was going along at a pretty good clip, suddenly applied the breaks and blew the horn. I assumed it was some pilgrim, muttering as much into my heard but I went over to the car and the lady driver called me by name and said that the young lady on the side I approached was none other than Desiree.

The driver, of course, was the lady doctor and apparently she had inadvertently or intentionally improved her manner of identifying herself since her last visit.

She said she was scurrying on a call to Little River and was in a great hurry to get back to town to keep a dentist appointment but did want to stop long enough to say Howdy and I must say I enjoyed the little chat that ensued.

The Ghana garden was so pretty this morning just before sun up I enjoyed gathering vegetables. The long red peppers and the imperial purple of the eggplants looked so entrancing in their glistening coating of dew.

I remembered the appearance of the peppers at 8 o'clock when Carmen called me to go into endless details about a party she had attended yesterday at Oakland. Lucille Prudhomme, --Mrs. J. Alphonse Prudhomme, has a son living somewhere just south of the Rio Grande while her daughter who married a Mexican had just returned from south of the border, the sisters-in-law having brought a flock of stuff to Lucille which the latter put to use in her afternoon party. I should have liked to see the considerable assortment of earthenware peppers, all painted the yellows, greens and reds in every variety imaginable and these creations Lucille used for her table and buffet decorations. I'll bet they were pretty. Carmen report with a tone of pride that she had won first prize at cards, the gift being



170021

15008

a Mexican scene painted in oils on velvet. Now that would be one prize I wouldn't care anything about seeing, let alone winning. But Carmen liked it and that is all that mattered.

According to Carmen, everything about the party was darling except, perhaps, that the house is not air conditioned, which somehow made one think that all the red peppers on the dining room table and buffet made one wonder if all that color would not have been more successful if used on a temperate or cool day in autumn rather than in the middle of summer. I must say I can well see that Carmen had a point.

The several members of la Cheney's family, none of whom have very good sense, are still scuffling over the best time to conduct the burial services. Friday had been agreed upon as the ideal day but that was over-ridden because Thursday night isn't so good a time for a wake as Friday night. Then, too, there was the matter of where the wake should be held, the preacher wanting it at the funeral home in town, various friends and relatives wanting it at Cheney's residence, the house just below the spillway adjoining the residence where Miss Hunter once lived when little Miss Lee walked that way one summer's evening.

Noonie, the one time bride of Jack Morris, is now occupying the former residence of Miss Hunter. Noonie's son is now a big boy but playful in manner and a couple of weeks back threw Noonie's only pair of shoes into the cistern, half full of water, from which Noonie has been unable to bail them out. It was Noonie, barefoot, who was the first of the neighbors to learn of la Cheney's death on Sunday or whenever and Noonie made a bee line for the Cheney residence so she could slip off the dead lady's shoes onto her own feet and thus Noonie is adequately shod for the wake whether it be Thursday or Friday. Bertha Bluff, one of the two daughters of la Cheney living on the plantation has some definite but somewhat unexpected notions regarding suitability of the date for her mama's funeral. Bertha Bluff is now Mrs. Leroy Jenkins but formerly was Mrs. Charlie "Bluff" Gibson, no kin at all to the Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, sister of Lady Astor. It seems Bertha Bluff ordered a package of "new" second hand dresses from some grab-bag outfit in Kansas City a short time back and naturally she doesn't want the wake and funeral to be held before she receives her fine assortment of fripperies. How little do people realize how many things are to be straightened out for a fine funeral in the twilight of the old fashioned plantation system.

Some fresh figs, plucked this morning, are drowned in cream in the ice box and this tidbit with a slab of chocolate cake must be taken care of as soon as I have taken care of the mail.....

01021

15009

Thursday, August 3rd, 1967.

Memorandum:

Hot in the upper 90's, humidity down to 59 for the moment.

Having heard nothing to the contrary, I assume the travelers bound for Scandinavia are on their way. Well, power to them is all I have to say.

I had breakfast with the clerk this morning and coffee with Celeste at 9 but it wasn't until this afternoon I learned from a servant that J. H. drove down to Baton Rouge, leaving here before breakfast. He was back in mid afternoon. He said he had gone down on some R.E.A. business, lunched with the General, attended some kind of a political pow-wow as an observer and that was that. Had I known he was heading in that direction this morning I should have been happy to send some fresh things from the garden for the Baton Rouge folks.

Tomorrow is graduation time at Northwestern. Several people have called me today, asking if they might provide transportation for me to attend. I appreciate the thoughtfulness but I cannot imagine attending such a ceremony in this heat, especially as I have no close friends receiving the crown.

It appears that many a call from town is placed for me that never comes through. Carmen complained both yesterday and today that every time she dials 7273, a pleasant and also a pleasant-patient gentleman answers the phone, his number being 7373. He must get tired of responding to wrong numbers which, as in the case of Carmen's, are probably persistent to a degree. I have reported this mechanical failure on the part of the company and its equipment but the same old business keeps going on and on. Some day I must dial 7373 to see if I can secure cooperation on the part of the poor man who certainly would be glad to get a moment's freedom to answer his own calls, I suppose. As for my part, I am probably lucky to miss many of those intended for me and yet one does wonder if at least a small percentage of the ones never coming through might be of interest.



20021

15010

How much the present high thermometer readings are having to do with local wickedness, I don't know. I don't seem to have heard of many instances about folks "gettin' religion" but I suppose there are a few in that happy frame of mind. It is said baptisin' has been pushed back a week or two and it is likely more people will become involved in whatever peculiar manifestations present themselves as the time for the big ceremony draws nearer.

As for the funeral of la Cheney, that now appears to have been finally settled, --Saturday morning at 10 being the magical hour. As nobody works on Saturday afternoon, the funeral could just as well be held then, allowing many a field hand to get in half a day of work before turning to the funeral. But nobody is interested in half a day's labor although the money would be helpful, no doubt. What's more, after the Friday night wake, perhaps everybody will be glad to take things leisurely on Saturday morning. The final decision does not seem to have been made quite yet about the place where the wake will be held but probably it will be handled at the funeral home in town since the heat of the day continuing well into the night, there would undoubtedly be difficulties in the matter of decomposition, were the body brought to the country for the long Friday night vigil.

I remember how impressed I was when first I learned that in the old days on the plantation, people counted the family and friends of the departed to be lucky if the wake and funeral services occurred in the Spring when cape jessamine, magnolias, etc., --a sweet perfumed items, so that the flowers could be linked around the coffin and maintain the desired aroma.

I don't know about other States but I do understand that Louisiana enacted a law requiring burial within a certain time following death. I don't know how long this has been on the statute books but I do recall one episode in which a popular preacher in north Louisiana was in great demand in various places when it came time to hold the last rites for him. After a little more than a month of carting the body from Monroe to Vicksburg and around and about, everybody engineering their own services for the departed saint, the law finally put its foot down and the burial actually took place. La Cheney's will be a quicker accomplishment, now that a date has been determined upon....

15011

21021

Friday, August 4th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Continued sultry. I think before folding up my beard I shall knock off a column under the title of "Dog Days".

Much of today's plantation talk has revolved around tonight's wake of la Cheney in town and tomorrow morning's funeral and burial at St. Mary's-on-the Bayou.

Even Celeste, a great fancier of funerals for white people, got into the servants' act, persuading her maid, Rosetta, and Doreatha, cook at the big house, to take the day off on the morrow even though this means, probably, that Celeste will be giving Saturday's noon dinner to J. H., the clerk and me.

She went so far as to persuade Doreatha not to come to give breakfast at the big house. With the help of August, the clerk and I can manage that readily enough. On Saturday afternoons Doreatha is always given freedom from returning to give supper anyway and so a Saturday holiday appears to be pretty well established, thanks to the much talked of funeral.

Before the day gets too far advanced on the morrow, several plantation gentlemen will dig the grave. As often in the past, I have recommended to several of these people that they employ the tractor with the auger attachment for digging fence pole holes. Thus mechanically the ground could be loosened up and shoveling out the dirt would be child's play in contrast to having to break into the earth with pickaxes and then throw the stuff out by hand.

I'm wondering just how things are working out so far as attendance in town at the wake is concerned. Within the past couple of hours, --it is now 10:30, five young gentlemen, each by himself, has dropped in for a brief social hour, each dressed in his Sunday clothes but none of them thus far having gone farther toward town than the honkey-tonk across the way where there seems to be a measure of merriment which from their respective accounts sounds for all the world like a successful wake without any corpse. Perhaps as the night progresses, things will assume a more ritual aspect.



15012

Tomorrow there will be a considerable gathering of people for the funeral in that city of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay. They died Thursday when their private plane was struck by lightning while husband and wife were flying from Shreveport to some place in Missouri. Mr. Clay was chairman of the board or some such of Station KWKH, Shreveport and as that station is owned by The Shreveport Times, Clay was an important figure in that organization. These enterprises and many another are controlled by the Ewing family and Clay married a daughter of that family. I may have mentioned a while back that Mr. Clay had issued an appeal for citizens of Louisiana to pronounce the name of their State correctly and not in the slipshod "Louzana" fashion. At the time I wrote him a letter of congratulation on his stand, being so bold as to suggest he might do well to urge the news men on his radio station to set a better example. Mrs. Clay was some kin to Nell Fish who used to be in business with Robina. I recall last year Robina mentioned that Mr. and Mrs. Clay had gone to Switzerland to attend the graduation of one of their daughters in a finishing school there. There are four Clay children, three girls, the oldest being 20 and the youngest child, a boy, is 7.

Clara Genung called me this morning, bubbling over with delight that she had sold her Keegan Drive house for more than she had paid for it 8 or 10 years ago. She says she thinks she will take her daughter on a West Indies cruise by way of celebrating. But I doubt if Mrs. Walker will incline in that direction just now. Mrs. Walker, by the way, is dining tonight with the new partner of the Times and wife.

Mrs. Chopin phoned half an hour ago to say she had seen Charles Cunningham during the afternoon and found he looked terrible. Several people have asked how it was that Johns Hopkins sent him home in a hurry.

Mrs. Chopin just called back. She wanted to ask my opinion about the disposal of an old trunk she had been given her by her uncle when he owned and lived in the Kate Chopin house in Cloutiersville. The trunk dates from early times and Mrs. Chopin wanted my opinion about offering it as a gift to Mildred McCly to go back into the old house, now known as A. Van Pelt's home.

I enclose here from some Alexandria pilgrim and a letter from Robina which speak for themselves. I hold the thought the weekend at Lyme may be serene all around.

15013

Sunday, August 6th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Saturday remained overcast all day, humidity high but no rain. Sunday was fair, thermometer climbing to about 100 which seemed very hot after yesterday's temperate 80's. From what little I have been able to extract from the radio, there is a line, --east-west-- of Thursday showers about 50 miles west of us. We could use some moisture here although I assure the high humidity obtaining here Friday night, Saturday and Sunday night may have provided the plants with some encouragement if not any measurable rain.

I thought it an example of poor judgement when the store Saturday morning told somebody from town that visitors from Arkansas could be given a tour at 5:30 Saturday evening. I have no idea whose idea 5:30 might have been but it certainly wasn't mine.

Be that as it may, 12 or 14 people arrived not promptly at 5:30 but somewhat less precisely at 6:25. Half of them were equipped with cameras and what sort of pictures they secured at that hour under very cloudy skies, I cannot imagine. The tour that ensued was correct but quick but not speedy enough to prevent two bags from marching the full length of three rows of vegetables, just emerging from the soil, seeds I had planted the other day running parallel and in between the border grass of the paths and the bamboo supports of the tomato vines in the Ghana garden. With some show of pride over their prowess, the two bags held up tomatoes they had plucked from the vines. Ignorance is bliss, of course, and since I did not catch sight of the havoc they had wrought until they had climbed back onto the path, I said nothing but groaned audibly when, after they had finally departed, I went back to trace their footprints and the wreck of the plants that had been emerging where they had trod.

Saturday morning on my way to the Post Office, I encountered the artist under the old magnolia tree, she entering by the side gate as I had passed the tree enroute toward the front gate. She was carrying a picture, still damp, she had painted a day or two ago. She said Mr. Pipes was down on Friday and he liked the picture. She wanted to bring it to me. In spite of her thriving business, she must still be a little pinched, what with her several cars, alimony payments for her son and grandson, etc., etc. She said she wanted me to have it, naming a price three times that she charges J. H. At the



15014

15014

time she wanted me to give her a bucket of okra the next time I gathered any.

Mrs. Walker 'phoned last night. She reported having dined Friday night with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, the new Times partner. She liked the couple, said their highballs were too potent, especially the second and their Irish coffee delicious but exceedingly heavy. It was explained that Irish coffee is black-topped by whipped cream and tintured with whiskey. She said she gathers both host and hostess just about have their hands full with Charles. She went on to philosophize a little about Charles and wife, remarking that when newly wedded couple start out in life, they often find themselves possessed of a common enemy, --poverty. This tends to unite them happily together in a single combat of equal concern to them both so that personalities of each other that might otherwise annoy are ignored for the time being by their joint struggle. In the Cunningham case, however, where there are ample funds, especially on one side, the peculiarities of one or the other are more evident and perhaps accounts for the strained relations currently mounting in the Cunningham household.

I have had no news as yet regarding La Cheney's funeral. That will come tomorrow. Several of the boys who dug the grave have made a round however. The cloud coverage on Saturday morning made that laborious job easier so far as the temperature was concerned. In spite of the rains during the past month, the ground was unusually hard all the way down through the six feet of earth that had to be removed. Nobody ever seems to dig a grave in the plantation church yards before the day of the burial. It sometimes happens, of course, that a pouring down rain complicates things for such an undertaking. There have been occasions when there has been water right up to the top of the grave when the coffin arrived. This fact, however, never seems to deflect the business to hand and sometimes odd means have been resorted to in order to weigh down the coffin so the earth can be shovelled in sufficiently to force out the water on which the coffin sometimes tends to float.

I enclose the letter from Carrie which came in Saturday's post. There wasn't much to the column but just so long as it pleased her, that is all that matters. And now for a raid on the icebox and after that an effort to pull something out of the radio.....

15015

15015

Monday, August 7th, 1967.

Memorandum: I was glad to learn from various tendrills of the grape- vine that La Cheney's funeral went off sedately enough. Even Bertha Bluff, --now Mrs. Leroy Jenkins, -- attended the burial and, it is hoped, will now cease leaving her house frequently, day and night, to step out into the big road to see if her mama, La Cheney, is coming home.

Leroy and Bertha Bluff today moved from their present cagin beyond the garage near Fugate's house on the way to the bridge, taking all their earthly possessions with them to set up housekeeping in the cabin in the opposite direction, down below the spillway next to the cabin formerly occupied by the artist. La Cheney and another daughter, Clemente, have occupied this latter place for some years. Clemente is a very fat lady, being a compulsive eater. Because she couldn't be for an hour without her gummy sack of bread and her glass gallon jug of water, she did not attend the funeral but remained at home busy with her bread and water. As she and sister, Bertha Bluff, do not get on well together, it is thought that within a few days the cabin will prove too small for both sisters to share with Leroy. It is expected that Clemente will shortly be moving up the road two or three houses to stay with. This is where her step sister lives with a husband, Will Rogers, son of La Cheney whose wife is a daughter of the late husband of La Cheney's last husband. I urge you not to take all this enumeration of relations too seriously for not only is it possible I made an error and even though I may not have done so, it is likely to turn out that "I am my own grandpa" or some such. Smile.

I felt in something of the same frame of mind, a confused state of mind, in fact, after talking for a few minutes with I. S. Willard this afternoon. She contemplates going away for a couple of days for a rest. I believe she said Shreveport might be the magical place. Work on re-conditioning her air conditioning units have had a tendency to wear her down. Somehow in the midst of the difficulties, up cropped up the old stone inn at Bardstown, Kentucky where I. S.W. had secured copies of paintings made on the walls there by somebody in the party with Louis Philippe when he paused there in the late 1790's or some such time. The air-conditioning-Louis Philippe combination was so unexpe-



15017

15016

I am beginning to feel sorry for some poor man somewhere off in the wilds of Corum. His number on the 'phone is 370 - 7373. My number is 370 - 7273. There appears to have been something out of order in the 'phone system so that people calling ~~at~~ me get him. Carmen mentioned it first to me, saying she might have made an error when dialing the first time but that she was most particular in dialing the next 5 times in a row, each time getting the same little old man who is very pleasant but is becoming wearing by day and night with all the strange doings. Carmen is only one of several people who call me more or less frequently, all of whom get the same gentleman. Some have appealed to the operator who has tried her hand at dialing, getting the same results. I called 7373 on my own hook to let the man know that the error was obviously with the 'phone company and to tell him I was taking the matter up with the man in charge of the system in this area. The little man was very pleasant but did opine that lots of people did call him.

I have long thought the entire complex in this area is faulty, what with so many peculiar calls going through having no relationship in the connections established to the numbers dialed. I frequently get calls intended for town subscribers but what is more puzzling, I dial a number in town, I can hear the 'phone ring madly and nobody answers. The same thing happens to people in town calling me in that they can hear the 'phone ring but I don't answer. In several instances it has happened that I have been sitting at my desk, the 'phone next to the typewriter, and no call has come through and yet, when checking on the matter the next day, we have discovered that the call from town has seemingly gone through so far as the hearing of the 'phone ringing when there hasn't been a peep at this end and when I have called in or to town as in the case of Mrs. Chopin when I had had a news item for her and she was hoping to receive it for the wire services, no connection has been established. Well, so much for the company that made one million, 800 million dollars in profits last year.

Mrs. Walker called me tonight to invite me to a party she is giving on the 17th. Naturally, I said thank you, no. La Dixon is coming up from Baton Rouge for the affair and toehrs from every old which way. Power to those who would frolic in this kind of weather. I shall be glad to be with them in spirit but in person I prefer to sit such doings out at home.

Some ice cream is calling me from the icebox and thence to my downy pillow.....

15017

15017

Tuesday, August 8th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair with an occasional wisp of clouds. Thermometer in the mid 90's, humidity in the mid 60's.

I was very glad to see Mrs. Eiken and her older son, Paul, who is about 17, I reckon. Sam, the younger son, did not come along although I should have been happy to see him, too, in view of the profound impression he made on me several years ago when as a child and I made a quick round of the gardens and houses so he could concentrate on several of the high spots with his cameras while his mother and I concentrated on some kind of captions for the pictures being taken and a few particulars about the individual houses being recorded both on "stills" to be transformed into slides, and movies for some kind of a documentary for L. S. U.

The Eikens brought what appears to be a most toothsome cake which I sample a little later. It has a soft white frosting and, surprisingly enough, is said to be made of carrots, --the cake, not the frosting. I shall report on this creation a little later.

I was especially interested in a book Mrs. Eikens was telling me about. She has spent almost a year working on various research points mentioned in the script which is ante bellum. All of the points which she has examined have checked out perfectly.

The manuscript, --although perhaps that is not the write word for the text which comes from an old book published in New York in the 1850's, seems to be what some printed in Manhattan set up from the memoirs of a negro who related them to the printed so perhaps there really never was an actual text in the generally accepted meaning of that term.

I believe the negro's name was Northrup. He lived in New York City when about 1837, --possibly 41 but I think 37, he was somehow jockeyed into slavery and taken to Louisiana where for 12 years, he labored as a slave in Avoyelles but mostly in Rapides Parish. How he secured his freedom and got back to Manhattan, I don't know. He must have had a remarkable memory, especially for names of people and places, estimates of mileages between places he lived in Rapides, etc., etc., for Mrs. Eiken has found on checking back against old papers, Court records and the like that all of these particulars as mentioned in the ante bellum volume conform, save in a few instances of the precisely spelling of



12017

15018

certain proper names, to be exactly like those that have been tracked down by a thorough job of research done around Alexandria during the past year.

L. S. U. is calling for bids for publishing the book tomorrow. It is assumed the book may come on to the market sometime within the next few months.

I think the book appeared about 1854 or thereabouts when Uncle Tom's Cabin was starting such a flurry and in consequence of the excitement caused by Mrs. Stowe's opus, the Northrup volume made no noise at all and thus has had to wait until now to make its second appearance. In view of all the research, biographical notes, maps, etc., it is felt that this book may, at long last, make something of a stir at least in intellectual circles, will captivate quite a few students of the period.

After the endless things I had to say about poor telephone service yesterday's memo, I must, in justice to the phone company, report that today even the artist was able to establish contact with me. Since she doesn't know numbers by sight but can remember them by sound, she perhaps got a grandson or the operator to dial me. The reason for the call, she explained, was the fact that the okra I gave her yesterday was just fine and so she had given some of her's to Mr. Pipes whom, she said, had

been to see her yesterday afternoon. And so, having found herself without as much as she would like to have, when if I would give her some more. I doubt very much if she gave him any. It is true, according to Doreatha, that he was at the artist's yesterday afternoon. My guess is that "foxy grandma" simply wanted some more okra in order to trade it for something or other, such as a chicken, with one or another of her friends. I have seen Miss Hunter perform such acts of leger-de-main in times gone by and I do if she has lost any of her skill.

And now for a go at the carrot cake along with a glass of chocolate milk. I find myself already wishing the lady had stuck to her original promise to bring brownies which with a glass of white milk seems to me at the moment would just hit the spot. Well, we shall see what we shall see.....

12020

15019

Wednesday, August 9th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Continued hot and humid. The Weather Bureau has been talking for 3 or 4 days about a cold spell moving in this direction but obviously it has stalled somewhere to the north. I am hoping it will put in an appearance one of these days bringing showers with it. Over the years, it seems to me that often in August a cold spell does meander in, dropping the thermometer 20 degrees or so and thus putting a momentary end to the summer heat. The hot days will return immediately afterward but the full force of summer somehow seems broken, giving people and plants a new lease on life that will carry them through the balance of the season until the cooler temperatures of Indian Summer take over.

Over the coffee cups this morning I learned that J. H. has been having some kind of bladder irritation for some time and the present plan is for him and wife to go to Mayo's for a check-up, almost any weekend. Love Hankin will prob. fly drive them up and if they have to remain for a while, Love will drive back by himself and they will fly home. All this is a big secret which nobody knows.

Edith Prudhomme 'phoned me from Campiti saying she had some pretty bird pictures she would like to have me see and asking if she might come on Thursday afternoon for a private showing. She might.

This afternoon I had pilgrims, -- Hatchitoches, Shreveport and Houston being represented. They were pleasant enough but why they had to go into a big rigamarole about engineering a visit, I don't know. Dr. Burke who is J. H.'s Hatchitoches dentist made the appointment with Celeste who assumed the tour was for his pleasure but he never put in an appearance but the others did.

This morning when I was scooting toward the Post Office with the outgoing mail, I bumped into two gentlemen just inside the front gate. One of them I knew, -- Bill Bridges of Baton Rouge, the other gentleman being some friend or other of Lyle's. We had a pleasant little go-round, mostly about Baton Rouge people. Bill told me he seldom sees or hears anything about Essae Mae Culver anymore although he believes she still has an apartment which I seem to have spelled oddly, and Bill says he understands Essae Mae at one time was thinking about doing a book but that is all he knows on that topic and we both agreed it was most unlikely for Essae Mae to undertake such a chore.



15020

It was no Raven at my chamber door but merely an Ehtopian secretary asking if I could let him have half a dollar to take a chance on a Christmas cake. That must fall into the category of "a long shot", --selling chances of a Christmas cake in August. It was the younger brother of this youth who asked for an extra hand-out the other day as mentioned in a column, "Dog Days" that will appear the last Tuesday in August.

The Hysterical ladies are in some kind of a lather about publicity and I am sitting on the side lines and cheering each nag on his way as he passed my grandstand position behind the bamboo hedge. Carmen is supposed to be chairman of publicity. She has no concept of how it should be done and has always resented the Association paying anyone for handling it. Mrs. Chopin who isn't a member of the Hysterical ladies has been flagged down by Carmen who has told her she will "let her" write several stories about old Dutch ovens houses for use in newspapers far and near. Quite correctly Mrs. Chopin asked what the Association was prepared to give her for the articles, should the newspapers decline to publish them. Carmen was not prepared to answer that one. Both ladies call me to state their views and I listen speaking only a word of advice to Mrs. Chopin, telling her not to write a line unless she gets paid for it. So run the dog days and I, for one, am going to find a glass of chocolate milk and fold up....

10

**Memorandum:**

[illegible][illegible]

Mrs. Prudhomme came this afternoon by appointment bringing with her many samples of her artistry for me to see. The first rain



15022

M. J. R. T. M.

[illegible]

15023

**Memorandum:**

[illegible]



15024

СМЕРЬЮ

[illegible][illegible]

15025

that Father Murphy be gone at once because of unnatural relations with young gentlemen of his church. In the same breath she went on to say she thought it was lovely that Mrs. O'Brien is to give some kind of a party at the Town House for the wedding party in which the daughter of Frances Phelps will be "feasted".

13th, 1967.

The weather was not so good as it had been for some time. The temperature was in the 60's and 70's range, and the breeze at all times was just what was needed. The humidity was not so bad as it had been for some time. The humidity was not so bad as it had been for some time. The humidity was not so bad as it had been for some time.



15026

that Father Murphy be gone at once because of unnatural relations with young gentlemen of his church. In the same breath she went on to say she thought it was lovely that Mrs. Chopin is to give some kind of a party at the Town House for the wedding party in which the daughter of Frances Phelps will be "featured". And that reminded her that somebody, perhaps Frances, had asked if the prospective bride and groom and another couple might come down here today for a little tour and she had told they 2 o'clock would be just fine.

[illegible]

15027

re: tape recorder

[illegible]

But now little Miss Lee has learned of the safe arrival here of the letter containing the likeness of the actor, the film or some, the original receipt for the watermelon preserves together with a typed copy of the receipt and bill for, which I should like to say thanks again.

As the shippings were of so much interest but of course, the delivery of Bill's letters, after looking my breath away.

There were several points concerning his career which were not included in the write-up, one or two of which deserved mention, I thought. As for the statement regarding Bill's age, it seems to me that 67 was not quite right but that his age and consequently I am under the impression he was a little older than Lyle and as Lyle was born in 1894, the age of 67 given to the Bill must have been slightly off, reminding one of the actress who gave her age as 30 "not counting the 40 years I was lost in Australia".

It would be wonderful if somebody would send me a full length 1 of Mr. Spaulding but I reckon that will never make its appearance.

I can think of one or two people who might be capable of doing it proper and cheerfully, but I reckon that will never be in my opinion, Bill's life was a remarkable one and in that he nearly fell in love with Mexico and the Mexicans and ought to be spending the latter part of his life south of the border amongst those he loved so much. What made him different from so many of his contemporaries was the fact that he had a capacity to love plus the good luck to be able to depend his affection on the place and the people who meant everything to him. I suppose you are a great deal to few people and I am glad that he was able to real so much that meant everything to him.

[illegible]



15028

In response to the inquiry about pressing the tape recorder into service on Library of Congress tape, I have tried my hand at doing just that but discovered that the different type reel presents a certain puzzle that at the moment seems beyond my scientific skill to function properly. Preceding on the established fact that the tape company has been designated by the Federal Government to service talking book machines playing records, I have gone a step further by assuming that the same company is also expected to serve as agent for playing Federal taped books, too. In pursuance thereof I have requested the Alton, Illinois office which has the talking book machines to look into the machine playing tape. At the moment there is some kind of a mix-up, not in recording tape but just plain old red tape as the regule of the company and of Congress get into each other's hair to settle this particular job without saying that an

The interruption occurred Friday afternoon at about 4 o'clock, I say in the Baton Rouge State Jail, which contains some of the most much illustrated, including, oddly enough, a picture of Beaufort, which somehow doesn't seem to be exactly in character of such places. This coming week there is to be a second party which will contain pictures of the Canadian country where our movie has expected Beaufort might have figured. Perhaps it will make both parties. The photographer of some of the pictures was one Kline who had passed this way recently and he I observed how he had for another of the same article when it appeared in the paper, by course publication; it turns out with little more held anything of interest. He said his wife quit her job "O.E." as she said and went to see him.

The interruption lasted about five minutes from 4:00 till 4:15. She has been on a vacation in Shreveport for a few days and had a number of interruptions. U.S.A. had lots to tell about social activities in which she had participated while in Shreveport. There was even much news editorialized upon when she told me that on Friday the Baton Rouge Independent had reproduced her copyrighted painting of Pontchartrain Baptist without giving her credit or asking permission to do so.

I am sure you are all acquainted with the fact that the Baton Rouge Independent in the above paragraph was a telephone call from Mrs. Williams, who is now in the hospital, asking for the printer. It settled the point before she, however, was called away by unexpected guests and so things whizzed along.

The Page 1 and enclosing items to be sent for follow-up  
about the present article "about Winter Quarter" with several references  
stated to the Hunt family of which Dr. Huber Putt, "builder of  
English language" was a member and that the members submitted in  
at table in 1900 and published in 1901. The best of the  
has been a "Journal of alighted" in 1900 and a "Journal of alighted"  
in 1901. I held the Lyma icebox is equally promising for  
a late evening snack.....

15029

12030

an exception in which all the members give the impression of being of normal-sound children, it is certainly refreshing to encounter a group in which all the members are giving an impression of being abnormal.

[illegible]

40-144 with chain in cloud coverage.  
The bigger part of my afternoon was taken up with the Eiken family, minus Mr. Eiken who did not appear. Mrs. Eiken arrived at 8 with her son, Paul, the family photographer, perhaps 16 or 17 years old, her daughter about 18, Sam about 8 or 9 and Frank about 6 or 7.

Mrs. Eiken must be very sure of her offspring to bring so many along on such an expedition. It's the only family I ever knew that could participate in such a visitation and succeed in making things run smoothly while Mrs. Eiken and I were running through various aspects of the Peljee history. Paul was busy with his camera while the daughter was entertaining the children under the big oak with their camera, books and whatnots at the project seems to be dual in purpose, to secure a documentary in color on the same subject with a view to publishing photographs in color in the same subject with a view to publishing the book form. L. S. V. seems to be taking the film while some publisher, --Philadelphia, I believe, is pushing for the book. Mr. Chin Yun should have attempted years ago and was too busy pursuing the Hunt with the Golden Window to get around to it.

Mr. Kinn is a serious minded historian who naturally recommends her to one interested in the same subject. Her charming lighter sounder way to my heart by bringing me some proof of her own making Sam is a sweet child with whom I fell in love four or five years ago while this brother Frank is full of vim and vigor and energy with good sound reasoning.

I was interested that a child of this should have been operating a camera of his own. His mother told me that she had given him a good camera, not expensive but not cheap. The theory that he liked photography, an instrument that could produce good pictures would inspire him to take its operation seriously. Obviously all of the children are unusually mature of mind for their ages and if this theory of starting them young with a good camera is a wise move, it seems to have proven so in the case of Paul, the eldest boy, whose work



15030

15030

seems to be exceptionally fine. Running in to so many families of harum-scarum children, it is certainly refreshing to encounter an exception in which all the members give the impression of being civilized.

Five o'clock this evening was the deadline for filing for political office in this parish. I believe there are four filing for the sheriff job. In the case of Clerk of Court, the job which Iruy Nett holds, no one but Iruy filed so he is as good as re-elected since he will have no one running against him. In Ward 9 which is the Bermuda-Melrose area, Larry Balthasar filed for Police Jury. I must brush up my memory of the Balthasar family, all mulattoes and members of the church across the way. I don't seem to place Larry although so many of the others are family. I think I know him. I doubt if there are any other Balthasars in the parish or elect a mulatto, what with the two or three white voters and the Negro voters never voting for a mulatto. It will be interesting to see what the totals reveal at election time.

es guind et guindelle ray le stus yrau ed team naxid .274  
yit mo' yine and a ti . neitibacra no home ne pupton "The little  
bun nettatit: Mrs. Chapin just called to give a report on "the daughter  
dinner, she says at the time she was tenish, and the daughter  
le et of Frances Phelps and the youth she is to marry on Saturday. Only  
all the people were invited and everything went off smoothly enough.  
The high point seemed to be the presentation of gifts  
to the prospective bride and groom. The bride being presented  
with an elaborately wrapped present that turned out to be  
et an alligator, less, accompanied by a poem written for  
the occasion. There was a smaller gift, also accompanied with a  
up the words indicated by the larger gift, also accompanied with a  
verses composed for the occasion and two gifts for the groom that  
were harmonized with the hilarity of those of the bride. The party was held  
at the private dining room where Frances Phelps played the piano and  
"everyone sang as they sipped their champagne and the whole  
business was over and done with by 9 o'clock and Mrs. Chapin was  
dashing off to the Post Office to mail her new copy to the  
Shreveport, Alexandria and Baton Rouge papers. I understand the  
bride and groom will go to Germany shortly after the wedding, he  
being in service there and the daughter attending school in  
Frankfurt at some such place for the ensuing year.  
At the coffee hour this morning, I was impressed by the  
enthusiasm of mine hostess, busy anticipating the annual meeting  
of R. E. A. for the next three years, --Dallas, New Orleans, Atlanta  
and Miami. I was impatient for the three years to hurry along so one  
get going. As we were drinking our cups a lady drove up in a car,  
Miss Missy of R. E. A. the same one who confided to my chief secrets  
that she was a few years ago that was pulling his leg in getting him to read  
et ed et someone was difficult mail for he stood I should read just as  
et a small one, anyone but merely wanted others to do my work for me. Poor  
le yreant Missy Kusey, I should read just as  
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15031

15031

Wednesday, August 16th, 1967.

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15036

big house, our hostess was adamant about us joining her as she was not going to town until tomorrow when she will attend the Phelps' girl's wedding, pour a the reception and then go on to the weekly Saturday afternoon frolic at cards. After supper she and I had a cigarette and then said farewell since she will not be at home tomorrow morning for coffee and will be departing for Rochester early on Sunday morning.

Today Celeste received a card penned in Paris although the writer, Carter Edwards, got back to Shreveport last Saturday. He liked the place and said he was already busying himself about ways and means of returning as soon as he got back home, it is supposed. Mr. Edwards will be getting down this way one of these days. I shall be listening attentively to his impressions of Paris and especially of the Grand Trianon. As this is his first trip to Europe the initial impressions of the capital may be refreshing. Since he has no impression as to the appearance of the Trianon prior to its restoration, his views may not be so interesting as they would be, had he known the place before the restoration was undertaken.

On the home front, the peacocks present a somewhat  
drab appearance. It is the time of year when the doves  
themselves of their train. Fine feathers may not necessarily  
make a fine bird but in the case of the peacock the plumage  
certainly goes a long way in doing so.

Because of today's showers, I made the most of the inclement weather to serve as an excuse for doing a dash of reading. I am about half way through "The King Must Die" and up until now not a word has been preached about Greece, but it appears from the course the story is taking that we are about to head out for the Aegean for a while, and which strikes me as being about time. The author certainly manages mythology with superb skill, and is somehow making the story more seem casual and natural enough.

In the vegetable garden, the dry spell that was June suited the pumpkins very perfectly. The rains of July and the unusual humidity of August contributed little to the sturdiness of the vines and some of the lattan are passing out. Fortunately, however, the pumpkins themselves have already reached full growth, and I am gathering those that are best of vines. These nearly harvested ones at present are gracing the front gallery and the interior of the African House and look quite pretty, the great golden globes against the faded red of the brick pavement and

And now I'm going to wend my way among the waving faucets in the  
and, unless I get lost, fold up my beard.....

12038

The week end was humid with half an inch of rain on  
 Saturday and a couple sunshine today to convert the moisture  
 to rain. The thermometer was around 90.  
 There was some suffling at the Good monkey-tonk Saturday  
 night but even more Sunday morning. The folks up there  
 are rough. Paul is by armed robbery and  
 the artist's daughter, Mary, was in some kind of a mix  
 up with knives, according to a grapevine report at 3:45 this  
 morning and later Willie Brown had an artery cut by his  
 mama's helpers. It didn't take her various helpers only  
 when they have money she can extract from them. After that she  
 appears to be on to put them out the way having  
 some but illegal respect for his no account mama. Blood  
 is natural enough in such a set-up with mama sitting on the  
 sidelines, ogling on her stalwart son and laughing at her  
 would-be suitors.

[illegible]

No sooner had Carmen hung up that Clara Genung called to tell me what a lovely party her daughter had given Sunday evening. I had been bitten but had declined. Clara, knowing nobody, is never any good at telling names although she did mention that the newspaper of the Hatchcock set Miss and wife were present and "Mrs. Williams" that man who is always so funny. -- meaning Mr. Williams, I suppose. The record suggested food for the most part and it all sounded moth-watering enough, especially as I had not as yet had any breakfast.



15038

I read rather later than usual last night and ended up by finishing "The King Must Die". Although several kings did die in the course of the year or two covered in time by the story, it

stated-- that the result of the book is excellent both for  
 information and entertainment, and with more youngsters might  
 get acquainted with the author's approach to mythology before  
 their equipment in straight mythology is too  
 good. I am sure that the book is a little surprising, after I  
 finished the volume, at 1  
 answer I received from James the other day when I told him I  
 was in the midst of the book. He had read and said  
 that he assumed, of course, that the Crete's involvement of the Athenians was  
 a result of the destruction of the royal house of Crete by earth-  
 quake. Last night I learned that exactly how the book was  
 handled, unfortunately enough, James did not remember anything  
 about the earthquake. I suppose it is different in every  
 case, -- what one reads and what one remembers -- and forgets.

12640

15039

Monday, August 21st, 1967.

human data concerning such items as the morals and so on.

From the post office I returned to the balance of the envelope's contents which I retained inside when I extracted the pictures. I was happy to have news from around and about, regretting only that the paper's conditions can be so trying in one season. I pause for a moment to inhale another breath of the butterfly lilies, wishing again it might be a wintered stem, stem straight and unadorned in the distraction of Lyme. The telephone just rang, --wrong number, --reminding me to say how surprised I was to learn of little Miss Lee's call from Himalya and the Black House doings. Somehow it all sounds so much like one great big "miscra" and something one could so gladly avoid getting entangled with, were that possible.

I shall enclose a couple of pages from the States Times. The picture of the gallery seems to be rather striking. At the same time, I shall mail a copy of the entire paper since I am not sure that the two pages selected to be sent really are the proper ones to go together to finish out the Martha Wilson text which seems to be rather good with only a few errors which forever seem inevitable in such accounts. Martha Wilson has never



15040

been here. so far as ~~Q~~ know. and ~~prpb~~<sub>prpb</sub>u accipints fpr tje p,ossopm p<sub>u</sub>  
much data concerning such items as the murals and so on.

At breakfast this morning the clerk told me that J. H. had called him from Kansas City last night. Once I should have gasped that they should have been used so far in a single day, especially when heading for surgery on the way. Being accustomed to plane travel, they would naturally have -- would have -- used that means of transportation. It would seem and not go bumping along on the highways to see how much speed they could make en route.

Directly and not from seeing her and graduate into the  
Police Department in Houston. I was interested in  
much about the way she the least of which was to mark upon  
the number of five. Her son told her they were having in Houston.  
Perhaps the newspaper reports them but I had not heard Houston  
I mentioned that connection in the public. Her son says there  
are a tremendous amount of new accounts of the smoking and  
sharpening things in Houston. Not only does it mean additional  
work for the police force there but both this son and the other living  
there have homes of their own and they are wondering how soon they,  
personally, will be settling down in financial issues for the  
culpable and ought and speed of soon.

[illegible]

15041

Archaeology of The Fatherland Site  
The Grand Village of the Natchez

Vol.51: Part 1  
Anthropological Papers of  
The American Museum of Natural History  
New York: 1965.

Memorandum.

Hot in the 90's and fair this morning, steady and cool around 70 tonight. Two tenths of an inch of drizzle between 2 and 3 this afternoon but along the Jovous Coast from Bermuda to Bayou d'Arche there was a 2 and a half inch downpour probably accounting for the temporary coolness.

When putting a wrapping around the Baton Rouge paper, I stuck in an unbound copy of a publication about Indians, presented to me the other day by the author following a visit by him to this bend of the river. I forget his name but he is considered quite an authority on Indians and I used to hear about him from Dr. Rand who used to visit him when the author was, — and still is, curator of the State Indian Museum at Marksville. Some of the sketches are interesting but don't hesitate to discard the rest. It is in the way.

I was delighted when dawn arrived this morning and I could catch a better sight of the portraits of little Miss Lee that arrived yesterday's post. I love them both, the person so full of charm the settings in each so delightful. They both continue graying my desk, a delightful companion as I have ever known so refreshing and so inspirational.

This morning an unannounced and unexpected guest for dinner. Responding to a tap on my door about a quarter before 12, I was quite unprepared to see thequire before me. He seemed much as usual but after dinner and before I kept my appointment with some people at 2, we had quite a chat most of which revolved about domestic matters during the past several months. He referred to the mental state of his spouse and said he frequently wondered if he himself was being driven into a mental state from that quarter. It's bound to be an exceedingly difficult load he is carrying. Although he did not say so, I gather from what he did say and from what others have remarked, he has been seeing no one during the past several months and that, of course, is very bad for an individual under such prolonged and apparently ever increasing pressure. It appears unlikely the wife's mental condition will change and one can but wonder how long he will be able to maintain his own



15041

15042

In the course of the sitting, mention was made of the show and I was glad to learn reaction has been good and that he has received letters from several people including the director of the gallery. Many people have experienced parallel problems such as his on the domestic front and it seems to me imperative that in such instances every effort should be made to maintain contacts with congenial friends since mere contacts tends to keep things better in balance. Well, we shall see what we shall see.

I mentioned having been given some packages of bougades or some such name of a powder which makes a drink that I find quite good. Underneath there are lots of different types of this sort of thing on the market. The one I have been trying is found at the A. and P. stores and I believe is called "Cheery" is of Raspberry flavor and although plenty sweet, contains no sugar. That is the big thing about it that recommends it to me. I have been drinking on Coca-Cola which, under the name of "Cheery" sugar although the same company puts out a similar drink without sugar. Be that as it may, this A. and P. store makes two quarts of drink simply by pouring the powder into the water and we can proceed drinking merrily in full assurance that he is not getting sugar while enjoying the stuff that looks like coke if, as I do, it is poured into a glass filled with crushed ice.

After supper, as is my custom, I served supper to the cats, the peacocks, guinea and pheasants and made a round of the vegetable garden to get some notion about what vegetables would be gathered on the morrow and see what and how much weeding should be done with another day. Stepping from Chana toward the okra patch, I passed along a row of banana plants and noticed on the ground a little pile of the long red leathery petals of the Orinoco banana flower. This is the way I keep track of the crop. I would see very much in the shadows above my head and so I bounded up a stepladder, placing the legs where the petals lay and mounting the ladder bumped right into a nice big stem of banana. The first to be discovered of this year's crop. Usually the first stems of bananas begin developing from plants along the wood gallery where conditions for growth are ideal but this year here was the first fruit of the season in the garden. The whole garden lay-out.

So runs the season and so I must go on toward the icebox and then to my abode.

15043

Wednesday, August 23rd, 1967.

Memorandum:

Continued warm and humid with occasional sprinkles from a cloudy sky. No strong wind. The afternoon program was almost a carbon copy of yesterday except in lieu of carbon it was a water copy. Yesterday it was a carbon copy of the program by appointment. I made an appointment this morning with some nula to family named Delphin. The family on the party line with 7273, and the same atmospheric conditions obtained. This afternoon's group was more interesting, however, in that those present were kin to Granpere, had lived all their lives in this area but had never been inside the front gate. The husband and wife were in their 80's. The son now living in Alexandria, and his wife were perhaps in their 50's. Their son who lives in California is perhaps the emphasis of interest. He is a generation which kept the most more or less of this area. The older generation cannot read the local paper. The Alexandria son reads the Town Talk and always sends the column to his son in California. Naturally they were especially happy to see El Ronderose, Tom and Lontom and all the rest. Since the two generations were anxious to get pictures, both having brought their cameras, their progress was of necessity more leisurely in sharp contrast to the 81 year old gentleman who was using a cane. He explained he was a little slow but was the first to go spotting up the stairs in the African House and in the advance of his grandson. He had a nice time and made the place to see how much pleasure they all got in seeing so many happy sets for the camera and they appeared quite taken aback when I presented each with a bouquet when they got ready to depart for all had admired the birds in various places during the tour.

Carmen just called. The hysterical ladies are getting their publicity pictures assembled. I got this late date and Carmen wanted to know if it would be alright for a photographer to come here tomorrow morning. It would not. I have an appointment for tomorrow morning but perhaps I can arrange to squeeze in a photographer sometime between soup and demi-tasse.

.....



15044

15044

Wednesday, August 27th, 1967

Memorandum

As I turned this page, I, S. Willard, called. She was just having a phone call from her son who is in St. Louis. He called to let her know that he had at last been able to make some kind of an arrangement to round up his off-spring on Saturday and will bring them and wife No. 2 to spend several days in the North. It has been 2 years since he has seen the little ones and is impatient, naturally enough, to be with them. They are coming 3 or 4 days before taking them on to where ever they are going from North to South, either California or Washington, D. C., where the father and wife are to return. I changed to get the big Brinkley broadcast a little before 8 o'clock this evening. He was talking about a little speculation making the rounds as to whether President Johnson might decline the nomination to a second term next year, being careful to stress that no one had mentioned it within earshot of his staff. Brinkley had never quite "the President on the subject" and I could not imagine L. B. J. ever declining to accept the nomination. Perhaps he will surprise a lot of people by withholding his name at the convention but I cannot imagine such a thing. He would be of all the Republican possibilities and there seems to be so many who think he should prefer Rockefeller. I am wondering if Governor Scrantom will repeat his last minute appearance at the Republican convention the way he did last time. I don't know anything about Governor Scrantom. Perhaps I might know something if I knew anything about him. Of one thing I am quite certain, I should be a top notch news anchor at 11:00 if the Governor of California should appear on the Republican ticket.

This week's column went forward by 7:15 and today's postcard somewhere between the time the copy left here and it found its way to print. The title of the column was "Willard of the Godless" which I very much regret since it gives the impression that I am dubbing the colored folks Godless which is certainly not what I intended. I must look up the manuscript and see what the title really was.

And now I must do some letters and then call it a day.....

15045

15045

Thursday, August 28th, 1967  
Memorandum

Continued damp weather and earth of 20ish with one or two impressive rainstorms of 1/2 inch or more. It is odd how the Northwest brings along after 62 days without a drop while the Southeast, always dry in August, gets so moisture such as some place in Georgia, which received 14.4 inches of rain before anybody could say Umbarella.

My day was busy enough and I think I shall do little else before going to bed. I did round up some pretty vegetable this morning and, much to my delight, discovered that one of the white quine has deposited 10 eggs in a nest she has made in the bushes by Mr. Miller's house. It is rather late in the season for raising a family since one must figure that it takes four weeks of setting to bring forth a family. Perhaps we shall be having dry weather by then and the little ones will be better when they aren't damp around the clock.

My secretarial and photographic representatives collided this morning but somehow things worked out pleasantly enough. Mr. Gillette, the Natchitoches camera man, took five pictures but since it was quite cloudy and the air a little misty, I should doubt if they were of top quality until I have seen them.

The pictures were not as conventional and nothing new in subject matter. Views from the Millers' bridge looking toward Church of the children of Strangers, the big house, the garden, the African House, and a room with a large in the foreground examining a string of red peppers which I think may appear puzzling in the picture.

I had several things in mind to do for this afternoon but had to shelve them when Cousin Arthur called to ask if I would receive Andy Divine and wife. I can remember Andy Divine in the movies and on the radio but although I have heard his name mentioned occasionally in recent years in broadcasts about the theatre, I found the Divine quite divine, Andy reminding me much of Lyle although rather larger around.

.....two natchitoches and one red pepper in the picture.



15046

the middle. Mary Gresham, --Mrs. Grits Gresham, came with them, and she was always pleasant. She mentioned that her elder daughter whom I had seen at the age of 5, is now 20 and is studying for the stage in New York. She said she occasionally sees, -- that is, the daughter occasionally sees June and Bill Larson, --all three of them living somewhere in the same general neighborhood, --the West 80's.

Andy mentioned he had been doing a long run in Show Boat but did not interrupt to ask that they may have seen on the stage last night. He said he is working on something else in connection with the month and expects to have a busy winter season. He must have played the part of the Captain in Show Boat.

and somewhat round about fashion, news, good news, came to hand from the store. Communication's were established between the two S. E. offices and attached and Rochester and after that, the operation had been accomplished in a satisfactory manner and the business was going on as usual. The work had come out from under the weather and seemed to be doing fine.

At supper tonight, the clerk who knows some of the people parting in the Scandinavian tour, remarked that the party was scheduled to reach New Orleans about 6 o'clock tonight. It is anybody's guess when we should be honored by a visit to the airport but we can take that problem when it turns up.

andson, were both from Shreveport where they had been for a two or three day session at a hospital there.

It seems the Walker boys wisdomtooth had  
come through the gum at the front place and  
had to be removed for that to prevent other  
things in the mouth getting out by it. Clara was excited  
because she dressed her daughter had brought her who didn't have time  
to talk and as I had had enough talk on my own hook, I  
was delighted to let her go on her way without holding her back to  
ask how the grandson had made it.

I had several things in mind to do for this afternoon but had to  
 leave them when Constantine called to ask if I would

the world turns and so the August rains continue to fall. I just responded to a letter from Tom and Gertie asking for a season of milk and found quite a pond along the banks of the gallery with quite a clamor sounding to fight and left where the raindrops are falling the broad leaves of the banana plants.

And now for an icebox raid and thence to flatten out.....

15048

15047

Friday, August 25th, 1967.

**Memoandum:** at times sprinkley, humidity at 97, warmth at 90.  
There came a phase when the matter soon that typifies  
how people become accustomed to certain things  
pressures displaying them occasionally when some  
other combination of words would perhaps be better. The  
quintessence was saying that George Lincoln Rockwell had  
been murdered in Arlington, Va. The brief account stated  
that a sniper had fired from the roof of a one story building

Raywell who had fallen to the floor of the car, the car having gone out of control, had struck another automobile. It seems to me if the driver and sole occupant of the car, dropped dead, the car itself could scarcely be anyone controlling it and therefore could not be said to have gone out of control but perhaps I am stressing a point that is of no consequence anyway.

That Rockwell should have been killed by one of his own former associates and not by a Jew or a person of color, whom Rockwell was forever tirading against, seems to be particularly fitting.

is for the event itself, called by many is that the world is the better off if there are fewer Rockwells.

There have been a little puzzled about the points concerning the moving of the Adams Submarine house to them. At latest report it had no one and town as yet. Surely a thing as big as a house could scarcely get lost along the public road. The second thing regarding the removal of the house is the fact that the foundations have been built on the site where it is to go. I don't pretend to know anything about such matters but it would seem to me off hand that the logical thing to do in the moving of a house would be to

.....  
 time  
 to have a hot and a glass of milk before  
 it is waiting me and I must accordingly trip to  
 of the season from the band garden. She made a little  
 today from the first pumpkin pie



15048

12043  
1967, it is something for it to be placed on rather than merely  
picking it up from its original foundations and, after  
the move has been made, simply dumping it slap on the ground.

I was delighted yesterday when I chanced upon a nest one  
of the white guineas has made in the shrubbery not far from the  
old barn house. There were half a dozen eggs in it. Before  
starting to set, the guinea will probably lay twenty or  
thirty eggs which ought to carry this effort well into  
September. Four weeks of sitting are required  
to hatch the eggs and only if the bird sits  
on the eggs for a week or so will the eggs hatch.  
The guinea does not break up the nest,  
but it is found too much of a mess and is just as well  
that the raising of the family began so late this year, what  
with the all the August moisture this season.  
The friends in town had  
been looking through some magazines and had  
found a book, "Talking Book" and an article by Lesan printed therein.  
This friend has a relative in North Carolina who is unable to read any  
and had never heard about Talking Books until this  
was mentioned in the article. On the strength of the information,  
the party had phoned the relative and great is the joy that there  
is now the prospect that the blind man will be able to read by another  
medium. It is a very happy day for all concerned.

A friend, recently back from Europe, is anxious to  
know the names of the book and author and publisher of that  
little volume about the state of Virginia which I  
believe you have a copy. Should it not be conveniently to hand, I  
should be glad to have whatever is printed on the title page but  
if the volume should not be within easy reach, don't bother  
to hunt it up for I can readily refer the person to  
the book. I am sure it is a very good one and I hope I can  
engineer a visit by the St. Lawrence children and grandchildren  
before the Scandinavians blow in the snow.

Doretha made some pumpkin pies today from the first pumpkin  
of the season from the back garden. She made a little  
pie for me. It is awaiting me and I must accordingly trip to  
the ice box to have a go at it and a glass of milk before  
bed-folding time.....

15049

12050  
Sunday, August 27th, 1967.

Memorandum  
It was such a happy feeling to discover a letter from  
Lume in Saturday's post, penned on Thursday, August 24th.  
It goes without saying I am sorry to learn of the departure of the  
little feathered friend. I'll bet he has a very little secret  
cloud on his face and will be forever making Paradise the happier for  
his presence. Having the little visitor of the same race at hand at ju  
this time helps a little to fill in the void that will never, of course,  
pletely filled in.

I'm glad the portrait of the cardinal turned out to your  
liking. I have the artist tonight and shall be  
mentioning the pleasure her handwork afforded.  
I am so glad to have the clipping about the commemorative stamp of  
the 150th anniversary of Mississippi. I have a date that has long remained fixed  
in my mind in the wake of the initial visit there and the sub-  
sequent studying about the place. I like the design  
accompanying the article and think it fitting that the magnolia  
grandiflora blossom should be used on the stamp. Not only because  
it is the official flower of Mississippi today but also noted  
because it probably is the South's most imposing blossom and  
because magnolias flourish with abandon in the river counties of the  
State, -- those counties being the only geographic section I think of at  
the mention of the word, Mississippi, -- all the back country  
of the State seeming to be mere extensions of Alabama and having little  
on nothing to do with the real Mississippi.

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on nothing to do with the real Mississippi.



15050

Reports on the Scandinavian tour which included Ireland, England and France, are beginning to trickle through. It seems the Shreveport travelers got home Friday and the clerk had a call from the quarter on Friday night. "There's nothing to see in Europe" was the most striking sentence of a somewhat extended report about activities in the past month. I didn't know until the clerk mentioned it that a week before the tour started, Sister succeeded in stirring up a row with the director of the tour which J. H. learned a month prior to the departure of the tour which party and, naturally enough, was enormously displeased by that predeparture performance. I believe I am sure I shall be receiving a letter in a day or two from Sister about the whole business and what a matter of time it will be before I shall have these along in due time. I am so glad that there was no visitation on this weekend in the past and that it will be a quiet and restful one.

The home front was fairly quiet both yesterday and today. About 4:15 this afternoon I had a phone call from Mrs. Peter Cloutier who asked if she might bring down a Mr. More from some Shreveport La. station. She might be. She accordingly brought him and his wife, not to mention la Cloutier's sister, Mrs. D. did, Young and some other lady. Mr. Moore brought a camera with him, took the night didn't do any good but this is a bad start and we can't make for the next couple of hours there was too much camera clicking and no end of human chatter. Mr. Moore wanted to get a few shots to provide the station with a skeleton around which a full length documentary could be constructed.

For Mr. Moore, Melrose was like "Alice au pays des merveilles" and he never dreamed that he didn't see half of the photographic potentials on this initial visit.

I 'phoned I. S. Willard Saturday but could not get an answer until finally made contact at 9:30 p.m. simply to say that if she wanted to bring her son and bride and the children by the former marriage of her son, - it would be alright to make it around on Sunday. I thought that perhaps if they did want to come to look at the place they might enjoy a drive down Cane River and stop here before dinner. She expressed, however, that there was to be a children's party at her house on Willams Avenue at 4:30 and so perhaps they had better try making the country visit on Monday or Tuesday. I had heard from James that only a grandchild had been born by his mother, the other two or three children having been withered from the Louisa fault and that Tuesday would be like day everybody said Goodbye to R. S. W. I am quite sure the balance of the visitation will be worked out alright.

I finally caught up with Madame AudinRogue's house. It seems some of the gear on which it is being moved played out half way to town-- somewhere in the Bayou Natchez area and the edifice was accordingly piked in a field until Monday when the gear will be repaired and the move begun once more. On Saturday night there was an automobile wreck near where the house is parked and a couple of people killed. And now I must look but shall not find a piece of peach cake and thence to

12025

15051

Monday, August 28th, 1967.

As I turned this page, the 'phone rang. I was Hazel Coughs from town, calling to say that she was coming tomorrow to live with her son. She is a very nice girl, and I am sure she will be a great help to me. I am sure she will be a great help to me. I am sure she will be a great help to me.

This morning was given over in large measure to professors from Tulane.

This afternoon, only half a hour late, J. S. Willard came down to cha'a butt, bringing along her son and her new daughter-in-law who married Dan Willard in London this Spring.

She is supposed to be 30, --the new daughter-in-law, but doesn't look it and is possessed of a pleasant personality reminding me faintly of the Rocket. The grandchild who is in Dutchitoones for a day or two did not come along because she had accepted an invitation for her return with one or another of June Henry's children. I thought of all this fine company when I learned last night, last night, I. S. W. son and new daughter-in-law had dined at Beauport with Mrs. C. Vernon Cloutier. What unexpected company the house of Willard is keeping.

was sorry to learn today that Arthur Wilson of Baton Rouge dropped dead on Saturday. He is the Mrs. Wilson who recently wrote the article about C. Hunter, artist, and also the article about Canaville that appeared in the August 18th issue of the Baton Rouge State Times.

I never met the lady but I feel sorry she has so abruptly withdrawn from the earthly scene. I believe the Radio Stationer was 45. Both yesterday and today I have had several calls from people mentioning something about news of J. H.'s good health. Carmen called me this afternoon to say she had met Love Hamilton in the Post Office this noon. He reported getting back to Watchtowers on Saturday and stated that J. H. was getting along just fine and would be in Rochester only 10 days which, if true, would mean the folks will be here sometime this week, I suppose.



12021

15052

12021, 15052, 15053

As I turned this page, the 'phone rang. It was Hazel Courege from town, calling to say Goodbye as she is moving to Monroe tomorrow to live with her son. She is a friend of Mrs. Charles Cunningham and was down here with her a few months back. She told me that Charles is selling his 51 percent of Hatchitoches Times stock to Mr. Thomas who had purchased the 49 percent block a while back. I assume both Carmen and Mrs. Walker probably know what is cooking but neither has said anything about it as yet.

A tendrill of the grapevine stemming from the Times office has reported during the past week that Charles finds himself in an income tax squeeze and the Government has a sixty thousand dollar claim against him and his wife will not put a nickel into the settlement of that bill so that possibly the disposal of Times Stock may be imperative.

was interested to learn a week or so ago when Mrs. Walker entertained that among her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas. The 49 percent of the Times were among those present but the Charles and Mrs. Cunningham were not there, one reason being that they did not receive an invitation. A few days later when Mrs. Thomas mentioned to someone that the Thomases were looking for a house to buy, someone remarked that Mrs. Walker's house would make a pleasant residence. Mrs. Thomas responded that the Walker house is not for sale since Mrs. Walker plans to take up her residence there again shortly. So things buzz in the little town and the comings and goings are as interesting to observe as the movements of Mexican jumping beans falling about on a map of the sky, without much point in guessing which way these or that one will start rolling, often it is not always for some reason I can't see.

Last night I finished Mary Renault's Bull From The Sea, a extension of The King Must Die. If abridged, it would make excellent required reading for students about to embark on a study of Greek Mythology since the two volumes describe life into and make plausible with the students must have heard read in the course of an education. If the teachers of History and English would arrange for required reading in that sort of the respective subjects might serve each other, that would be fine.

And now I must do a dab of desk work and then fold. I'm wondering how the p a c o c a k e s holding out in Lyme.....

15053

12021

Tuesday, August 29th, 1967.

Memorandum: Summer has returned all blue and gold in the 20's.

People were coming and going all day but fortunately none of the visitations over-lepped. Accordingly things went smoothly enough but, of course, I, myself, got nothing done other than dispensing hospitality or lending an ear to regrets of some kind or another.

A mylate day came about mail time to bring back some material I had given him around Easter time when he was working on a paper about Cane River plantations. He forgot to bring me a copy of his paper but promised to bring it along another day for it seems he had made a copy for me which I thought very kind.

Then there were some youths who had been studying in Hawaii and were transferring to Texas A. and M. and so on for the balance of the morning.

When the clerk came to pick me up for dinner, he said Sister had just called from Hatchitoches to say she would be down for dinner. There were some people for dinner but we were not honored by the Shreveport lady who did not arrive until about 8. She came over to Yucca to find me and tell me all about her trip. She used to be in good form and rattled along at a great rate starting off briskly with:

"I just hated Paris, --nothing there to see or do except night clubs. All the French hate the Americans... always trying to over-charge by selling them cheap wine and billing it as first class... why even the waiters keep a napkin over the bottles when they pour so you can't see what brand of wine it is. And we drove out to Versailles in the bus at 10 in the morning... the flowers there are awful and they didn't even plan the fountain for us... I'm telling you they hate Americans and we simply didn't go into the gardens because we had no time to waste there and did not see that place where Marie Antoinette lived but we went boating on the Grand Canal....."

She pointed out that neither East or West Berlin like the Americans either and everybody was never so glad in their lives as they were when they got back home.

I am happy to say she returned to Shreveport shortly after her travelogue with me.



15054

• 7aeI , AtES tAPNA , ynsent

Later in the afternoon Mrs. Bennet Johnston, --the former Mary Gunn and two of her little daughters came to see me and to say thanks for the column I had sent them, --Mary and Bennet, --about the old newspapers in their counting days.

they had driven down from Silverport to spend the day at Magnolia with Mary's uncle, Max Hertzog and just ran up to top, see me between other things they had on the dock for Magnolia before driving back home this beautiful evening. Mary said her husband is running for the State Senate there he-

ing three Senatorial seats for the New York area to be filled and only two candidates. Mary said the only difficult thing about the election is that each of the candidates for the seats is an excellent man and so all three of the winners will in a way feel sorry for the two that did not get enough votes.

After Sister's hymn, note, it certainly was refreshing to chat for a while with Mary.

and a little before supper, Mr. and Mrs. Rabalais of Baton Rouge dropped in and told them that before they are quite delightful people and they had read Martin Wilson's story about the Canadian country in the Baton Rouge paper and wanted to explore the area. The doctor had been the surgeon when Martin Wilson had had an operation a year or two ago. He said he was quite unprepared for the news of her death by heart attack last Saturday.

"..... I have heard of Darby as a last name but don't recall ever having heard either a boy or a girl by that name before.

And now for a salad of cottage cheese and mint jelly and  
a chicken sandwich and that will be it for this day.....

her trip. I am happy to say she returned to the airport shortly after

15055

Monday, August 30th, 1964  
 The weather was beautiful and the day was  
 very pleasant. I went to the beach and  
 enjoyed the sun and sand. The water was  
 clear and the view was beautiful. I  
 took a walk on the beach and saw many  
 beautiful shells. I also saw many  
 beautiful flowers. The day was very  
 pleasant and I enjoyed it very much.

up in cleaning up a jar of relish I had dropped  
on the floor with a bang when the tap came at the door and  
there stand James.  
He started to laud me and hand but I suggest we better  
might do better to dry a list of names before dinner and  
that was much more pleasant.  
He mentioned he had received a letter from New Orleans  
a while back bearing some kind of a stamp on it reminding the  
reader that New Orleans is planning to celebrate its 250th  
anniversary. Off hand, I should say that 1897 is the 150th  
anniversary but possibly it is 1947. He said that as it may,  
James cut the stamp off the envelope and attached the stub  
to a piece of correspondence paper and wrote a letter to  
Glazier, the publisher of Baton Rouge, remarking that the  
anniversary undoubtedly would draw many pilgrims to  
the Crescent City and therefore at this time seemed to be a  
right time to publish the "Shadows of Old New Orleans" as  
a tourist item.

Much to his surprise, he received a letter from Claitor which  
engaged their interest of forthcoming books and in the first  
was his book, scheduled for a December 1st release.  
If memory serves, Claitor scheduled Miss Dorman's  
book about the Indian for late December release and the other came out  
the following summer. Whether "Shadows of Old New Orleans" will  
be a best seller or not remains to be seen. In the meantime,  
however he is pleased that the books are to be published.

He mentioned having a long letter from Kaye this morning's mail, stating that the California doctor had discovered equine colic that she had been put on a very strict diet, etc., etc. A little later in the morning he received a telephone call from Kaye.

.....



15056

[illegible]

15057

[illegible]



Oakland and one exterior and one interior of Beaufort. After that the film moves to Los Adies, Fort Jesup, Hodges Gardens, Mansfield with its battlefield of 1864, thence on to Shreveport, Ruston and so on.

Lots of people must have seen the film last night, there have been so many telephone calls all day. This noon while we were on duty, New Orleans photographers, ignoring the no admittance sign, barged in and were turned away and at dusk a lot of photographers from the New York Times invaded the gardens but were also turned back. Something tells me more than guns and tear gas have been set to paper since last night's broadcast and they will be coming to take it away in a day or two.

Carmen called this afternoon to say Gillette, the photographer, had just delivered the pictures of her, published in the other her book last Thursday. She said they all came out beautifully and asked me to dictate the captions for her. She was especially enthusiastic about the one of the big house, taken through the leafy branches of a Chinese magnolia and the one of the heron garden which she thinks especially clear in spite of the fact that the light was poor when the pictures were snapped last week.

[illegible][illegible]

Friday, September 1st 1967.  
 I had had in mind at the beginning to have something to  
 say about the big iron hoops of the sundial but  
 got too going to fast about things made of iron  
 iron in the Old South that had filled in the  
 with a lump before ever getting a round to  
 mention the sundial at all.

I hope the weather for this weekend is good and that I have a chance to go to the river and the dam. I will be there for the day and night. ....



15060

I found my mind was too active to feel inclined toward sleep and so I grabbed a carton of Talking Book records, not caring what the book might be just so long as it was anything to listen to for a while. I turned out to be a volume whose title, printed on the outside of the carton, meant nothing to me when it had been spelled out for me a while back by a secretary - "Claude Anne Lepore's 'Cher Papa'". Much to my surprise and delight, the book turned out to be, not some frothy skit as I had supposed from the title, but quite the contrary an account of Benjamin Franklin's social doings in Paris from 1776 to 1785. I should have dipped into it a long time back had I any notion as to what it really was, a cordite and suggestively entertaining account of Franklin doings in Paris, indeed in the papers of the American Sage which were being put in order by Yale University. I suppose I have underestimated before about the importance of Talking Books being marked with a subtitle to indicate the nature of a book if it carries a title suggesting nothing of substance its contents and I suppose the same thing might be said about certain columns occasionally penned by Leston.

Tonight I am expecting to have a rather good time with the same volume that pleased me so much last night. One thing that will guarantee me a pleasant time is the fact that the Delphin kids have been working the party line overtime tonight and perhaps a few other good fellows such must have developed to supplement the kids to make the receiver off the hook and want for material or ideas "but with the receiver off the material can be made by anyone else on the party line about the same taken, nobody can get a call through to me. That gives me a look forward with no worries about interruptions while in the midst of socializing in Paris with Dr. Franklin and his adoring friends in Paris.

The mustard and the turnips I planted last Saturday are pushing out of the ground and looking quite pretty. The collards planted a week earlier are also coming along nicely. The cotton planters, I am sure, are waiting for rain but the makers of autumnal gardens are probably sowing in the thought that a dab of dampness would be just right for the emerging vegetables.

I hope the weather for this weekend is equally promising in  
Lyme, as it is for this bend of the river and that  
sunshine and star shine will be able to enjoy the same brilliant  
obtaining in these parts.....

15061

Sunday, September 3rd, 1967.

from 60 to 80.

Thus far, however, I pause to knock wood, the Labor Day weekend has been remarkably quiet. There was a somewhat curious twist on Saturday afternoon following a report from the clerk that Dr. Francis who has the camp behind Eugeneau's, had phoned the store at 4:30, asking if he might bring camp visitors over for a tour. The clerk had replied in the affirmative. A few days ago when the same Francis had brought a flock of people over here unannounced they had arrived on my doorstep at just the magical moment I had poured the makings of champagne into the pan. I was determined this would not happen again if I could help it. And so I waited for the campers to appear and I waited and waited. At 8 o'clock when the clerk had already checked his home in Hatchitoches I phoned him, asking if the trippers had been expected shortly after he had talked with them. He said he had supposed they were on the point of appearing when they called. Well, I waited a while longer but by the time I had come to the conclusion they were not going to put in an appearance, I was too sleepy to crack an egg and accordingly let the whole project off as fine omelette go.

Today I have heard much rifle shooting from the direction of the camp but that is all. Perhaps the shooting is honored by the antiauged tourists in the morning -- or whenever.

I have called men Saturday morning to say that Thelma and John Wyser had reached Hatchitoches on Friday night and were happy to be home again. As John reported when Carmen ran into him at the grocery store. She said she thought he looked a little



15061

15062

15061, 15062, 15063

thin and that he had reported that Helma was still having difficulties with her neck. I shall not phone them before the middle of the week, giving them both an opportunity to catch their breath after so much travel and so many adventures during the summer.

I. S. Willard called last night to give me many reports on many topics all the way from the difficulty she is having with the window in the back of her car to many particulars regarding her son and his wife, now in California, not to mention some latest theories on painting which she had encountered in some recent periodical. ....  
The phone rang while I was in the middle of that periodical. It was Sister calling from Shreveport. She sounded as though she had not been drinking but her tales were wacky enough to suggest she might have swallowed a bottle. Some of the rigamarole was to the effect that somebody had told her that Celeste and I were already home and she asked me if I knew if they were or not, etc., etc. I suppose her wild tales are entertaining to her even though they don't seem to be especially so to others.  
I took time out today to read some more from "Mon Cher Papa" and found much of interest in what I encountered. Off hand, I don't recall anything before that has given such a comprehensive and plausible picture of life in Paris from 1777 to 1785. I like the way the author handles the matter of the several ladies who were closest to Mon Cher Papa during those years. It would have been impossible to write, let alone read, had she done other than she did, --the author, --that is by handling each lady in sections exclusively given over to their particular friendship, going through the years from their first to final contacts with Dr. Franklin and while this is returning to 1777 after ending with 1785 in the previous chapter, it provides excellent accounts of the progressions of the individual friendships separately. It would have been a hodge-podge, had an effort been made to carry all the personalities along together at the same time.

I gather the peacocks are celebrating Labor Day by traveling a bit, --I hope not in the big road. At any rate, I haven't seen them all day. Perhaps they will arise earlier than usual on the morrow for they should be as hungry then as I am now. I hold the thought they may be as determined then as I am now.....

15063

15061

Monday, September 4th, 1967.

Memorandum at Shreveport, Louisiana, dated September 4th, 1967.  
The weather was quite good, with a temperature in the upper 70's all day. I cannot remember such a quiet day here. There were pilgrims, of course, but few in number. I got inside the front gate. Among the successful to negotiate that barrier was one from Yonkers, of all places. I happened to be in the store around 2 o'clock this afternoon when some ladies appeared. I don't remember such a quiet day here. They inquired of the clerk with whom I had been transacting some business if they might use the garden. He replied in the negative. One of them volunteered she knew Leston very well but that did not budge the clerk. I reckon he figured if she did know Leston, very well, she would probably have recognized him since he was standing within arm's length of her at the time. She was probably in that class that is identical pattern of another lady who got into the garden. I walked back on that line when talking to her and at the time I took her to get from the store to Yucca, she had altered her credentials a little so that when I responded to her tap on the door, she explained that she felt she and I were old friends, not because we had ever met or exchanged letters but simply because five or six years ago while she was visiting a sister in some other State, the latter had let her read a Plantation Memoir and so I learned then that occasionally it is of such stuff that passports are made.  
I would not say that I had of such stuff that passports are made. I had taken the Mrs. Lopez book, "Mon Cher Papa" or "Franklin and the Ladies of Paris" as the subtitle has it even though there was a subtitle on the cover containing my copy of the work. I had taken the Mrs. Lopez book, "Mon Cher Papa" or "Franklin and the Ladies of Paris" as the subtitle has it even though there was a subtitle on the cover containing my copy of the work.  
In the last chapter I ran across a note that excited my interest. It had to do with the Leray family, owners of the chateau of Chaumont in Franklin's time, and thus, some times referred to as the Lerays de Chaumont or simply Chaumonts. Monsieur Leray de Chaumont owned not only the chateau de Chaumont but also the Passy mansion and gardens where Dr. Franklin had lived from 1777 to 1785, the property having formerly belonged to the Grimaldis, Princes of Monaco. Miss Kelly please copy--smile.  
Monsieur Leray --if that is how it was spelled, had supplied the American Congress with much material during the



15064

Monday September 24th, 1967.

American Revolution and after the war, Congress would not pay the  
 debts. Monsieur Leray de Chaumont's  
 son came to this country in an effort to collect, hoping  
 to save his father from bankrupt confiscations in France.  
 This son returned to France in 1790, survived the French Revolution,  
 returning to the United States in 1802. The Leray property was  
 sold and subdivided, moved in but young Mr. Leray re-  
 produced the mansion in upstate New York, not far from  
 Chautauque, the Park or Packerhouse being known in  
 upstate New York as the "Big" Lerayville mansion, near  
 Lewisburg, Pa. Lerayville, Pa. and now retired and  
 new mansion built 1800's. I believe it is at  
 Lewisburg, Pa. where Lerayville, New York,  
 might have made several telephone calls to see if I could learn a  
 thing about the oldest I could come to find in Lerayville,  
 New York, but Lerayville, Pennsylvania.  
 The map is available, Lerayville, Pennsylvania,  
 appears to be some distance west of Keyport, Pa.,  
 just south of the dividing line between New York State and  
 Pennsylvania, more or less between Binghamton and Elmira,  
 New York, but more or less 20 miles inside the Pennsylvania line.  
 I am out of the country, I find myself wondering if an error  
 was made in the C. A. Lopez note and if upstate  
 New York should be used upper Pennsylvania, I believe  
 the Leray property was known as the Chaumont de Valentinis and  
 it would be interesting to know if this property reproduced in  
 America is still extant. I shall write several letters on this  
 point to see what will come to light as you know, I have  
 found pleasure in the past in tracking down some of the late  
 18th century properties established in America by European  
 refugees from the French Revolution and the possibility of discovering  
 something about this early 18th century place fills me  
 with a keen desire to see if another bit of information may be added  
 to others rounded up before this date.  
 I found in the reports from Chicago stating that the  
 Black Power movement of the colored convention being held in the  
 Windy City had passed a resolution taking Israel  
 to pieces as an aggressor in the recent scuffling with the Arabs.  
 Somehow it seems as though there were so many topics closer to home  
 for which they were taking on a record about.

15065

Tuesday, September 5th, 1967.

Cloudy with occasional sprinkles amounting  
 to three quarters of an inch of rain drops, thermometer  
 around 70. A phone call from Rochester by J. H. stated they would  
 be taking a plane from there at 4 o'clock this  
 afternoon, arriving in Shreveport at 19:30 where a  
 car from Hatchitoches -- Love Hanks, will  
 meet them. Sister has been so intent on being the one  
 to pick them up at the airport and drive them down here, I  
 shall not be surprised if she succeeds in finding out their  
 flight schedule. If she doesn't she most certainly  
 will be arriving here as soon as she does learn of their return.  
 In short, it looks like a busy weekend just ahead.  
 Carmen called to relate a wretched story about  
 one of her Red Cross cases which illustrates the unexpected  
 requests for assistance to that organization. A  
 white girl living in this Parish, unmarried, is an expectant  
 mother. The white soldier who claims to acknowledge the  
 parenthood for his part, is in Southeast Asia. The  
 two of them together have cooked up the notion that  
 would be nice to become husband and wife as soon as  
 possible, preferably before the oldster drops  
 the blessed bundle and therefore a marriage by proxy  
 seems to be just the thing. I know not how many  
 flies may be in that ointment. One of the problems is that  
 the State of Louisiana does not recognize proxy marriages.  
 This means that if the girl can find a State that does  
 accept such marriages and, if she can find somebody in a State  
 to act as that person who will stand in for the husband, and  
 that the Armed Forces recognize the validity of such unions, then  
 the youth and the maiden may indeed be legally married prior  
 to the advent of the child. I hear so many of these Red Cross cases when they are in the mo  
 but just like so many things the news media takes up at  
 their inception and then forgets all about them and fails  
 to report the outcome, so, too, we are frequently within  
 hearing distance of these cases at their inception and then never  
 do hear how they finally pan out.



12062

15066

1967, 12062, 15066, 15067  
would set down a case now and then coming to the attention  
of the Welfare office, converting same into a book,  
the volume ought to be redolent with pathos and hilarity and  
turn out to be a best seller. How often in  
Welfare cases, shared with me by Welfare workers, demonstrating  
that fact is often more incredible than fiction  
and that, in order to get into print, would have to be  
fictionalized, to get by the blue pencil of the publishers.

There seemed to be a somewhat plaintive note in the  
voice of this or that radio reporter, almost apologetic  
that there weren't so many people killed on highways over  
the Labor Day weekend. I didn't hear of any smash-ups  
in the immediate neighborhood although there was one  
at Montrose that put seven people in the hospital. A light  
truck drove out onto the main highway, knocking both  
the truck and the new car into the ditch. One  
yielded to the accident is the fact that the husband of  
one of the women injured in the wreck would not assume  
hospital costs for treatment at the Hatchcock's hospital and  
so the wife and the other six people battered up in the business  
had to be transferred to a Shreveport hospital.

Charlotte hospital. Of course neither the pickup truck  
of the passenger car nor the truck carried any insurance. It  
is equally true that neither driver had a license. As I  
am under a strict, insurance embargo in Louisiana, I run into several  
hundred dollars per year. No matter how poor the majority  
of car owners may be, the majority of the owners simply  
don't have enough money to buy insurance. The  
hundreds of accidents that take place in which they are involved  
can seldom result in anyone collecting anything by way of damages.  
The peacocks came out from wherever they have been  
hiding after a couple of days of fasting unless  
each found food elsewhere. This is the time of year they  
do their molting and I have no doubt the absence of their long  
feathers must make negotiating traffic less hazardous for  
them. I must say the absence of the tail feathers  
reduces them to the prosaic appearance of a turkey  
mere turkey hen so far as side view is concerned but  
the gorgeous shimmering blues of their breast feathers  
to a full front view even with the tail feathers  
slightly up and down, for some characters with a pinch of dress, a glass  
of port and then a glass of red wine. I saw  
one of the most beautiful birds I have ever seen in my life.

15067

12062

Wednesday, September 6th, 1967  
Memorandum  
The weather is cloudy. I may employ the term,  
artistic, all day, the thermometer just below 70 all day.  
My neighbors reached home last night, or rather  
this morning between 1 and 2 o'clock. They had flown from Mayo's  
to Kansas City, having left Minnesota around 4 in the  
afternoon. There were two or three hours of lay-over  
in Kansas City, after which they proceeded to Shreveport  
where their hatchcock's driver was waiting for them.

I saw Celeste over the day, passed and she said she  
was glad to be back although she had had a lovely time. I  
saw J. H. at his desk a little later and he said he was feeling  
alright. He always says that. I learned that there  
had been a feud going on between Sister and the general in  
letters they had exchanged. I thought it regrettable that  
this correspondence had been forwarded to Rochester at a time  
when J. H. certainly had other things to think about than  
more of Sister's high-jinks. I saw you and she and I  
and the other girls and boys and the other girls and boys.

During this afternoon's drizzle, a couple of pilgrims  
dropped in, one from Austin, Texas, the other from Monroe, La.  
The latter said he had been here before, perhaps five or ten years  
before, and added he remembered me having spoken of Miss  
Kate Perkins. Somehow I felt instinctively that bad news was  
coming as indeed it was. Even before the man said the next  
sentence, a phrase from Albert Schweitzer flashed  
through my mind when he had remarked about being too  
late in keeping an appointment with the Queen of Roumania,  
who, before I had gone to see Carmen Sylva, I had  
learned she had already gone over to the majority.

The man said Miss Kate had died last Monday and had  
been buried at Vicksburg.  
Not only was she extraordinary in all she could put on  
a post card but she was also a noble soul and a kind  
friend.  
As soon as the pilgrims departed, I retired to the chapel  
and when I came away, my heart was at peace because there  
was no doubt in my mind that Miss Kate had already been  
accorded a front seat in Heaven.  
.....



15068

Had I not been so much on the jump today, I should have re-read a few pages from "Mon Cher Papa" because my mind continues dwelling in that exquisite setting of Ile de France toward the end of l'Ancien Regime. While reading it, I was impressed, too, how much I had forgotten about Franklin and his family. I suppose I must have known it well enough before but had completely forgotten that Franklin's marriage was of the "Common Law" variety, an actual ceremony never having been performed because of some uncertainty as to his wife's former husband, whether he was still alive or dead. I had also forgotten about the rather unique family place of his 16 year old secretary, William Temple Franklin, who was the illegitimate son of Franklin's illegitimate son. That section of the family tree was certainly straining a couple of branches of legitimacy.

I don't recall in any biography of Franklin I ever read that there was much, if any, reference to Franklin's fortune and in what it consisted, following his retirement from business at the age of 40. In the Lopez book there is a quote from a Franklin letter to Madame de Mantes about a thousand acre tract of his in the Ohio, but I doubt if such real estate had any value worth mentioning during Franklin's lifetime and probably acquired nothing as a source of revenue. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson both spent time in Europe and Jefferson seems to have enjoyed a pleasant sojourn that always made me wonder how he did it. I assume John Adams may well have been a penny-pincher but even so, one is bound to have a penny to hand before one can begin thinking of such things. In Jefferson's case, his Monticello plantation certainly never provided him with an income equal to the amount of money he dispensed. Since both Franklin and Jefferson had scientific inclinations, perhaps they also had the Midas touch. That would be John Adams out in the cold but perhaps he wouldn't mind that since he was inclined to be a cold fish anyway.

My S. Willard called this afternoon. She wants to buy one of the Register paintings to send to her son and daughter-in-law when they get back to Europe and, oddly enough, called me to inquire how I thought the best way to go about it might be. I suggested she phone James since he painted the one she has in mind. She said she had just talked with her son in St. Louis. They go on to the East Coast in a day or two and thence back to London and on to Bonn. Her sister-in-law, Rosalind, had just called I. S. W. to say she is flying from California to New York on matters pertaining to her mother's will, many codicils of which seem to have parceled out stuff to various nurses attendant upon her mother-in-law in the months prior to her death. There seem to be so much flying about these days.

And now for a go at some mail, a cup of hot chocolate and a piece of cake and that will be it for today.....

15069

15069

Thursday, September 7th, 1967.

Memorandum:

It sprinkled all night and well past noon at 3 o'clock, however some blue sky began appearing, seeming so wonderfully beautiful after so many days of clouds. There ought to be a new moon tonight, if it hasn't already slipped behind the Montrose hills. I must make up before long to see what I can discern and if the moon eludes me, I'll settle for a bushel basket of stars.

It has been a busy day and I'm already sleepy. If this memo appears duller than usual I'd like to charge it off to that. After doing a d.b. of garden in the rain, I turned after breakfast to my desk, attacked with stuff requiring attention. There were too many telephone calls to make much progress but I kept going. After a deminase across the fence, I divided my time between keyboard and phone. About 10 o'clock, on responding to a call, I heard a coin go into a pay station slot and an unfamiliar voice asked for me. It was Rudolph, calling from Hatchiteches. He said he was on his way to Lafayette and wanted to say howdy passing through. Of course, I asked him to come to dinner, telling him, however, that the balance of my day was filled with appointments, and that I was prepared to linger for a night or two but couldn't fit such a scheme in with my schedule although I could have easily done so, had I really wanted a prolonged session with him.

On returning the receiver to the hook, the phone rang again. This time it was the wife of some State Representative who wanted to bring down the sister or sister-in-law of ex-Governor Jimmy Davis, not to mention half a dozen other wives of politicians. I told them to come along by 5 o'clock.

Rudolph arrived about 11 and I gave him a little tour as he had never seen the Hunter mural in the African House and had never heard of Ghana and its garden. I guess he had liked what he saw but possibly was a little glum that I had not insisted that he delay the Lafayette visit.



15070

Thursday, September 7th, 1967.

After dinner, we returned to Yucca where again we graced the front gallery for an hour, talking about things of scant interest, I fear, to either of us, after which I escorted him to the store so he might chat with J. H. before going back to the house across the fence to chat with Celeste.

Between then and 3 o'clock I got on with my work, and after the ladies came, lingered and departed I returned to my desk but not for long, what with first one and then another student from St. Matthews passing this way to help them with something about the history of the Cape River. I am glad they are being taught something about their own community and I am happy if I am able to cooperate with the teachers in furthering their good work.

Hope Haupt called to talk with me about Miss Kate.

Hope's sister, Bertha, was born on the same day that Miss Kate first saw the light of day. In short, Bertha and Kate were twins according to the calendar even though they didn't have the same parents.

The Watsons Library called to pass along some information but had requested this morning. They could not supply me with the particulars requested but phoned the State Library at Baton Rouge and secured it for me.

Q. Carmen called to tell me about having won five dollars at  
 horse at the Elks Club last night. I did not  
 tell her I had already heard about that and that Mrs. Chopin had  
 won fourteen dollars in the same racket on the same night which  
 according to Haupt, ought to make them sisters or some such.

I caught five minutes of radio news at five o'clock this morning but did not have an opportunity to come within range of broadcast after that. I hope to catch up with one commentator or another between bedtime and slashtime. What I heard this morning makes me think Governor Romney did not help his bid for the Republican Presidential nomination when he declared he had been brain-washed by Ambassador Lodge and the American Generals in southeast Asia. I doubt if the electorate would be very enthusiastic about an aspirant who states himself he can be readily misled. Well, all things go and so I must go in search of a wife and some college and that will be it for today.

12075

Friday, September 8th, 1967.

Memorandum: In the September 8th issue of Life, there was an article about skill-industry in America and some such title as "Under the Vaneer" or some such. It was such a pleasant experience to discover on Wednesday letter from Lyle in today's post together with a clipping and a portrait of the man in question.

How can I begin to express my appreciation for all the happiness the message brought and how can I express my delight just in imagining the blueberry cake which must have given so much pleasure to so many.

I declare I am forever indebted to little Miss Lee for handling things so neatly and at the same time so generously participating in investments of good will by retelling all the way around to Laur-De-Voicants and book. The book for Carter Edwards will provide him with no end of delight for he is one of these unique persons for whom such a publication will mean a great deal, he was so anxious to find out something about

Yau-le-Vivante before the senator, Senator from Louisiana  
picked up his sphen and inquired in Paris about the possibility  
of visiting the Grand Tribunal. Mr. Edwards lives in St. Neveport and  
I shall have to get his address from his aunt who lives  
France. — Mrs. Jarred Pratt.

I am so glad you found something of interest in the publication about the Mounds. One passes them just south of Natchez on the way down to Laurel Hill. I was impressed by Little Miss Lee's memory in making reference to Foster's Mound, also on St. Catherine's Creek but some miles farther back from the river. If memory serves, the Indian mound is that general area fall into two different time zones, -- some having been constructed about 800 A. D. the others about 1200 A. D. I suppose such particulars will be discovered in the text as one explores the volume. I did not send it along with any thought of it being gone into but merely as an item that might afford a glimpse or two in between other interests. The Indian mounds of which I had something to say in a column are on the Louisiana side or west side, some 50 miles or more from the Mississippi. If they are mentioned in this book, they may be called the Troy mounds near Trinity or Jenesville, La.

I'm glad you mentioned the Mount Vernon matter. I am  
so glad something promising seems possible as a place of security for  
those who have such need of much attention.



15072

Friday, September 8th, 1967.

In the September 8th, issue of Life, there is an article about skull-duggery in Louisiana under some such title as "Under the Veneer" or some such. It has to do primarily about that Marcelle gang, if that is the way the name is spelled. I haven't finished the article as yet but as far as I have gone it appears to be pretty much according to the general understanding of the gang's operations around and about. I chanced to catch the same news today and heard that Governor McKeithin is starting suit against Life because of the article. Although he might have some grounds for some of the general statements, he will probably never press the suit since it would be opening an Pandora's box better left closed. He very well knows that anything should go to court there would be some scandalous evidence brought out and the lawyers would find themselves having a field day and the politicians, facing elections some months hence, might discover they had rounded up more controversy and testimony tainted votes than they had bargained for.

At 12:45, this noon I was at my desk, shirtless while my secretary, along with several other girls, were addressing me. Somebody thumped at the door and I, thinking the next intruder, went to the door at all shirtless, faced not by gloves but three ladies. One of them whose voices I should have recognized, said that Rex Chaplin was present. I said that I was glad so I could find out when ladies in town could be I could change my noon schedule for dining and secretarial assistance to suit city folks. It turned out that the three ladies were Mrs. Julia Breasale of New Orleans, Celeste, but I didn't know that until after I had gone back, pulled on a shirt and dismissed the secretary.

Julia, daughter of Phoebe Breasale and cousin of Carmen, I had never met before as far as I know. She is the hedonist type that never understood her to me. After that my barber came to giving me a shaving, long enough due to them were people and then Celeste turned up again, this time bringing a darling couple husband, wife and 5 month old child, named Graham. Her husband's father is the Parish Superintendent of Schools whom I know and the husband was a classmate of Celeste's nephew.

I was interested in the weather pattern in the Lyme area of late. At the moment, it would seem atmospherically at least, it will be pleasant and I held the thought the same may be true in little Miss Lee's domain.

15073

Sunday, September 16th, 1967.  
A glorious weekend - all blue skies and sunshine by day,  
all darker blue skies and a hazy moon by night, the  
thermometer in the 60-80 range. The weather man  
says the hurricane sweeping northward along the Carolina coast  
is approaching off the moisture front that are. Three hurricanes  
all whirling along at the same time does seem like an amplitude  
of things atmospherically.

The CaneRiver residents a little dam the river from here were treated to a spectacle this weekend, rather unusual any place, as it is supposed, and never witnessed in these parts before.

I was going south from here and just beyond Magnolia plantation the river reaching Derry and Littleville, there is a bridge across the undamed section of Cane River, a bridge crossed by everyone taking the river road, once crossed, in fact by Little Miss Lee herself, en route toward Alexandria. It is an old fashioned bridge dating from around 1900, nineteen hundred, with a considerable overhead iron structure of steel girders, beams and what not.

A sign at each end of the bridge warns truck drivers that the bridge must not be subjected to more than 10,000 pounds. Trucks full of gravel coming from south of Cloutiersville and bringing gravel for a new road being built along Little River in back of Melrose, are routed straight up Highway 1 to Montrose and thence across the modern bridges of Bayou Brevelle, Melrose, etc., and thence to Little River. But Saturday afternoon about 5 o'clock, one truck driver thought he would turn off Highway 1 at Derry and try the river road which meant crossing the bridge. The weight of the gravel in his truck was 25,000 pounds. When the truck had reached the middle span of the bridge, underpinning and super-structure, collapsed and cement support from the ground up to the floor of the bridge held but the floor of the bridge did not. The cab moved forward on this elevation, the bed of the truck dangled downward the whole business looking like a half-opened jack-knife resting precariously aloft on the concrete support while the steel girders crumpled and fell, half balancing in air and at the slightest pressure, likely to crash further and demolish the truck and the driver inside. Nobody dare approach the teetering debris and the driver's chest crushed by something or other could not extricate himself. ....

From a store on the highway, somebody 'phoned the Sheriff in Hatchitches to send an ambulance but, on second



15074

through, realized an ambulance would be worthless since nobody in the present uncertain status of the quivering bridge, could reach the truck driver. Then England Air Base near Alexandria, was contacted. A helicopter immediately began winging its way in this general direction. On arriving, it hovered in the sky above the broken bridge and marooned driver. An officer was let down from on high in a basket, landing just beside the cab. The driver was somehow dragged out of the cab and placed in the basket which was drawn straight up to the helicopter. The basket was then lowered a second time and the rescuer rescued and hauled up into the helicopter. In a matter of seconds, the machine flew back toward Alexandria and the hospital. Perhaps there will be newspaper pictures of the doings and if so, I shall send them along if they come to hand in a day or two.

In Friday's memo, I lacked space to relate an amusing episode about a school that afternoon. At that time, the secretaries, on their way home from school, drop in to lend a hand with the mail. I had several pieces I wanted to run through and so I welcomed the two youths who were about the same size as the regular helpers. I asked them if they were Charles Turner's boys and they said they were. We went ahead although I knew they were traveling under false identification. When as much as a 10¢ could store in my memory momentarily, I paid them and sent them on their way. My fingers flew and down the keyboard to clear up that batch of mail and no sooner had I finished than Charles's two boys arrived. Just for fun, I asked them if they hadn't just been here. They looked puzzled and said no. They had not. Then I told them what had happened a little earlier. They seemed astonished, said there was a wake in town Friday night and probably "them other boys" wanted to get some money to go to town but carefully avoided naming their employers and I did not press for them to reveal the names, knowing full well I could find out soon enough. That kind of slack on their part and care in not getting involved in anything was impressive. And so we went on with the balance of the mail, after which I paid them to go and off they went.

This morning the two "ladies in sheep's clothing" presented themselves at the house and asked them their names and they said they were Charlie's boys. I told them I thought they had made a mistake and somewhat sheepishly they confessed they were not Charlie's but were Coke's boys. They said there was going to be a horse race at the track during the afternoon and as as they had no money, ---- that like their grandpa, Murphy Brown, they thought it would be hard to try to get some kind of loan. I let them go.

The next day I called about that on the morrow. You can see sliced peaches and pound cake & little reding and that will be it.....

There is attached to each an ordinance but, in second  
 From a store on the highway, somebody 'planned the

15075

Monday, September 11th, 1967.

The rain in spite of heavy clouds all morning. They thinned out  
 at 11:00, during the afternoon setting in just a filter of sunshine.  
 The temperature in the upper 70's.  
 Tomorrow morning. He is supposed to return from Gabriini  
 hospital of Alexandria last night at supper, he as usual, quitted  
 the table a little sooner than Celeste and I. When we had finished our  
 dessert, she suggested we have a cigarette in the front gallery.  
 I waited for a minute in the gallery while Celeste stepped into  
 her room where he had called her. She told me he seemed a little  
 tense, and perhaps we had better skip the cigarette and she returned  
 to the house and I proceeded to bed.  
 This morning at breakfast I learned from the clerk that Celeste  
 had called Pat and they had taken him to a doctor in Alexandria  
 because there had been a renewal of bleeding from the operation in  
 Rochester. The doctor put him in the hospital but this afternoon  
 he phoned that he would be returning here in the morning.  
 It seems Pat brought Celeste back home last night and that  
 this morning she returned to Alexandria before the 9 o'clock  
 coffee hour. In a way it would seem as though she might have phoned  
 last night or this morning but I reckon she was too busy. She  
 is remaining in Alexandria where she has a niece and will return with J.  
 in the morning.  
 Everybody agrees, the problems to keep J. from having about  
 so much. It may be they told him that for 30 days after his return, he  
 might go to his office for one hour a day. Of course he has paid  
 the slightest attention to that but obviously spending time at  
 home a full and only part of the time in his office, being intent  
 on driving about the plantation and the countryside just as usual.  
 The clerk in his characteristic use of a phraseology remarked that  
 J. H. "hadn't ought to get a bout so much". I am  
 reminded of all the problems encountered trying to keep  
 an anchor on Miss Camie. Mother and son were both endowed with too  
 much energy and trying to discourage either of them from  
 wearing themselves out is impossible.  
 I heard something about the taking of aspirin today that may  
 be familiar to everyone but as I thought it would mention  
 the matter, however, just to see the administration had never been  
 directed to little Miss Lee's attention. It seems that



15076

Monday, September 11th, 1967.

aspirin is of such a nature that it tends to pass directly from the stomach into the intestines unless there is something in the stomach to give it a chance to be spread about the lining of the stomach. Therefore, it is always well to give something to receive maximum benefit from aspirin, put something in the stomach just before swallowing the pill, -- a bite or two of bread or a cracker, a swallow or two of milk or anything that will receive the aspirin when it arrives in the stomach and so spread it around the stomach and thus prevent it from passing straight through. We have inquired about this matter from several physicians and they all have declared their belief in the wisdom of this procedure. The lady doctor said that she has always felt that all medicine has a tendency to leave the stomach almost immediately and not only does she feel aspirin should be given some thing to spread on when it reaches the stomach, -- a cracker or a couple of swallows of milk or whatever but that furthermore she feel that things like vitamin pills, in fact all medicines should be taken when some thing has been put into the stomach and never on an empty stomach. I do suppose this is known by everyone but I thought I would mention it regardless. It seems to me some publicity should be given this water and in any way I am surprised there isn't something printed on the aspirin box recommending the prospective patient take a cracker under a swallow of milk or some such before taking the pill.

The lady physician said she said Dr. Oberdyke of Shreveport had found some bone in her neck was not healing properly and accordingly had given her a brace to wear during her waking hours so that the head is prevented from moving to right or left and her chin is kept slightly elevated. She has to turn her whole body to right or left in some ways and look in a direction other than straight a. Fortunately she does not feel the brace is going to bed which must be a great relief. She said she will be wearing the brace for a couple of months. Dr. Oberdyke with the brace on is well high impossible, she says, but she may readily understand that. She says she is going to get some body to take her down for a little while every these days, however I should think that, -- even as other people, she would do better to stay put until the problem has been solved.

I believe the weather is open tomorrow and so I assume Natalie will see a rainbow in the morning. She hasn't already. I've been told that it's not in the morning. I rounded up 25 or 30 pumpkins today, placing them in rows with the others on the faded pink-brown bricks of the gallery pavement. They make quite a pretty decor, especially here and there where a spray of butterfly lilies make a strong contrast of green leaves and snowy flowers above the yellow orbs. I've been told that it's not in the morning.

15077

Tuesday, September 12th, 1967.

Memorandum:  
Forecast: thick or rain-drenched clouds until 10 o'clock this morning with clearing skies by noon and full sunshine this afternoon; the thermometer moving up from the 60's to 90's. Tonight is clear with an elegant moon with the promise of more clouds for the morning.

The enclosed paper shows the truck on the demolished Derry bridge. In a day or so there will be better pictures, I hope, showing the helicopter on its rescue mission.

I believe the Bill Spratling column is in this issue of the paper. Perhaps I shall send a copy of this column to the Times-Picayune, remarking that while it is too local so far as the Natchitoches area is concerned, it would be nice if a New Orleans paper would print some kind of a tribute to B. Spratling as one of its former distinguished even though temporarily forgotten residents.

Jack did not return from Alexandria this morning. I gather his physician advises there is wise enough to realize that unless he remains there for a few days, he cannot be counted on, once home, to keep off his feet and give his operation a chance to heal. I am told Celeste returned home a little before supper with a view to getting some fresh clothes and returning in the morning. I tried to reach her a couple of times this evening after dark since she was having company until long after supper but each time I picked up the receiver she was using the phone. It seems somewhat quaint she didn't phone me or drop in either before or after her company had one grows used to concentrations on girl friends rather than people living closer to hand. Perhaps she thinks I get all the news from the clerk.

from his wife. He says she told him on the phone last night from California that she is doing just fine in California, just as she did in Florida in the spring whenever and that her California physician had persuaded her to remain for six weeks instead of the three as she had originally planned to spend there. The fact that she cannot eat anything she pleases makes the present pattern just like the one in Tampa, the magic of the physician convincing here there is nothing wrong with her digestion just as V.

And so things turn and now I must explore the tower and  
 seemed I can come up the and then call it a day.....



15078

Tuesday, September 12th, 1967.

she visited that institution a year or two ago and just as the lady doctor had found when she was consulted on the idat matter.

The squire mentioned having seen the four hour presentation of the story of Africa on ABC on Sunday. He said he felt that one hour, four different times would have been better since four hours is a long time to watch anything without a break. He came to the conclusion that Africa had gone to pot after the colonizing powers or administrative agencies had withdrawn. He got the impression from the film that the modern Africans were too prone to jump up and dance at the drop of the hat without bothering to conserve, let alone extend the mechanical evidences of progress introduced by the European powers into the Dark Continent.

asked him if "Diabler" would indeed bring out his photographic book in December let, as the prospectus announced. The squirrel says, judging from the announcements of various Dermen publications that "Shadows of Old New Orleans" will probably not make it until sometime before next Spring.

It seems several publishers including Claitor, are bringing out publications about New Orleans in anticipation of the 250th anniversary of the founding of New Orleans to be observed in 1968. I had always supposed that Natchitoches was founded in 1714 and New Orleans in 1716 but I must have been in error about that second date.

There are further rumors that Charles is about to dispose of the balance of his holdings in the Dutch stocks times any day now. One has heard so many rumors of this sort that one will get around to believe them when the event really comes to pass.

Commenced led me this noon to ask if it would be all right if some of the Ladies in Calico came here next Monday in costume at 2 p.m. to get some pictures for the bazaar.

Don't think, Ethel Holloway having asked if she might come here at that hour. Carmen said that she and Mrs. [redacted]

There would be a party at the home of the two Japanese ladies and

Lucille Prudhomme for pictures and then, leaving Lucille, would go on and to Beaufort where Mrs. C. Vernon Cloutier

...would join them for pictures there. I told Carmen 2 o'clock would be alright so far as I was concerned, especially as I did not want to take any more pictures.

And on this day, she is seen in her costume or appear in the  
house. She

And so things turn and now I must explore the iceber and  
see what I can come up with and then call it a day.....

15079

Wednesday, Seppember 13th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Clear to gauzily cloudy, thermometer ranging from the upper 80's to the low 90's. The package from Putnam's arrived in today's post and again I blessed Little Miss Lee. I have not opened it as yet since there was too much going on to make a phone call to get the Carter-Edwards' address.

It is impossible to have a chance to turn through it on the morrow and that will be ample time to see about the needed information before re-wrapping it.

I did not see Celeste this morning before the coffee hour. It was said she was planning to spend the day in Alexandria. She did not phone me.

at the table in the summer dining room. I had expected to find her there, but when I went to dinner at the big house, to find her and J. H. both gathered she had gone to Alexandria and on arriving had

learned J. H. was being dismissed and so turned about and brought him home. I never did believe I called Willie that name. He had been back a few days.

Idid not get an opportunity to run through all of them and those I did weren't clear exactly. I helped a late-  
meandering secretary move past this way before tomorrow's mail

The letter from Ethel Holliman was particularly surprising although it should not have been so.

getting Cane River planted in ladies in costume this coming Monday. As you may note from the letter to me,

in typical Holleman style, -- that she is bringing a flock of people with her. Perhaps nobody has ever advised her against mixing business with pleasure. She wouldn't know about that.

no body had pointed it out. So far as I, myself, am concerned, it makes not the slightest difference to me if she brings half the town. On the other hand

for Celeste and her helpers in costume, Lucille and hers at  
Oakland and Beth and hers at Ben Hur, they aren't going to  
a bit entranced at the Holloman sight-seers. But wait  
that is Ethel's funeral, not mine, yes I told you

that I proposed to proceed from there. Before she knew it, she was thinking of me as a "fugitive" and I was a "fugitive" too. I was saying all I wanted to settle now was to get out of there.

approacheth and how  
satisfies would call me on the morrow. So I might  
have a knock off some mail.....



15080

ЭТО НЕ ПЕРВЫЙ РАЗ

My secretary didn't explore Helen's letter with ease. From what was read to me, I gather that Helen dreams of bringing some people from "back to Natavitchek" one of these weekends. I don't need weekend visitors before Pilgrimage and I don't need any Pilgrimage weekend and I'm not too enthusiastic about any afterward in the hurly-burly between the middle of October and November. I shall knock off a quick note to her tonight for the news suggesting that Carolyn may have flown off to Alaska instead of taking the Government job should naturally come as a surprise to anyone who didn't chance to know Miss Ramsey. Somebody has said we must take our friends as we find them which probably is sound advice. In the case of Carolyn, however, she would be likely to run into trouble in trying to take her anyway since nobody, least of all Carolyn herself, could ever tell two seconds ahead of time just where she might be found.

I called Natalie this noon. I gather from something she said she may have been back a few days. Be that as it may, she said she and her daughter had worked out something about hostesses at Uluca. The details weren't all clear to me but I didn't care what they were just so long as mother and daughter had agreed between themselves that they would take care of the reception of pilgrims at Uluca.

I promised to send along all the copy four hostesses would need to hold down jobs on the front and back galleries and in the living room bedrooms. I could not do anything about rounding up hostesses for the African Houses at Jericho, until I knew "where I was at" with Uluca. At that point, thus settled, I contacted I. S. Willard. I laughed in my beard but could have battered her, had she been within reach. She started right off by saying: "You know, if I knew if I were going to be in the Parish at Pilgrimage time, I should just love to do anything I could...". I cut her off at that time of the game shortly by saying that while I knew no more about her plans than she did, I was quite sure that I was going to be in the Parish and on the job and that I proposed to proceed from there. Before she knew it, she was thinking up secondary, teenage assistants, but I cut that tangent right off, too, saying all I wanted to settle now was qualified mature hostesses and the assistants could be worked in later. She said she would call me on the morrow. So Pilgrimage approacheth and now I must knock off some mail.....

15081

Thursday, September 14th, 1967.

Memorandum

This morning, at brushing against a long leaf of a banana plant, I encountered a shower equal to a bucket of water; it seemed. It must have been mighty dewy during the night. It concluded. Only after daylight came did I consult a rain gauge to discover it had rained an inch during the night. Today remained partly cloudy and humid with the thermometer in the upper 80s.

At the demi-tasse hour this morning, my hostess inquired if I got the long distance call at 10 last night. I had been at my desk at that hour when my phone rang. On picking it up and saying Hello, I encountered a momentary pause followed by the voice I took to be the operator's, saying:

"We have the wrong number..." and the connection was out.

How the operator would know she had the wrong number, I couldn't imagine. After I heard this morning about the call for me at 10 last night, I wondered even more. Perhaps it was the Rocket calling me from Alaska. Smile.

I intended mentioning in yesterday's memo that Natalie, reporting on her summer, said she had had a fine outing, had attended some kind of a course, or ashlege without credit. I gather, on Milton, and, probably because of the dry nature of the air in Nevada, had experienced no arthritis at all but had only be home a day or so, and had felt a twinge again in her hip. She also reported that since reaching home, she had heard several reports about the college sponsored tour of Scandinavia. The Director of the tour said she had been warned before the tour started that fireworks might be expected from the Shreveport member of the group but that while she had listened to the prediction, she had more or less dismissed all thought of it as possible personal bias of several people toward a particular individual. No sooner had the tour started, however, than sparks began flying and the entire round trip was Bedlam. It seems that somewhere along the way, the Shreveport traveler left her purse in her seat on the plane but got it back and claimed six hundred dollars was missing from it. She is now contemplating starting suit against two or three persons in groups. The college as sponsor of the tour, the director, the air line and Heaven knows what not. It is really remarkable how much confusion, degauged minds can spread. It is to be hoped a legal mind, equally out of joint, may not join forces just to see how much turmoil can be stirred up.

and we call it a day..... I must get busy and knock off some more



15082

Thursday, September 14th, 1967.

I laughed at myself today when, quite by chance, I happened to hear an announcer on the radio spell out, letter by letter, the word aspirin. Never having been much of a speller, I realize that after failing to see print, I am forever forgetting how to spell comparatively easy words. Perhaps somewhat like people I have known in this plantation country who somehow get out of the habit of keeping a watch on a clock, only to discover in the long run that they had completely forgotten how to time at all except by the sun. It occurs to me that I probably had a letter to the sun today about aspirin and spelled it with an e instead of an i. Should little Miss Lee care to make mental notes of such errors, it would be nice if she would indicate the errors from time to time. As you may well know, in writing to her I am never hesitant about rattling off words whether I know how to spell them or not. In the case of letters to some people, however, I should be glad to avoid mis-spelling whenever possible.

In this week's Life, I found myself especially enchanted with the full page picture of Canova's statue of Perseus, perhaps a dozen pages from the end of the magazine, -- a rather larger issue than usual. I have always liked Canova's things and regret I haven't seen more of them than I have. I find it interesting that the subject of Perseus seems to have appealed to a few artists down the centuries. I suppose the statue in Florence, -- the Cellini one, I guess, -- is perhaps the most widely known in sculpture. In the field of painting, the same subject has been attempted often enough. I have long had a reproduction of a nearly Italian composition, attributed to Giusti, but possibly of a slightly earlier period. Perseus you are acquainted with, the one painting, -- Perseus to the right, his left arm straight down, his hand clutching the snakey head of the Gorgon. His right arm is raised, the hand clasping the head of a small Andromeda, a full length figure at the right, left of the composition, which is showing at her ankles on the rock to which he has been tethered or tethered, the shadowy likeness of the slain winged dragon at the extreme edge of the picture. Probably the ancient myth was especially popular down the ages since it depicted the triumph of good over evil or something. I do that as best I may in the photograph in Life of the Canova masterpiece.

A wonderful and new find myself wondering, after seeing this near one, just how the front view may appear. I haven't had an opportunity as yet to read the caption in Life but shall get to it in a day or two. I suppose one of the best known Canova statues is the recumbent one of Pauline Bonaparte-Borghese. If memory serves, Napoleon's sister passed for it in the nude and when the statue was unveiled, it gave some of the early 19th century ladies quite a turn of events. Did Canova's painting of the statue of Duke of Alba in the same era, I am not sure.

And now I must get busy and knock off some mail  
and so call it a day.....

12084

[illegible]

It rained a tenth of an inch last night and remained  
 so today. 80 and humid all day. It looks as though  
 it might rain again tonight. A detail had been  
 sent out around 4 o'clock this afternoon by phone  
 picking up the receiver. Inside Hells and a lady's  
 voice exclaimed: "There's a man in the room."

"Oh, did I get the wrong number....."  
I did not restrain an impulse to laugh, answering:

ti .eolunw yur le "If you were calling 7273, you get it!" at  
teyilicooegs thameitruubn un avitw et ye-a t nat  
arumilio "Oh, Lest an, I thought I had dialed 7273!"  
brow gntual reuen avitwunmoo ut boer ed ilia llect  
and that was that. ent teg l twa .silveed all le  
re ene ileqmi ilia ti egod yike nno bno vilitruue  
Only after the line had been cut did it occur to  
me the voice, one I seldom hear, might have been that of  
the lady doctor.

I had learned from one of the field hands who had been working all day on Red River that J. H. had been on inspection trip back yend this morning, and asked the clerk at supper if he thought J. H. had been stirring around too much yesterday and today. He said he thought not since J. H. had not been out of the office. So there are two versions of the patient's activities and lack of them, each very exact and that that of the police to establish of the news gathering agencies seem to be the enclosure came in today's post from St. Louis. I believe my Tuesday calendar is comparatively free. It's a curious thing that I still don't know what kind of a book she is engineering. Since anyone is free to write any kind of book one pleases, it seems to me there may be some advantage in the present instance of having at least to run through the captions. It is said that in most families, it is but a beggared house in which it is to be expected that the police to see what will be.

..... I have an appointment with some allied doctors in cream and a  
..... and after that my dear wife and I have a



15084

15084

only "the in-laws and the out-laws" who get nervous over them I recall one classic example when a certain Shreveport lady read a card in a newspaper carrying tour publicity in which Celeste was referred to as "the present mistress of Melrose".

Carmen called me today to give me further particulars about her efforts as Red Cross representative to establish satisfactory arrangements for the soldier with Southeast Asia to marry his Camp, Louisiana girl friend before the latter begets their child. After exhaustive search by the Armed Forces, the soldier by the name given has ever been listed. As the expectant mother has been hearing from him regularly, making plans for the proxy wedding and all, it would appear, if anything can be figured out, that the writer of the letters and sender of money must have used the name of someone else in the service. What, if anything, ever comes of all this, --other than the baby, --remains to be seen.

After doing some figuring as to when the column about the church fair would appear in different papers, I decided I had better grind out copy forthwith if it is to get into print in sufficient time to be of any service. It isn't easy to write an advertisement especially for a legal enterprise when one keeps in mind the column itself will be read in communities never having heard of Ile Brevelle. But I get the thing turned out eventually and can only hope it will impell one or another Pilgrimage visitor to sample Ile Brevelle.

The lady who had thought she would do a biography of Mr. Asmell has had second thoughts about it and at the moment seems poised between going through with said biography and quite a different quit-a-different type of book, the mental mormes of the incipient high school student. I suppose a Walker thesis of this type might exert more interest in educational "brass bellars" than anything else. It appears the lady is quite uncertain as to future plans, having somewhat slowed down on the taking up of a residence in Perte Rice, uncertain about her mother's health and as a result seems a person of color who holds some kind of a position in the educational field has pointed out to her that there are great needs for teachers of English in colleges primarily given over to students of color. English may well be said to be the native tongue of most of these colored students but as many if not the great majority of these students speak the quaint patois of their parents, English or American as that may be, the language thus spoken is such that some broad and average cultural language employed that such students as such is to make usual English almost in the class of a foreign language. Hence the need for teachers of English in such colleges and, because of the racial barriers, not easy to secure. Well, we shall see what will be next.

I have an appointment with some sliced bananas in cream and a pound cake and after that my downy pillow of Lyme origin.....

15085

15085

Sunday, September 17th, 1967.

# Memorandum:

Fair in the mid 80's.

The best thing about yesterday was the arrival of the post, bringing a letter as of Thursday, from Lyme. There has been so much sport dominating the secretarial agenda throughout the weekend, football, horse racing and so on that, what with other interruptions, I am impatient to re-read Saturday's mail again and to undertake a glance at the clipping about Aylym, the latter being returned a little later. I am forever being floored by the ability of little Miss Lee to reach her hand into her treasure chest at the mention of any subject and bring forth data of pertinence and value.

I have not as yet heard from Claude Anne Lopez about the LaRaysu matter and nothing yet has come to hand from the LaRaysville Post Master. It is quite possible, of course, that both Mrs. Lopez and Mr. Post Master have something better to do that help track down early 19th century American houses. I have also written a Mrs. Mark Hagerman of the Towanda Library, Towanda, Pennsylvania, in regard to this matter, her name having been given me by the State Library of Baton Rouge. What I am hoping to discover is some pamphlet that may have been written on the subject of LaRaysville house and what the status of the building may be today. Eventually we shall see what we shall see and of course I shall pass along if, indeed, anything does come to hand.

It is so good to know that Lyme has had some pretty weather during the past week. What with two or three hurricanes kicking up their heels in the Atlantic and one seeming to be "hovering" along the Atlantic coast, my thoughts have naturally turned to the Lyme area, hoping it may escape a visitation.

I like to keep abreast with doings on the home front regarding the neighbors who appear to be a considerable problem. How lucky they are they have neighbors who will concern themselves in this difficult business. I shall be continuing to hold the thought that the patient may get settled before little Miss Lee gets worn out. I think you will readily understand my second thought when I report what a laugh Lestan got out of one sentence in little Miss Lee's letter in which she apologized for the handling of cards for me all know that little Miss Lee is a remarkable linguist, always managing words with remarkable dexterity. I suggest that an apology might be in order was quite beyond Lestan's power of imagination since he has always been filled with admiration for little Miss Lee's accomplishments in this field.



15086

2nd ed., September 17th, 1967.

SYSTEM

On the home front, the entire weekend was a curious combination of beauty, weariness and yet so loaded with unpleasant potentials. On Saturday afternoon when I went to pick up some things at the store, I heard the shrill voice at the far end of the place, a voice that could only have come from Shreveport. At the sight of me, Sister rushed up, throwing both arms about my neck and giving me a bear-hug. First she then twice then thrice, seemingly much more devastating than usual. Since her face against mine was all dripping with sweat and she, in a sense, was as high as a kite as she had driven down, not in her car, but with the people who have the camp behind Fugabent's house. She had already stopped at the hospital on her way down, bringing her brother not one but dozens of candy although she knows he isn't supposed to, and I for sugar. I did see a truck and drive into town to visit him again and that I must go with her. I can well imagine what I said about that. I looked off as she was as loaded and never did see her again the balance of the weekend although she had promised to honor me with a visit and naturally I put off doing anything until she had come and gone since anything had begun can be done all over again from the start, once she has passed around to put things in a tail spin.

I believe Sister spent the night at the camp. I don't know where she was or what she was up to during today. Celeste and I had noon dinner together across the fence and she mentioned she was running in to town during the afternoon. About 2 o'clock I had a phone call from Juanita A. She said J. H. had called from from the hospital to ask where Celeste might be. As Juanita did not know, he suggested she make telephone inquiries around the hospital and said I would communicate with the church where preparations were in order for a reception there this evening. When I hung up the receiver and before calling the Carrie Moran, a former servant across the fence, I thought J. H. had just called her to ask where Celeste might be. I know as she lives far down the road, nobody could imagine. Well, Celeste came at the hospital and that was that. Sister had supper, skipped the Callahan reception and that was the end.

15087

12088

Monday, September 18th, 1967.

*Memorandum:*

[illegible]

According to pre-arranged schedule, Mrs. Helleman and her assistants would come to Melrose at 2 o'clock with the aforementioned ladies being featured in the photographs. Then half a dozen ladies in costume meeting together here would proceed to Oakland where some of the ladies, not in Melrose pictures, would be snapped with Lucille Prudden, the party then going on to Beaufort where other ladies in the group would appear with Mrs. C. Vernon Cloutier.

Passed by the store a quarter before 2 and noticed Dee's car was already at Celeste's. Scurrying back to Yucca to drop some purchases from the store, I started out the door when the phone called me back. It was La Beaufort asking in what appeared to me to be a somewhat husky-of-the-whiskey variety asked where the photographers and all were. I told her they were due at my front gate at 2. She said that it was 2 o'clock right then and to tell them to hurry up and come along as she was tired of waiting for them.

I headed out again, meeting 8 or 10 ladies in costume including those named above. Carmen had some folders she was bringing me, one being enclosed herewith. Celeste said Mrs. Helleman wanted to know where the pictures were to be taken. I turned the whole posse back to the lawn in front of the big house whereupon Mrs. Helleman said she didn't want pictures of her in the big house but at Yucca. Accordingly we proceeded to Yucca where Celeste and Dee graced either side of Grandpere's big portrait. Then some of the ladies went on to the back gallery and were snapped there, etc. On re-entering Yucca from the back



15088

Monday, September 18th, 1967

Mrs. Holleman and her assistant, Mrs. Southerland, got a shot of  
Leston which, so far as I could make out, was pointless so far  
as an interior was concerned, a chest of drawers with a figure standing  
in front of it. By the time the bevy of hoopskirts departed,  
the hour was 3. I Holleman wanted to return after the Beaufort go-  
round but I suggested a later time might be better all around. On  
her way to the front gate, Mrs. Holleman volunteered the  
information that 4 or 5 years ago her husband had had a stroke  
and had remained indisposed and out of circulation ever since. Why  
the information was volunteered, I don't know. I had met the  
man once, but there had been nothing in today's conversation  
leading up to an inquiry as to anybody's health. As for  
Mrs. Holleman, she seemed to look remarkably thin, it  
seemed to me and possibly alarmingly thin might be more  
correct.

In the midst of the hurly-burly, she suddenly asked me why Plantation  
Memo was not in the Sunday paper rather than Saturday's. I told her  
that since she was on the TownTalk staff, that was a question she should  
address to one of her associates on the paper.

I did ask her for news of her TownTalk photographic  
assistant of a decade or so ago, Harry Smith. She was astonished  
I should have remembered him by his name. I pointed out that didn't  
seem too strange for after all, Harry Smith was a mighty good  
amateur photographer and almost anyone would admit the name  
wasn't too difficult.

And that was that for the afternoon flurry and when the  
ladies vanished, the decorations in the big house, marshalled  
especially for the occasion but never so much as glimpsed  
by the visitors, were returned to their accustomed  
places and I could get on with my work.

Mrs. Walker called to ask about some point in a column.  
She said she had gone to see Thelma and John on Friday evening and  
found Thelma in spite of her iron brace on which her chin rests,  
looking quite attractive in a new hairdo, her locks having  
been shorn a while back. She thought John looked very  
tired and then, almost catching her breath, observed that it only  
occurred to her now that she had remained until 10 o'clock,  
probably long after the Kysers would have both preferred to have  
been asleep.

And now I must do a dab of desk work with the hope of  
doing a little reading, if not too sleepy after a bit of  
blueberry muffins and vanilla ice cream.....

15089

Tuesday, September 19th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Heavy cloud coverage today and tonight, thermometer  
in the mid 80's and humidity high. I think we are not  
affected, weatherwise, not as yet at least by the hurricane  
said to be buzzing around the mouth of the Rio Grande tonight.  
I certainly hope it stays down that way and gives us a chance  
to get a breath of less humid air and gobs of sunshine.

Through a mildly intricate maze of grapevines, I  
learn that Charles is disposing of the 51 percent  
of his Watchtowers Times stock to Mr. Thomas who holds  
the other 49 percent. They say the papers will be  
signed this week and the announcement will be made  
on October 1st. On or about July 1st the 49  
percent block of stock was entered into except for the  
signing of the papers. Now it is said that sale will not be  
filed but the total sale of the whole 100 percent.

I find it interesting that neither Carmen nor Ursula have breathe  
word of any of this to me although I have no doubt they both  
know all about it. Probably they have been pledged to secrecy and  
I respect them for honoring a request probably made on the  
parts of both Messrs Cunningham and Thomas. One thing seems evident,  
that I don't require either of them to supply me with  
particulars. In a way, the matter is none of my business to  
begin with and yet, as an unpaid contributor to the paper, I  
might claim an interest so I should think they might feel.

It is said Mr. Thomas is interested primarily in production  
on the advertising side and has some interest in anything  
else in the paper. One thing is certain, nobody could  
be a worse editor than Charles and so we shall see what we shall see.

I had coffee with my 9 o'clock hostess after which  
she went on a frolic to Black Lake or some such place.  
J. H. returned from the hospital at 2 o'clock and  
as the cook at the big house had taken the day off and as Celeste  
had not returned by supper time, the clerk and I supped  
with J. H. across the fence. J. H. seemed much as  
usual and I thought more relaxed, -- understandable  
of course following a few days of rest in the hospital.

Mrs. Aiken and son Paul arrived at 2 this afternoon.  
Instead of a cake, they brought a pecan pie. They also brought  
another L. S. U. professor and his wife, Paul and the professor  
loaded down with cameras.

.....yob o ti li o ee



15090

subproblem

I am a half hour recording for Mrs. Aiken, a brief historical sketch of Melrose is, indeed, a half hour of chatter may in truth be styled "brief".

him, --and I might have learned that anywhere, was that in 1966 Houston is getting ready to celebrate some kind of an anniversary, perhaps its 100th or 150th or whatever. As New Orleans is getting rigged up for a 1966 anniversary, too, there ought to be lots of allurements being stirred up by both cities to attract the tourist trade. I can but marvel that there should be anybody in the world who would feel impelled to respond to the blandishments of either city, inviting the world and his wife to participate in such a gigantic headache as both places will probably engineer.

Once or twice in the past couple of days the radio has mentioned seemingly most forgotten of all forgotten men. --Mr. Miller the Goldwater running made in 1964. The radio has quote Messrs. Goldwater and Miller as recalling triaks they were prepared to play during the San Francisco Republican convent and campaign efforts such as trying to prevent the Vice-Presidential candidate on the Democratic side from having access to his plane or the attempted preventing of Humphries peisist from being available to. etc. --the voluntary regulations made by Goldwater and Miller who, amazingly enough, don't seem to realize they were being highly unethical in their doings. It certainly was a happy day for the world when the Goldwater-Miller ticket got no where.

And now I have to investigate the peagan pie situation and a tall glass of milk, after which I propose to fold up my beard, extract a little news from the radio and so call it a day.....

15091

Wednesday, September 20th, 1967.

[illegible]

-- time at home. I may have mentioned to a few boys that at perhaps last week that I received a call on the phone one night about 10 o'clock. The only person I could remember was a female was up at home from the party, stating she had the wrong number.

Well, last night, I guess I found out the name of the person calling and the place where the call was placed. In any case, she had tried to get it down with me last night. I had tried to get through to my number. I don't say that because she was supposed to be a professional and she didn't know it. Even Wood had a hard time of it. I don't think that she had not been wiring lately and simply wanted to say Howdy. She said



15092

Wednesday, September 20th, 1967.

[illegible][illegible]

12034

Thursday, September 21st, 1967.

Memorandum:

And a happy autumn to little Miss Lee.

It continues cloudy, warm and humid. There was the usual amount of talking by the Weather Bureau but I heard not a peep about today being the change of the season. Perhaps it really is summer if, as sometimes happens, the date is pushed forward or back.

The postman was an hour in advance of schedule today and so I withheld yesterday's memorandum and on removing it from its envelope, I asked myself why I had not used two sheets instead of one, what with the paper being so thin. I fear you may be unable to make out anything on either side and I trust you will not struggle to decipher anything in yesterday's memo since, if memory serves, there wasn't anything of interest in it.

It seems to me I have been spending much time on this keyboard writing dumb things for hostesses. Celeste asked me to write a script of the big house for her hostesses which seems to me to fall into the category of things that are not precisely my business. Ora asked for scripts covering everything hostesses would have to be saying, inside and outside Yucca. Then I. S. Willard asked me to do similar scripts for the African House and Ghana. Put all the memoranda together and it would be discovered a book had been compiled for the Hysterical Ladies of which I am not a member although I must say I am glad to do what I can to help along their cause.

11-11-61 I was mildly surprised today when I received a letter from "Charlie Brown" Goldberg with an apology and explanation covering failure to respond to the stuff sent her some weeks back..

Just as my time yesterday afternoon was given over in large measure to James, so today's afternoon in large measure was given over to less interesting conversation when I responded to a tap on my door and discover Elouise Parton, Thorton.

And now I must get to some writing. I shall  
 continue out there to my daily pillow.....



15094

whatever her name may be. Although she apparently got fired from her job with the Louisiana State Tourism Department or whatever that was called, she must have landed another political hook to swing on for today's paper had something to say about her being chairman of some pow-wow being held on Tourism at the college this week. Be that as it may, there she was with some lady from one of the Baton Rouge agencies or departments and two gentlemen, also from the Baton Rouge mix-up--Department of Highways or some such. They were addressing the symposium being held at the college and, obviously, doing a bit of sight-seeing on the side. When I took them toward the Ghana house, I could see the doors of that place were open as we proceeded across the Ghana garden after having "done" the African House. After they had departed, I asked August if he had been waking at Ghana house this afternoon and he said he had not. I expressed wonder that the doors were ajar.

"Oh," he explained, "them two ladies and them two gentlemen what you done took over there, well, that was the second time they had been there cause they went into all the houses before going to see you at Yuca.".

That is so typical of Eloise Fatten, Thaxton, Fatten or whatever her name may be.

I had always understood that politicians are gluttons for punishment but I can't quite imagine such a troupe seeing the place through their own eyes and then repeat the tour to see it through mine.

I chanced to hear Morgan Beatty news broadcast tonight, learning therefrom that the daughter of Secretary of State Rusk is being married in California to some gentleman of color. It seems to me Rusk is a native of Georgia and, if so, such news concerning the racial status of their favorite son's new son-in-law, all of Georgia ought to be developing quite a case of the vapors ten Shakespeare must have had a word for it, --perhaps Othello.

I think I have never seen the Guernsey lilies encircling the African House look so pretty as they do this year. As you know, the foliage doesn't appear until after the flowers have run their course when the border of green by the end of the month will replace the present flame colored lines in front and back of the House. I am hoping somebody get some pictures in color so we may observe the effect later in the season.

And now I must get to some mail, a dab of pudding and thence to my downy pillow.....

15095

Friday, September 22nd, 1967.

Memorandum:

Cloudy to partly cloudy, warm and humid.

The nicest thing about today was the receipt of the letter of Tuesday from Lyme.

I cannot begin to express my delight in every line and for my appreciation for the bibliography on Bill Spratling. Oddly enough, in the same post came an envelope from 406 Williams which must have been sent by James since he would be the only one at that Matchiteches address who would know of my interesting Spratling and the clipping appears to be a column-long article about a proposed statue to Bill Spratling in Mexico. The article has something to say about statues of Americans in Mexico, there being only two, according to the article, one of Washington and one of Lincoln. I did not get far with the clipping because of three factors, --a poor reader, a fair amount of mail and frequent interruptions. I shall have the pleasure of re-reading the letter from Lyme on the morrow and the article about the statue early in the week if not before and, of course, shall share it with little Miss Lee once I have run through it in its entirety.

I am so glad to be kept informed about the doings as regards the patient. What a problem that presents I can think of a couple of people who must be getting stars in their crowns for all the attention that is being expended in this case. I held the thought that those who would help may not wear themselves out in the doing.

It's good having news of auntie, too. I shall continue holding the thought that things may work around to a sunnier side in that quarter in the days ahead. That a copy of "Sweet Snow" was forwarded to her reminds me to say that at present the butterfly lilies are unusually opulent in their great clusters along the front gallery. I counted 36 stalks of them last evening, each topped with a marvelous explosion of "sweet snow" around which a half dozen humming birds were revolving, sometimes causing from their scant weight the 6 and 8 foot stalks to bow ever so gently back and forth as the birds pressed their beaks into the individual flowers to extract the nectar.



15096

Thanks, too, for telling me about the books,  
particulars of which, of course, I always like to keep abreast. And  
while I think of it, I am retaining the clipping about Asylum  
a little longer as I want to make a couple of notations  
from it, after which I shall return it.

I have been turning through the current issue of Life  
and find many of the pictures so promising that I am impatient to have  
another go at them when I have someone to lend a hand in  
reading the captions. Verily, "la Stalina" has a remarkable  
personality and I am holding the thought that her stay in  
America is proving a source of relief and relaxation of which  
she is bound to be entitled to a great deal after all that  
has gone before.

On the home front there appears to be great activity about  
placing the plantation on the market again, long distance  
telephone calls in every direction, etc., etc. How things  
will pan out and what bridges ahead are to be crossed  
will be discovered soon enough as they are encountered.

I was mildly surprised yesterday, regarding the I. S. Willard  
interest in the impending tour when she told me that she  
had contacted Carmen about serving in the African  
House and that Carmen had said she would be delighted to do so.  
This afternoon Carmen phoned me to say that she had  
told I. S. Willard she would serve down here but she  
had just been reminded by her sister, "Seesill" that the  
few of them, as always in the past, had  
promised Lucille they would receive with  
her at Oakland. Carmen said she had  
been unsuccessful in her attempts to reach I. S. Willard  
and I volunteered to try. I was successful and I. S. W. said  
that just in case Carmen couldn't come, she had asked  
two ladies from The Hatchiteches Times office  
and that they had gladly accepted. Personally, I should  
never thought of asking either of them but when I turned  
the businessness of staffing the receiving line in the African  
House and Ghana, I turned it over completely to I. S. W.,  
and shall accordingly accept her selections without a word.

This afternoon I gathered 27 more pretty pumpkins  
and still have quite a few more to gather in before the  
damp soil on which they have been resting effects them adversely.  
And now I'm going to pour myself a glass of "oolie" and get busy  
knocking off a column about the Pillar of Honey.....

15097

Sunday, September 24th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Ideal weather, endless, low humidity and 60 by  
night and 80 by day.

It was a quiet weekend and the two breaks in work to  
attended to pilgrims, one Saturday afternoon, the other  
Sunday, formed such a pleasant interlude in the chores.

Some people from Mineola, Texas, came on Saturday afternoon  
by appointment, made with Hazel Rains, who came with  
them. Hazel is with the Health Department and she and her  
husband frequently bring friends down for a little tour.

Sunday noon while across the fence, some gentleman from Smithson  
came. He wanted to get color slides which he did. He had stopped  
off here enroute to someplace in Texas to see about  
some Inidan village sites.

This afternoon about 6 o'clock, Natalie called  
to say she had her hostesses all lined up, to chat a little  
about college where classes are being all shuffled about and  
to speak a little about books, mostly one pertaining to Greek  
civilization.

I was able to tell her about one she hadn't explored as yet  
although I doubt if this one contains anything new to her. It is  
the one I mentioned the other day:--Lenard Cottrell's Bull of Mines.  
If you haven't read it yet, you will find on turning  
through it that about half of it is given over to that amazing  
person, von Schliemann and the other half to Arthur Evans. No  
matter how often I read a biography of von Schliemann, I never cease  
to be amazed at the man, his mental equipment and  
his life long interest in and success in things  
Homeric. I am still stunned at the thought he could acquire  
a new language in six weeks, mostly self-taught. It is said  
that in the Cottrell book that his method was to read a new language  
aloud and then write essays in that language and then  
correct the compositions on the following day. Although impossible  
to imagine, I can see this might be possible with a wizard's mind  
but how he could make such rapid progress in such languages  
as Arabic, ancient Greek and Russian is quite beyond my powers  
of comprehension. I, for one, could never have mastered the alphabet  
of such languages in six weeks. Whenever I want to smile, I  
can picture myself in a von Schliemann act, trying to read  
Arabic aloud and then writing a theme in that tongue.

I had forgotten about von Schliemann, after making a fortune,



15098

skipping over to California, flattened out by typhus, and grabbing up aether fortune at the same time in buying gold dust from the miners. I had also forgotten, if I ever knew, that when he got ready to divorce his first wife, he went to all the trouble to come back to the United States to get the decree in Indianapolis. I should even think of going to Indianapolis to see the automobile speed demons in their Decoration Day race let alone to run through a divorce mill. What a man.

The other half of the book, as yet unfinished, seems to be devoted to Sir Arthur Evans about whom I knew little save from various articles in papers long ago and talks about him in the Joseph Alsop volume, "From the Silent Earth" and such like. There seem to be two different schools of writers about Evans,-- some filled with praise as is the Cottrell volume and others with denunciations,--as, for example, Robert Payne in "Splendors of Greece". One thing seems to stand out as incontestable: the world is the richer for the work done both by von Schliemann and Evans.

Natalie mentioned that a girl in the college has a boy friend or a husband, I forget which, who is with the Air Force, stationed in Greece. He wrote her most depressing letters about his unhappiness among such poor and ignorant Greeks and Cretans. Natalie suggested the girl write him about Knossos, Delphi and so on which the girl did and before long stacks of color slides and things pertinent to the ancient world came pouring in along with letters expressing gratitude and enchantment that was being experienced, thanks to the opening of his eyes.

Natalie mentioned that today's Town Talk of Alexandria carried publicity pictures for the Pilgrimage. She said she was sending the page,--it wasn't clear if she was sending them to little Miss Lee or to Leston,--but be that as it may, the former will receive same sooner or later regardless. Perhaps she said there were pictures on both sides of the newspaper sheet and if so, I shall try to round up two copies, should little Miss Lee have occasion to cut same. Probably both copies will not be rounded up for the same post but the second, I hope, will follow the first in all good time.

I. P. Willard called Saturday afternoon for an endless explanation about her plans for African House and Ghana hostesses. She wanted my approval which I gladly gave, having but the scantiest notion as to the whys and wherefores of the call and quite ignorant of the people mentioned. Mrs. Walker called to talk about two or three points including her plans for a thesis which seems to be about aspects and problems of the negro in contemporary education. Mrs. Chapin also phoned, asking for a hand in an article she was doing about the Christmas lights to be published in this year's Festival program and that was as easy as pie and, speaking of pie, there's a pumpkin one awaiting my attention and that will be it for today.....

15099

15099

Monday, September 25th, 1967.

#### Memorandum:

Withal fair and as close to perfection as yesterday.

Socially, the day was very pleasant but industrially it didn't amount to much.

Fortunately I got quite a few minor matters taken care of before 9 o'clock, pre-Pilgrimage things such as divesting my boudoir of its draperies, bedspread, cushion covers and the like, hanging up draperies from the living room in place of those taken down in the boudoir. Doreatha takes care of the laundering of draperies and things which makes it especially convenient in that she doesn't tear things up the way the professional cleaners do and because, when they are re-hung, she is present with needle and thread to tighten up places such as seams and rings that may have sagged in the cleaning process.

On my way to 9 o'clock coffee, I encountered two ladies coming my way,--Bee Randolph of Celar, "the lady who had the baby".

Her son, Ned, who likes Hunter paintings, has joined a law firm in New Orleans and, having somewhere seen a Hunter concept of a court scene, asked his mother to get one for him which was the occasion for today's visit into the Cane River country. I don't recall the name of the lady accompanying Mrs. Gordon Randolph.

Bee had a couple of loaves of bread under her arm, baked this morning for my delectation, not to mention a bottle of wine to go with the bread. I suggested the ladies turn about,--after having me the gifts, call on the artist and transact their business, during which time I would be taking care of the demi-tasses across the fence, after which we three could converge on Yucca and relax for a moment. The plan seemed to work nicely enough and that is precisely what we did, although the ladies couldn't linger longer than for a coke as the other lady had to get to Alexandria to pick up a child in school.

I did not ask Bee what the news might be from Blythe, remembering



15100

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how these ladies had fallen out a long time ago. In the afternoon, however, when the artist passed this way, she mentioned had asked Bee how Mrs. Rand was doing and that Bee had said she was taking on weight and appeared very frail.

I got busy on some gardening as soon as the ladies departed but hadn't done much before James put in an appearance, and remained for dinner. He seemed to be in good form and although he had many interesting things to report about recent readings, he did not have much news.

Returning to Yucca from the big house after dinner, we chatted a little more until Clementine Hunter arrived in person. Her purpose was two fold, she wanted James to get her some canvases and she wanted me the next time I talked with "that lady with them big ear rings" to tell her her red bird painting was ready.

He sooner had she departed than a slave from the store ushered in a gentleman of color. He identified himself as being somehow vaguely connected with the telephone company and said he understood I had a reading machine which he would pick up and deliver to the Alexandria office to have it checked over. I had some stuff which the machine was dictating to me and so I told him he and I couldn't do business for a couple of weeks. He said oh would be coming back.

James departed and a few minutes later I rushed to the store to attend to a couple of things there and bumped into James who had stopped there to pay his respects to J. H. in the office.

Back to Yucca I found my phone ringing, -- Kay wondering if James had left as she had had a call to go into town and didn't want to take the dog with her.

Cammen called slap after that and on her heels followed I. S. Willard who had much to tell me about prospective hostesses she had rounded up, -- none of whom I knew and even if I had, I should have found it impossible to follow the circuitous round the monologue took. This was followed two other calls and pilgrims and by then the supper bell was clanging and so ran out the day. Perhaps the physical rest was good for me and I shall be able to attack things with greater gusto on the morrow.

The James Livingstons brought me a big liquid custard, festooned with cherries on the stem, spearmint, etc. -- which carried a divine aroma and the taste of which is going to be equally good, I believe, and I'm about to sample same before turning to a dab of reading before folding up.....

15101

15101

Tuesday, September 26th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Continued fair and mild.

The front gallery of Yucca strongly suggests an Oriental bazaar. Today was brass and copper shining time and everything metallic found its way there for a going over. I had forgotten what an assortment of stuff there was until it all got together where it could be glimpsed at one time, -- everything from brass keys to copper pots, not to mention andirons, fenders, urnstrays and even the old Robert McAlpin cotton stencil.

They are all spending the night on the gallery to get some extra airing after the shining up process had been accomplished. The thick white liquid reminds me in appearance of sour milk. It contains some chemical that in aroma suggests ether. One rubs it on to the metal, leaves it until it dries, taking on the feeling of baking soda and then rubs it off. The ether-like aroma remains for several hours after the chemical has been rubbed off. Accordingly everything worked on is left out of doors until another day has rolled 'round and then put back inside.

I stepped out on the gallery a few minutes ago to give the cats their 10 o'clock warm milk and the splintered reflections of the copper and brass that shimmered when I turned on the light put me in mind of a fragmented collection of stars all strung along the gallery pavement and flowing over chairs and benches along the way.

There were pecan people at dinner today. It seems the leaves are falling from the pecan trees at a great rate, much to the puzzlement of the experts and the distress of pecan people generally. It is the effect of the sun on the leaves of the trees at this time of year that provides food inside the trees against next year's crop. With the leaves all falling off, the prospect for a bumper crop a year hence seems dubious. All during the summer the trees, -- the leaves, -- are sprayed against one thing or another and it would appear that this year's spraying either did not have or possible did have too much of something or other. Occasionally one hears someone express the thought that he or she will plant several pecan trees and then set back and let the trees go ahead and produce a crop but obviously that isn't exactly the way the thing operates.



10121

15102

Wednesday, September 27th, 1967.

The news media, --especially the Texas radio stations,--  
continue giving wide coverage of the Texas floods and I  
find myself thinking especially of Nina McInnis these days.  
Corpus Christi seems to have been especially inundated, not  
so much from river waters as from the torrential rains  
that struck that area. I knew nothing about the situation  
of Nina's house but I am holding the thought it may be  
on an elevated point. Carmen reports that it is  
still impossible to get telephone connections with many places  
in the Rio Grande valley. She read me one Red Cross report that  
she received yesterday which stated that in the Corpus Christi  
area the amount of water, falling from the skies, ran from  
15 to 20 inches. I suppose a hundred miles to the  
south of Corpus Christi the flooding will be worse, especially  
in the Brownsville area, where the river is expected to crest  
this coming weekend. I hadn't realized until I heard the  
Red Cross report that people from the inundated area were being  
housed as far away as San Antonio.

I am glad to be able to have these official inter-  
office reports, plans being made to collect supplies, etc.

Tonight's weather reports indicate rain for the  
morning in this area. If it has to rain this week, tomorrow will  
be as good a day as any so far as plantation operations are  
concerned, since many of the field hands are going to town  
tomorrow morning to get their drivers licenses. I find it  
interesting that until this late date so many plantation  
people operating trucks, tractors, etc., have never had  
drivers licenses. One twist about securing such cards is the  
fact that although in some cases the applicants are 18 or  
over, their parents are required to counter-sign the applications.  
I suppose this may or may not take a little extra time at  
the office where such things are issued since, as is frequently the  
case, neither the applicant nor his parents are able to  
sign their names.

As the world whizzes further along into the mechanical age, one  
can but wonder about people who cannot read in respect to operating  
any kind of a moving vehicle. If one cannot read warning signs on  
the road, it would seem there is a considerable hazard in  
allowing such people to get behind the wheel of a truck. I  
often think of that point as I get out the front gate these days  
on my way to the Post Office for just on the opposite side  
of the highway from the gate is a sign newly placed there, reading: B  
Out. It refers to the one several miles down the road at Derry.

Today's post brought enclosures from Natalie. I did  
not unfold them, supposing them to be Town Talk things.....

10121

15103

Wednesday, September 27th, 1967.

Memorandum: I did not quite finish it  
at this afternoon sitting, what with an  
interruption at the wrong time. As for the  
book by Charles Dufour, I am especially glad to have  
news of it for I have to write him a note tonight about  
a spratling matter and I shall be glad to be able to refer  
to this review. He writes a column under the name of  
Pie Dufour and I remember how much I enjoyed his visit here  
a long time back with Martha Robinson.

It was so cool this afternoon it would have seemed  
chilly, had I not been so much on the jump at gardening.  
The breeze plus the mist kept the body temperature at  
such a pleasant level that all the sawing of branches and hauling  
of stuff around and about gave only added impulse to get more done.  
I saw August once or twice staggering beyond the hedges for  
he was definitely under the weather as were so  
many other field hands who suddenly found themselves with  
nothing to do, once a bottle had circulated early this  
morning and the rain had persuaded everybody this should  
be a day of rest. There was something about the whole  
slow-down motion that reminded me of a couple of years  
back the week at the end of which came Pilgrimage. It  
was then that Pal, on whom I was leaning heavily, to  
get much of the gardening stuff in order, sailed along sedately  
enough through the week until Thursday when he  
suddenly succumbed to the bottle, never showing up on



15104

15104

Friday when there were at least one million things to be done before Saturday's opening gun. If he, August, shows up at all on the morrow, he will not be capable of doing much and, of course, I rejoice that there is still a couple of weeks between now and the 14th of October for preparations to be undertaken before the tour gets under way.

It was arresting to hear that Governor McKeithin yesterday journeyed to New York with half a dozen assistants to confer with Life magazine about their articles on crime in Louisiana and how the Governor had apologized to the magazine for the harsh things he had had to say about the publication when the first article appeared and to thank them for bringing out into the light of day the evils existing in the Pelican State about which, until Life had pointed up such facts, he had known nothing. What makes the Governor's surprise interesting is the fact that everybody else in the State seemed to know all about the high-jinks going on under the Marcelle gang which has been aired nationally during the past several years. I believe it is Grundy Sampetie or some such name, --a Cloutierville gent held in very low esteem in this Parish is now second in command in the State police. A few years ago he had the temerity to run for Sheriff in Natchitoches Parish and get so few votes everybody laughed. He was talking with somebody here other day and said he couldn't understand all this talk about Carlos Marcelle whom he says he knows and finds him to be a very nice person. I suppose in the 1920's and '30's there may have been people in Illinois who found Al Capone a very nice fellow, too.

Last night I finished reading the Cottrell book, "Bull of Mines". I liked it. I find the title only half suggestive of what the book might contain, assuming that "Bull of Mines" refers to the Evans doings on Crete and does not seem sufficiently broad to include the other half of the book, the somewhat parallel doings of Herr von Schliemann, but there's no point in contending over a title of this sort. I find it so thrilling and inexplicable that two men who were contemporaries should in their quite different ways, should have given the world a couple of thousand years of man's history about which nobody before them ever dreamed about as having existed at all. In the matter of Greece, for instance, I believe nobody thought much about the history of Greece prior to the established Greek calendar dating from 776 B. C. until von Schliemann with his spade pushed things back to about 1400 B. C. And Evans on Crete gave Crete a time post at least a couple of thousand years B. C., --each a private citizen using own money. If only nations would spend a little less in armaments and a little more on cultural explorations.....

15105

Thursday, September 28th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Clear as a bell and cold as a clam. We were lucky in receiving only three tenths of an inch yesterday when further up the road three inches came down to dampen the cotton. Nobody ever heard of such low temperatures at this time of year in this section. A cold North wind has kept the thermometer down in the 60's in spite of the dazzling sunshine. It will "hover" around 38 tonight, it is said.

My pretty red bird sits here prepped up against a vase of butterfly lilies on my desk. I owe the bird an apology, I think, for just as I wrote the words, red bird, a bell rang in my memory concerning last night's chat when, unless I mistake, I dubbed him a jay which no cardinal likes to be styled.

Last night I hurried with my evening chores in order to be in time for the regular Morgan Beatty news broadcast. I made it in time, only to learn that a baseball game was in progress. I tried scouting around in the air waves several times during the evening but never did catch up with any of my favorite broadcasters, -- Beatty, Brinkley and Huntley. At midnight over the NBC affiliate in Denver, KOA, I ran into one news item that disappointed me in that it stated that last night's Beatty broadcast was his final one and that as of the 27th, he was retiring. It is true that the Beatty personality was not so suave as many another but after so many years of listening to him, I shall be missing him in the future even as we miss Edward Morgan although I am hoping the latter may eventually return to inspire us again.

The enclosed letter suggests that Smithsonian may be getting ready to include Clementine Hunter in its realm of primitive art. I shall respond to this letter tonight and shall provide them with sufficient information to get the business of securing back numbers of newspapers swirling. The next time I see James I must remember to mention Smithsonian and ask him what idea might form in the artist's mind if she were told of that institution's interest. He might recall her "hooking-cow" resentment when she first saw the reproduction of her paintings in Holiday, when she remarked:

"Hummmmm.....jus' what I thought.....taking my pictures and making magazines out of 'em."

Old Smithsonian has already acquired two or three of her canvases accordingly had better watch out when the artist learns from whom their agent was purchasing them.



15106

The Hysterical pr Justeroca; ;ades bittomg pm tje tpir je;d a  
beard meeting this morning in which topics up for discussion were  
settled to everyone's satisfaction with the possible exception of  
one, -Lucille Prudhomme of Oakland.

During every tour there are a number of people who are  
interested in visiting only one of the houses on the tour. The  
plantation house tour of three houses costs three dollars or some  
thing like that. People who want to visit only one house  
do not purchase a ticket but appear at the house that appeals  
to them, pay their dollar and that's that. It is said the  
greatest number of these appear at Melrose but there are a few  
who do at Oakland. I never heard of anyone doing so  
at Beaufort. Now it seems that at Oakland,  
Lucille has in the past kept the single dollar for herself, claimi  
her house is open all the year through while the others are  
ostensibly not open and therefore Lucille feels that  
the one dollar paid for entrance during the tour at her  
Oakland should be hers. I can't follow such  
reasoning but today at the board meeting she defended her  
point when the matter of what the just fee should be for those visi  
but one house. All except Lucille thought each such entry fee shou  
go to the society as a whole. There was a compromise which  
stated that the single dollar visitors should pay their money to  
the ticket taker and the dollar in each instance would go  
to the society up until 4 in the afternoon. People without tickets  
after 4 might pay their dollar to Lucille. Carmen  
sketched in this matter to me and I don't see why Lucille should  
get anything on the two days of the tour other than her  
out in the total proceeds, the same as the other houses.  
By being on the tour, Oakland gets lots of publicity it would  
not receive otherwise and since Oakland is open  
all the year 'round, she benefits more than anyone  
from the tour or so it would seem to me. So far as  
I know, Oakland, on receipt of its share of the tour proceeds alway  
retains the money thus divided while at this bend of the river  
the check is either returned to the society or turned  
over to some charitable organization. This little scuffle  
scarcely deserves the space given it but it does offer a difference  
in the way of thinking by one participant and  
another.

Montana, usually among the cooler places in the  
nation, registered heat in the 90's today while  
the Pelican State shivered. It's all so odd,  
I must say.....

15107

Friday, September 29th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair and chill. Last night's low in Alexandria was  
37 but Hatchiteches was warmer at 45. By the time  
September plays out on the morrow, let us hold the thought  
there may be a rise in the mercury.

My day was exceedingly occupied with chores and with  
people I had a column to knock off for tomorrow's post but  
never get around to consider so much as a subject, let alone  
knocking off anything. That will be taken care of  
tonight, --if I don't get too drowsy.

The peacocks have been spending so much time in the road  
of late, I thought it might be a good idea to put em  
in the "protective custody" of the Unicorn House for the weekend.  
Not that there are less cars on weekdays than on weekends  
but the percentage of drunk drivers, I hope is lower, thereby  
affording our feathered friends a better chance of survival  
when on a public road promenade.

I succeeded in getting three inside the Unicorn House  
but old Penderesses was la ggardly about joining the  
others and so about supper time I had in  
mind to skip to Yucca to get something the big bird  
might find toothsome whereby I might lure him into  
the enclosure.

On reaching the Yucca gallery, I saw a couple of  
male figures between me and the setting sun and so I advanced  
to greet them. The first one turned out to be Paul King Rand  
and the other was his friend, Mr. Smith who has been here before. They  
have an apartment in East 55th Street, I believe. After  
chatting for a moment with them, I was mildly  
taken aback when Paul King remarked that his mama was there  
on the bench, not two feet away from us but I had failed  
to see her in the shadow as I marched toward the two gentlemen whose  
silhouettes had been so distinct against the western sky.

They had been to spend the day with la Dermen at  
Briarwood and seemed glad of the opportunity to  
break their trip back to Alexandria by stopping off for a chat  
and a step of wine. I was glad to see all of them,  
hear all the news and not dream of a cold supper that would be left  
on the dining room table, --the summer dining room, so called,  
although for the past 48 hours it has had more the  
temperature of an open air winter dining room, I must say.



15108

Blythe seemed frail physically but undoubtedly was  
possessed of the same vigorous bite she has always enjoyed exercising.  
She reported Carrie looked awfully frail but nevertheless interested  
in everything.

Blye's son-in-law, Whitfield Jack, and her daughter,  
Frances Rand Jack, are in Europe. Blythe and  
Paul King read a letter from Frances, penned in Greece. The  
letter reported a ravishing theatrical piece just witnessed  
but didn't mention the Parthenon.

Blythe had brought me so sandwiches. She is  
an artist in sandwich making and usually brings me some of  
her latest samples and I never fail to enjoy them.  
Having skipped supper, I shall find them doubly  
delectable when I get around to have a bite later  
tonight.

It was first dark when we headed toward the front gate.  
Blythe admired the pumpkins on the gallery and I  
persuaded to take one or two with her for I knew she  
loves stirring up dishes of any sort and in present temperatures  
she can readily play it's Thanksgiving and make herself a fine  
pumpkin pie for Paul King and George Smith to help her  
consume.

This morning while August and I were trying to wash down  
the walls of the living room and boudoir, August  
did most of the work, what with me constantly having to answer the  
phone. Mrs. Chapin was driving to New Orleans this afternoon  
to be present at a birthday dinner for her mother tonight. She  
wanted to know if I had any shopping, especially in the pastry  
section, while she was in the Crescent City.

Another morning caller was Carmen, asking  
me what time on the morrow I would prefer to receive some  
people about whom she had spoke to me a few weeks back, --  
some of the Deblieux crowd from off somewhere and  
some of the Lemees from some place else. I could  
not do without seeing pilgrims prior to pilgrimage but I said  
I would try to work them in somehow.

And then there were people from Longview, Texas,  
and other people from Tulsa who shouldn't have  
been let in but who were, following a visit  
to the store where nobody has any notion of the amount of work  
there is to be done on this side of the fence before  
Pilgrimage.

So went the day and so has gone the week, -- a  
pleasant one all around but one that might have been  
a little warmer, a little drier and a little  
less encumbered by pilgrims. I held the thought all moves

15109

Sunday, October 1st, 1967.

Fair with rising temperatures, --50 last night,  
85 today.

Saturday night turned out so pleasantly, thanks to the  
arrival in yesterday's post of Proust's Swann's Way which  
I had not ordered but which I read with relish. If memory serves,  
the last recording I had of this volume was in two  
cartons in contrast to this edition which is in just one while  
each disc is considerably smaller than previous editions. The  
recording is by our friend, Alexander Scourby and I  
assume it is probably the original rendition by that reader  
for the larger, more numerous records.

There is a biography of Marcel Proust by some  
Californian named Barker which has come on the market lately, I believe  
Mrs. Walker has a copy and has reader some from it over the phone to  
me. It has a great deal of information of interest thus far and  
I assume additional particulars will be forthcoming in the  
pages ahead. I believe Proust was born in 1871 and  
died in 1922 or 1923. The Barker book has taken the hero  
up to 1904 thus far. "A la Recherche" has not as yet been  
started but some of his note books from which the major  
opuses will be drawn are in the making. The biography certainly  
holds a wealth of detail about the Prousts and about the people  
with whom Marcel associated. Up to the present moment  
in the reading of that volume, however, I have a feeling that the  
author, a diligent craftsman, is to be congratulated on the  
ingredients he has assembled to bake his cake but that  
like some persons possessed of grand recipes, is somehow in-  
capable of getting the exact flavor which might come off  
better in the hands of a writer with less research ability but  
greater intuitive powers. Perhaps this is sheer imagination  
on my part, however. After all, perhaps nobody  
stirs up a cake exactly the way another cook does so that the  
judgement as to the excellence of the finished product should never be  
entrusted to another cook but simply to the eaters of  
cakes. I shall touch on the progress of  
the biography when the reading has gone a little further.

The last time I spoke with Mrs. Walker she mentioned that  
.....



15110

15110

she had heard nothing from either Charles or his associate regarding the newspaper. In view of the fact that she was the one who introduced the two gentlemen, initiating the business, it does seem odd that while everybody else seems to have heard all about the details, neither party has mentioned it to her.

In Saturday's post came the enclosed letter. It is of no special interest, just another admirer of Miss Hunter's paintings who bought several years ago and now seems interested on the behalf of someone else. The envelope bearing the return address gave only the "B. B. Wilson, 127 Spring Street, N. City". I thought the signature was odd in merely giving the first two initials and somehow the Spring Street address was unexpected. Vaguely I remember the general location of Spring Street, not too far from Nassau Street, if memory serves, but this is the first time in my life I ever heard of anyone having an address on that particular thoroughfare. It seems to me this you hailed from Vaco or some such, and mention of the latter city reminds me that I haven't heard any more from Helen. Perhaps in my response to her last letter mentioning a Cane River hejira, I didn't express too much enthusiasm about a visit before Pilgrimage.

The dozen or so white benches, given as a gift of paint a couple of weeks back, are still standing under the protective roof of the African House. What with the dews and damps of September, the paint was slow in drying. They seem to be ready now to resume their accustomed places in the gardens but I haven't moved them as yet, hoping to avoid stains on them until the middle of the month has arrived. The pecan leaves have been swirling around at a great rate and the brown spots they leave if they remain very long on the bench is as impossible to remove as juice of Orinoco banana stalks on a white fabric, --as permanent a dye as can be found.

I gave a glance at the red okra this afternoon, having in mind to use them in bouquets a couple of weeks hence. The pods are so heavy they are bending down the stalks, the latter being spindly, --perhaps 12 or 15 feet in height and incapable of supporting the pods. I rested some of the arching stalks onto shorter green plants, hoping to keep the red from getting a coat of brown earth before gathering them for bouquets.

I held the thought that in Lyme October got started off with the ideal weather obtaining at this bend of the river. We are promised equally pleasant days just ahead and may it be so in little Miss Lee's neighborhood.....

15111

15111

Monday, October 2nd, 1967.

Memorandum: At 10:00 AM, I received a letter from...

Our perfect Indian summer continues. The radio says it is pretty much the same all around the country except the Washington-Oregon-Montana area where rain is present and, in view of the summer fires in that area, I reckon they are welcoming the moisture.

The nicest thing about today was the arrival of the post bringing Thursday's letter from Lyme, a joy to my heart all around.

Unfortunately there was no end of doings at just about the time the secretary arrived and the interruptions and the coughing by the secretary makes me impatient for another sitting in order to commune all over again with little Miss Lee.

It is so good having news from around and about, -- all the way from Robert Payne and the Russian library to Perseus and the Metropolitan. As indicated in a recent letter, I have been curious to learn where the statue of Perseus would be displayed and I'm indebted for precisely that information in the letter.

I found it a pleasant coincidence that mention should have been made of Christmas cards at just about the time some foreign cards, via E. E. Lape, should have been traveling in the direction of Lyme, enclosed with the Lape letter.

In response to the inquiry regarding the health of the merchant planter, --which the secretary read as "Manhattan-planter", I am happy to say that he seems to be progressing and, most important, at a more leisurely rate, in fact, for a second Sunday in a row, although he did go to town in the morning, he voluntarily remained at home in the afternoon. Tomorrow is his 70th birthday. As for future plans, one hears nothing other than the fact that from what plants are talked of for pecan culture, planting, etc., it would appear the usual pattern is the only one to the fore as of the moment. Leston, of course, gives some thought to such matters and concludes that it would seem best to think about remaining in this Parish, either town or country, no matter what. In case there should ever be any extra confidential inquiries to be made from Lyme, these could always be made in an envelope enclosed in regular communications, the envelope marked for audits contents could be held for an especially dull assistant.



15110

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15111

Monday, October 2nd, 1967.

Memorandum: It was a very nice day today.

Our perfect Indian summer continues. The radio says it is pretty much the same all around the country except the Washington-Oregon-Montana area where rain is present and, in view of the summer fires in that area, I reckon they are welcoming the moisture.

The nicest thing about today was the arrival of the post bringing Thursday's letter from Lyme, a joy to my heart all around.

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15112

I did quite a lot of work today in preparation for the tour but got no help from August who was still high from a weekend hang-over. I spent more energy trying to keep him from being seen by various workmen, knowing that, if seen, one or another would be spilling beans about his condition at the store and, because the store has no notion of the amount of work involved in Pilgrimage preparations, might well lay him off for a week which certainly would put me in the soup. The grapevine tonight reports August to be at the henkey-tonk at 10 p.m. which is probably just another way of saying that August will be under the weather again on the morrow.

This morning at the coffee hour, mine hostess inquired if there would be red okra for arrangements two weeks hence. I said I had just been inspecting the okra garden and that there would be red okra, indeed. Imagine my feelings about five o'clock when I was busy with a couple of men on a d.b. of repair work, when August pulled into view, heavily laden with all the red okra from the patch. I could have crowned him for how the much talked-about red okra will not be able to make its bow two weeks hence.

I. S. Willard called this afternoon. She has apparently fallen out with Kay. Whether that will be patched up or not remains to be seen. She asked if I expected Kay to assist at Pilgrimage. I told her that hostesses was in the Willard line and that I had said nothing to Kay about Pilgrimage. I. S. W. also reported that Hampton Carver did not return to Harvard but instead has matriculated at L. S. U. Law School in Baton Rouge.

At 6 o'clock this evening, Miss Huey, head of the Parish Library, called me. She said Thelma had given Bobby Deblieux a letter from the Louisiana Historical Society requesting information in the form of an article for that society's Journal about restoration and allied subject covering current *Hatchiteches* doings. Thelma's neck prevents her from writing. Bobby said he was too busy to do anything of the sort all this week and the thing is supposed to meet an October 6th deadline. Miss Huey said she was too busy, too, and wondered if I might be. I certainly might. She will call me later and we shall thrash that out.

So the week begins and I am as happy as a clam, thanks to the arrival of Thursday's letter from Lyme.....

15113

Tuesday, October 3rd, 1967.

Memorandum: Our Indian Summer continues, sort of 90 by day, sort of 60 by night.

It was a busy day but I must say I haven't much to show for the expenditure of energy. I did get some satisfaction in writing a letter to the Louisiana Historical Association about the demand for a "drop everything and rush" article. I gave them sufficient information about plans and accomplishments on broad lines as undertaken by the Parish and suggested they lift these paragraphs from the letter and insert it if they wished to mention *Hatchiteches* in the impending issue, scheduled for the end of this week.

About a quarter before noon, I dashed into Yucca to freshen up a bit before dinner but before I had donned a change of raiment, James appeared and remained for dinner.

The clerk, according to custom, passed this way for a glass of port before going on to dine at the big house. He didn't say anything about a guest but James and I bumped into Sister as we entered the big house. I had half expected she might blow in last night to celebrate the merchant-planter's birthday but it was only this noon she arrived and then returned to Shreveport or to town or some place afterward.

I was glad she had evaporated before I. S. Willard and her several costumed ladies appeared in anticipation of the arrival of the photographer about 3. I guess there were 6 or 8 ladies and photographs were taken in the African and the Ghana Houses. Things turned out pleasantly enough and I believe satisfactory shots were obtained although I cannot imagine what they are going to do with them since it appears rather late to get anything into and through the publicity department that will cut any ice before the 14th and 15th a matter of fact, unless the pictures appear this weekend, they will mean little or nothing so far as luring pilgrims this year. Perhaps they merely want to have them on file for some other occasion although I cannot imagine what.



15114

I had quite an interesting chat with the Squire who related one or two things that really sounded quite incredible. I had long known that Sudie is strong on stirring up excitement and in Kay she apparently has a willing and eager pupil to believe everything dished out. According to Sudie, --and her lunatic fringe, -- September had been skillfully calculated as the final moment when the Communists in particular and their cohorts

of color, would take over the world. On the strength of such tomfoolery, Kay, sometime before leaving last month for California, had ordered three revolvers designed especially to explode some kind of tear gas shells. One arrived before her departure and she insisted on taking it with her. I don't know for whom the other two guns were intended but they arrived by express, together with a large supply of ammunition, after her departure. Perhaps one was for Sudie, the other for the dog.

Like the occasional religious crack-pots who figure out the end of the world for a particular date on the calendar, only to have that day arrive and nothing happen, so these ladies, too, must have been mighty disappointed when nobody took over anything and there was no excuse for employing their artillery. Be that as it may, Kay also has provided herself with a parallel piece of protective gas in the form of a small bomb she carried in her purse so whenever she is driving about town, should she feel a "take over" in the offing, she can fish around in her pocketbook and draw forth the bomb although I know not if she has ever wondered about how the thing works. To think that Sudie could talk her into such and that either of them could believe all these hob-gobbling tales is quite beyond my comprehension.

James mentioned a book he and Kay are reading and enjoying, -- the author being Werner Keller, or some such name, the title, *The Bible As I Understand It*, the book comprises a careful study of all phases of the Good Book, -- historical, theological and so on. And so runeth the day and so must I run up and down this keyboard for a little while and then call it a day.....

15115

Wednesday, October 4th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Another beautiful day, with a warm around 90 with just enough stir of air to make it seem just perfect in temperature.

At the coffee hour I learned of a run-in between Celeste and Sister yesterday, --nothing special, just the usual collision that is always inevitable when a visitation comes off.

My hostess and the merchant planter drive to New Orleans tomorrow and will return Saturday, it is said, --some Board meeting.

I. S. Willard called me this afternoon. She had many things to report about yesterday's photographic efforts, pleased with everything and hoping to receive the prints from the photographer on the morrow. She didn't say what she was going to do with the prints. Perhaps she merely wanted them on file. There was one that was conventional enough, --Lestan and the ladies in costume upstairs in the African House examining the murals. There was an interior at Ghana that ought to be puzzling enough. It is centered in front of the fireplace, the latter quite hidden by the costumed ladies centering their gaze on a pitchfork. Lestan is hiding for no apparent reason. What will make the picture strange, probably, is the much ceiling murals by Miss Hunter, --the Cotton Crucifixion just above the mantle and the other murals to right and left of the Crucifixion. It will perhaps look a little medieval or perhaps merely cushioning rampant in the decor.

I. S. W. withheld a suggestion until our conversation was nearly finished when she offered to bring some workmen and materials down to remove the gutters from the eaves in back of Ghana and take down the wooden conduit leading from the eaves to the cistern. She fears people might bump their heads on the rain gutters and she wants to avoid that. Of course she has no idea as to how the gutters are attached not only to the eaves but to each other and how they are rigged up to conduct the rainwater to the cistern. She stressed the point that she didn't want to add any work to the preparations still ahead of me. I told her not to worry her pretty head about such matters and that



15116

I would see to it things were so arranged that she wouldn't get bumped on her crown. It was then that she explained that she wasn't really thinking about herself as she had been making tentative plans to be elsewhere Pilgrimage time, etc., etc., and so on and on around the clock. For one thing I am thankful, --unlike Ghana, the African House and Yucca do not have gutters. Smile.

Today's post brought me a package about 4 feet long and perhaps six inches on the sides. It was from Blythe Rand and I couldn't imagine what it might contain. Vaguely it seems to me that back in the "Gay '90's", ladies corsets were packaged in some such shape. Perhaps it was the realization that a corset might be in order for my own use that had as much to do as the shape of the package as to suggest what it might contain. Actually, it was merely a gourd of which I already have a few. When I recalled that when she and her son and his friend were here on Friday, we had talked about gourds and this no doubt is what prompted her to send the one of dishrag type. If memory serves, she received some dishrag gourd seeds from me last Spring and perhaps this is an example of the fruit from a vine that developed from last Spring's planting.

The enclosure from Miriam Carver came a few days back. I am still wondering about "personal ailment" mentioned in the letter. I had never thought much about the point until I encountered it and I must say most "ailments" I ever heard of are inclined to be a little on the "personal" side. As a matter of fact, an "impersonal" ailment would be difficult to imagine off hand. As for the relative mentioned in the letter, an ancient aunt or some such had since died, removing that reason for non-participation in the tour but, I assume, the "personal" ailment remains.

This week's column is merely advertising for the Church Fair across the way. The latest news from the Hatchiteches Times is that the final papers are to be executed on the morrow and, as of day after morrow, Charles Cunningham will be out of the newspaper business. Thus October jogs along and I, responding to a "personal" appetite, must jog along toward the icebox and thence to bed.....

15117

Thursday, October 5th, 1967.

**Memorandum:** Our ideal weather continues.

Except for many 'phone calls, there were few interruptions today in consequence whereof quite a lot of things could be accomplished.

Not the least thing disposed of was the cleaning of all the books that fill the west wall of the living room. With August's help, all the shelves were emptied, the books all carried out on the front and back galleries and given a thorough going over. It was a job but one that, when finished, gave a measure of satisfaction. Naturally I was under constant temptation to pause long enough to take a second look at some volumes of whose very existence I had forgotten. But I simply pushed them aside and kept things moving along so that the job was finished rather sooner than I had expected.

There were a couple of endless 'phone calls from I. S. Willard. She had many things to report, one being that after the cool spell in her Register relations, Kay had 'phoned her to say she hadn't been sleeping well but was feeling better now,-- a gesture, apparently, in favor of a renewed friendship.

There were many other topics taken up, the one turning out to be the most interesting being about the pictures taken by Curtiss Gillette last Tuesday. She said she had been to his shop to pick them up and found them good but rather different in one or two details than she had expected. For instance, the one of the Ghana interior, calculated to be intriguing because of all the murals floating about over the heads of the ladies in calico, Leston, etc., was wonderfully clear except that the camera failed to catch any of the murals which was the primary point, -- the murals -- to make the picture worthwhile. She went on to say that the doll Leston was holding, -- a statuette of Madam Shaw, which was the focal point of the composition, -- Leston holding it in his arms and all the costumed laides training their gaze on the object, came out alright but

I put it.... Don't you think, in view of the present racial situation.....rrr..... ohhhhhhhhh.....what I mean to say is that th



15118

face of the little doll.....errrrr.....uhhhhhhhhhhh. .. well, it does  
awfully dark and I was just wondering if perhaps it wouldn't be  
better if the photographer couldn't maybe that is possibly or perhaps  
it would be better if the film were touched up a little so the face  
would seem a little more gray rather than so black....."

Lestan's answer:

"Heavens, No!"

I suppose one of these pictures, showing no murals at all will  
appear in the local paper and, if so, one will be forwarded to little  
Lee promptly on its appearance and as soon as possible a print of  
the picture will be sent along for the Lyme collection.

Carmen phoned to relate quite a few uninteresting bits of gossip  
She also volunteered that the "HatchitechesTimes transaction  
would be formalized legally today or tomorrow

Mrs. Walker called to say she was giving a tea for somebody on Fri  
it was clear to me for whom the tea was being given but certainly not  
for anybody on the Times. She said she knew it was  
futile to extend an invitation to Lestan and I replied that, knowing h  
as I do, I, too, felt it would be just as well not  
to issue an invitation.

The day's post brought a letter from Claudia Anne  
Lopez, author of "Mon Cher Papa". She mentioned having a  
couple of brochures dealing with LaRayville which she was sending  
along under separate cover, requesting that I return them when finished  
with them. I thought this gesture of cooperation, especially  
in behalf of one she didn't even know, was very kind. When  
they arrive, I shall try to run through them and then send them  
along to little Miss Lee who might enjoy seeing them, after which she  
might send them direct to Claudia Anne Lopez. In the  
mean time, I shall acknowledge receipt of the Lopez letter and  
tell her the brochures will be forwarded back to her in a little while

I must knock off a column tonight in order that I may not  
allow too much of a gap to develop between manuscripts since I may  
find it difficult to get around to do one next week, what with the tour  
and all. Perhaps I shall write something under some such title as  
"The Lanterns, Jack and Peg" since pumpkin time will be upon  
us almost any day now; pumpkin pies, Jack's Lanterns and  
all.....

15119

Friday, October 6th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Indian Summer continues.

The folks across the fence returned from New Orleans  
this afternoon. I saw the merchant-planter and he said he  
had a fine trip. They paused at Baton Rouge to see the General  
and wife and there was some merriment about the doings of  
their Shreveport kinsman.

Mrs. Chapin called me at 5 this afternoon to say  
the papers in the Times transaction had been signed and  
sealed and that is that. She volunteered particulars but  
as I was pressed for time, I begged off until a subsequent sitting.

I may have mentioned before that the elder Mr. Thomas,  
father of the new owner of the Times, is the gentleman who  
accepted the award in New York on behalf of Lestan several  
years ago when the column was entered in the publishing  
field. I assume the elder Thomas is supplying the  
money in large measure for the younger Thomas to make the present purlo

It will be interesting to see if the Times reflects much change  
with the taking over by the new owner. The former owner,  
C. C., and the new owner, L. T. appear to be as far apart in  
personality as two people could be. There is said  
by people in the organization, however, that both men have  
one amazing habit in common, to wit, and neither the one nor the  
other ever reads the paper. It is almost impossible  
to imagine any owner of any newspaper could avoid reading or at  
least glancing through his own paper but such seems to be the  
case. It seems to me a bad sign.

Of not the slightest importance but nevertheless of  
mildly amusing circumstance, both Carmen who has always been  
hand and glove or hand in glove with Charles and Mrs.  
Walker who holds a sixty four thousand dollar mortgage on  
the paper and who introduced the Thomases the fact that  
the paper could be purchased have, neither one, been advised  
of recent negotiations and both ladies have  
inquired of a man living down in the country behind a bamboo  
hedge for information as to progress being made. Perhaps both ladies,  
never comparing notes themselves with each other, have been  
trying to play a game at being dumb. However that may be,  
it will be interesting to see which one is the first to advise  
the man behind the bamboo hedge as to what has transpired.



15120

I caught five minutes of news over CBS this noon and found it surprisingly uninteresting. I have long thought that some of the news media and especially the broadcasting companies are forever keeping reporters stationed in far away places to relay news from the particular province in which the respective reporters are laboring with the result that the companies, with an understandable eye trained on these representatives and the expense of maintaining them and accordingly seem to feel impelled to relay their reports whether it is of much interest or not.

I listened, not so much to what the Prime Minister or Foreign Minister of India had to say today at the United Nations, --something about recommending the cessation of bombing by the Americans. That wasn't very newsy but I did notice the speaker, like so many people from the Far East, have a way to pronouncing certain words when speaking English that gives an unexpected sound. The word, bombing, is an example. Westerners, including Americans, I guess, don't put much if any emphasis on the second b in the word, more like "boming" whereas the Orientals especially tend to render it "bom - bing". I guess it must be the "bing" that tends to make me smile, not unlike the boy-friend who, whenever speaking of Currier and Ives, invariably said "Currier and Ivvies".

Last night Mrs. Walker read me a few pages more from the Barker biography of little Marcel. It dealt with Proust's hilarious, largely self-made problems of 1907-1908 when he was trying to make up his mind about moving from the Courcelles apartment to the Boulevard Hausmann in that neighborhood where Hausmann runs from Printemps to St. Augustin's. I was especially interested in the paragraphs having to do with little Marcel in the late summer or early autumn taking himself to Versailles. He took a suite at Hotel Reservoirs and the reason I was especially interested about his complaints was primarily based on the fact that I used to know des Reservoirs pretty well, too, but about two decades later than the time Marcel was there. Marcel complained about everything even about the coldness of the food which suggested that Marcel was in a general panic, --he never seems to have gone into the gardens although les Reservoirs looks right over the bosquet and bassin de Neptune, --a situation that caught both fancies of Mme. de Pompadour and Leston. Those times around 1907 seem to have been mighty hard on little Marcel and while in reading of his hypochondria, one of the same time couldn't help laughing at all the fussing about everything that Marcel cooked up for himself.

And now for a glance inside the icebox, a little desk work and then to bed.....

15121

Sunday, October 8th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Saturday was sufficiently warm to allow all doors and windows to be kept open and a couple of electric fans going merrily to diminish the intensity of the rather pleasant aroma of furniture polish. In the morning chairs and tables, the grandfather clock, the four poster, armoire etc., got a good going over which made Yucca seem like a turpentine factory. We had a little shower Saturday night, perhaps 3 tenths of an inch, the thermometer dropping to the lower 50's. The sun came out this noon, however, but did not increase the thermometer reading much. Tonight is clear and cool but withal pleasant, especially under a svelt new moon.

All the major newspapers in the State from New Orleans to Shreveport carried news about the Times. Like most radio stations, everything this weekend was given over to sports and as up to this noon, not a peep was uttered about the doings of Friday's transactions on the press front.

I shall be curious to hear what Carmen, --as director of publicity, will have to say about the absence in any newspapers this weekend about next weekend's tour. She had consigned that job to some gentleman named Pierce who has something to do with college publicity. The Times Picayune should have carried some kind of a story and so should the two Shreveport papers, not to mention the press in neighboring States. Of course any mention of the tour next weekend will serve no purpose for drumming up business. Carmen has never comprehended either the value or need of publicity, a fact that seems doubly odd, what with her years in the newspaper business when she worked with her mother when they owned the Enterprise and even more in view of the fact that she herself can never get enough space in the press for herself.

Mrs. Chopin called me on the 'phone last night to give me an account of the various newspapers in the State that had carried the story about the Times. She volunteered the information that I. S. Willard had recruited lots more hostesses for the African House and Ghana suggesting as did



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this information that even though this bend of the river doesn't have many pilgrims, there nevertheless will be an amplitude of hostesses. Among the additional ones about which I had not heard before were Frances Phelps whom little Miss Lee has met, and a sister of Frances and at the same time, sister-in-law of Mrs. Chopin, the widow Alice Chopin. What either of these ladies know about the African House or Ghana, I wouldn't know, doubting as I do that neither of them have ever seen the places. And as for Alice, it has been my understanding for some time that her health is definitely on the uncertain side. But all that is I. S. Willard's business, becoming mine only if, as seems quite possible, I. S. Willard never shows up next weekend.

Celeste called me about 5 this afternoon to say J. H. wanted to take a little ride before supper, asking if I didn't want to join them. I did. They mentioned, among other things, that Jarved Pratt is in the hospital in Shreveport. He has been suffering from some hip d. of late. It is now feared he may have cancer. J. H. said he intended running up to Shreveport to visit him tomorrow.

We drove as far south as Magnolia where we stopped at the plantation to see to say Hardy to Mat Hertzog. It's a neat establishment with a little office in the back of the building where Mat has lots of trophies, photographs and what not. I was impressed by the presence of a large political placard prominently displayed, reading:

Wallace for President.

That's Mat all over.

We crossed over to the other side of Cane River on our return, continuing as far North as Bermuda and thence back home. It is wonderful how green the foliage remains this late in the season. Leaves are falling from the pecan trees rapidly now, however. It seems for some unknown reason, the pecans aren't any good at all this year. I believe they are raking up the crop as it falls and are burning the gatherings. Nobody seems able to say how it is that although the crop from appearances on the trees is substantial, the pecans themselves are worthless.

I looked over the dishrag gourd vines this afternoon and found some as promising as those Blythe or the one Blythe sent me the other day in the package looking like a corset box. I made use of the aforesaid "corset box" by putting some peacock feathers in it for Leutitia Bowman of Alexandria. She likes to use them in bouquets, so the corset box really did yeoman service. And now for a little radio-ing and thence to dreamland....

15123

Monday, October 9th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Indian Summer in the 40 to 70 range.

It was so nice finding a letter from Lyme, as of Friday last past, in today's post.

I shall be on the lookout for the package mentioned in the letter. How characteristically generous of little Miss Lee to make such a gesture. Like the brochures that la Lopez mentioned as being forwarded from New Haven regarding Laraysville, such class mail seems to travel more leisurely than 1st class.

In response to the inquiry about Yucca stationary, the last shipment was such a generous one that there still remains an ample supply but I am making a mental note to check on its status toward the end of the year and shall file an inventory at that time. Again, too, may I express my gratitude for such evidence of thoughtfulness as the inquiry demonstrates.

While on the subject of writing paper, I might remark that the sheet on which this memo is being typed is what I received when I asked the Squire to serve as my agent some time back in purchasing on my behalf some plain yellow paper which I explained I wanted to use simply for carbon records of my columns or anything else that I might want for a carbon copy. My primary wish for the yellow sheets was to protect the losses I have once in a while sustained when, after having written an entire column without making a carbon copy, I am confronted by the disheartening spectacle of the ribbon having failed and hence having nothing at all for the effort expended on the blank sheets of paper on which I had supposed I had been wrapping up a column. By using a carbon, of course, I can at least have something to show. When I saw that the thing that been purchased at a cost of about three bucks to me, I was a little surprised that this quality and color of paper had been purchased instead of the regular yellow copy stuff. He said he had been unable to find any of the regular yellow sheets at the stores he had after he had departed, I immediately called a stationer in town. They amply supplies they said and so I asked them to send some by parcel which they did. One can but wonder if, contrary to former delight in transacting similar little services, the failure to execute this one



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was a tacit way to indicate no more shopping was in order. It really doesn't seem possible and yet, in view of other inexplicable silences and what not, it is about the only interpretation I can put

I'm so glad you mentioned the new series Life is beginning on the near east. I, too, was astonished to learn that de Lesseps was a cousin of the Empress Eugenie and I keep asking myself just how that was. As you know, the Morrisons of New Roads are related to old Ferdinand de Lesseps, leading one to assume that they, too, might claim kinship with the Empress. Of course the most widely known of the New Roads Morrisons was the one time Mayor of New Orleans. I occasionally see one or another member of that clan still living in New Roads and the next time they pass this way I shall make it a point to inquire about their Imperial connections.

Mention of de Lesseps, the Suez Canal and the Empress Eugenie, do recall that rather elaborate plans were made for the opening of the canal which had been planned for early in the 1870's and that the festivities were to be graced by the presence of the Empress of the French, a salient feature and perhaps the high point of the celebration was to be the world premiere of the opera Aida. The Franco-Prussian war of 1870 altered some of the proposed program with the Empress going to England instead of Egypt and for the life of me at this moment, I cannot remember where the world premiere of the opera took place.

It seems to me I ran across an old joke about de Lesseps in some recent book I was reading, perhaps that one about La Belle Epoque in which it was remarked the French were great admirers of the engineer who built the Suez and the same man who attempted to dig the Panama one but primarily because this great engineer be-got half a dozen children by his first wife and even more by his second spouse.. It must have been Cornelia Otis Skinner who dug up that one.

While in the far reaches of the Ghana garden this afternoon, I heard someone calling to me from the Unicorn House neighborhood. The voice was Celeste's and she had a couple of nuns with her, one being the daughter of the late Horace Hughes, the other one Sister Frances Jerome. I was especially glad to encounter the latter but had scant opportunity to chat much, what with all the other buzzing on.

While checking up on my supplies for quenching the thirst of the Saturday and Sunday hostesses coming up, I discovered I had 8 cases of Coca-cola and yet, in spite of this ample amount, I am bound right now to stir me up some "cooly" as coeloid is still here and see about a piece of pumpkin pie.....

15125

Tuesday, October 10th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Another perfect day.

As little Miss Lee may have already noticed, the package from Lyme arrived by today's post. I couldn't resist slipping one sheet of paper from it as evidenced by this Exhibit A. It is so grand I shall use it but sparingly and only on very special occasions but I am enjoying this initial try at it, bubbling over with indebtedness to little Miss Lee and withal enjoying the knowledge that there will be a plentiful supply at hand whenever the ordinary supply runs thin or there is a wish to set forth some statement on an extra fine grade of stationery.

Today's Hatchitoches Times did not arrive but one or two people from town told me about the announcement of the purchase of the paper as finally set forth in today's issue. It was said further that the picture of the ladies in calico, taken at Ghana, showing the ladies gazing at the little doll being held in Leston's arms made the second page. Nobody mentioned that the doll's face had been changed from black to gray as suggested by I. S. Willard and thus far I have heard of no race riots developing as a result of the publication of the picture. It is said the column appears in the second section of the paper and as the picture is in the first section, I shall send the whole paper along, rolled up, as soon as it comes to hand.

James dropped in unannounced about quarter of 12 and remained for dinner. He reported his wife is mighty busy these days, the California doctor having apparently struck just the right note in handling her case. It seems there are endless things which have to be attended to in making preparations for every meal, bottles to the number of at least 48 and possibly more, each of which contains a dab of this and that, small portions of which have to be added to whatever food is about to be eaten. This requires at least half an hour of bottle juggling just for breakfast and proportionately more for dinner, not to mention the extracting of juice from carrots, etc., etc., so much time if not strenuous labor is involved, taking up a lot of attention in contrast to having time on one's hands to worry about diets as was formerly the case. For some reason which wasn't clear, fertilized eggs are on the diet and fresh milk that hasn't been pasturized or anything else, just raw milk. That



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raw milk isn't easy to find in these times when all cows seem to dwell so far away and all milk before it gets headed toward the consumer is treated in various ways. Sudie found somebody who had a cow or somebody who handled raw milk living 4 miles from town on the obelisk road. Kay told him she couldn't remember the name of the roadside store but the word, green, was somewhere in the title and so James headed out in search of the place. After a 4 mile drive, he stopped at the first roadside place. It turned out to be the right place although James wasn't sure about it at first since the name of the place was Spanish Trace store which somehow didn't vibrate much green.

James told me that there was a list of Ghana hostesses in today's paper, --the issue mentioned above. He said 24 were listed but thought some of the names I guessed at were not included such as Frances Phelps and so on. He asked me if 24 hostesses could get into Ghana at one time. I told him they could not but that problem was definitely in the hands of I. S. W.

I heard a new expression today from Doreatha. She said Lukey, her no account brother-in-law, stopped at the house the other day, from where he had been living for a while in Alexandria. "He say he was headin' out for Winnfield to see his used to be mother-in-law". I liked that, --his "used to be mother-in-law".

Mrs. Chapin 'phoned while James was here. She said Irvy Hett, clerk of court, had told her that Mr. Cunningham had contacted him yesterday, not under the cellar, trying to find out how Mrs. Chapin could possibly have scooped by Sunday's papers the news of the Times sale which Charles and the new owner had thought they would announce to a startled world in today's Times. Irvy told him there was nothing mysterious about it since when legal papers are filed, they become public property as they pass over the clerk's counter and since they were filed on Friday afternoon and his office was open for the balance of the day and Saturday morning until noon, anybody interested in public transaction were quite free to examine and report same. One wonders if both men can be equally naive. Mrs. Chapin speculated about Mrs. Walker ever accepting the editorship of the paper now that it has changed hands, perhaps a few months hence when she has finished her college work. Such speculation, of course, falls into the department of Anybody's Guess.

Yesterday, the Democrats having named Chicago for the 1968 convention site, the pole cats named Yucca for their gathering place last night, stirring up a terrible stew. I hope they get their business settled in one session and do not repeat it on Friday night for Natalie's benefit for this weekend.....

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Wednesday, October 11th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Indian Summer with a cool but brilliant sun by day and a marvelous waning moon by night.

I took care to address the envelope for this memo before jettisoning anything down because the ribbon on this machine has been kicking up of late and may do so again before I get far. Accordingly, if a blank space should suddenly develop, you will understand.

I think I did not mention yesterday that I had seen Celeste's former sister-in-law and her husband at the coffee hour. They had driven up from New Iberia the evening before, spending the night across the fence and then, following the coffee hour, went on to some kind of a meeting in Shreveport. It seems that shortly after they arrived, one of the Reverend Fathers from across the river dropped in to spend the evening and so, when the New Iberia gentleman engaged me momentarily in private conversation he declared they had had such a charming evening, everybody concentrating on their respective ailments around and around the clock.

The radio reports a third trial is in progress in Jackson, Miss., for 18 Ku Klux Klan gentlemen who killed the three people at Philadelphia, Miss., three years ago. I wonder why the trial is being held since anybody could tell readily enough that the gentlemen in question will not be convicted by any Mississippi jury on the trial, not for murder, but for "denying the three victims of their civil rights". At supper tonight, J. H. mentioned having seen a TV account of the doings and said all 18 of the men seemed to be jelly enough. That seems quite understandable since, like everyone else, they must be quite sure that Justice in this instance is merely a pantomime at the conclusion of which all the culprits will be discharged. As a matter of fact, I suppose any jury member on or in such a case in Mississippi would rightly feel that it would be quite possible anyone voting for conviction might well expect to be "denied his civil rights", once the case had been finished.



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October 13, 1967

As I turned the page, it occurred to me I had better address Tuesday's *Hatchiteches Times* so it might go forward in tomorrow's post, --getting ahead of the typewriter ribbon before it jumped the track. After making out the address, I promptly rolled up the paper without ever thinking to see if I could make out anything of the picture it is said to contain in which I. S. Willard some of her hostesses and Leston appear, along with the little Aunt Jemima doll. I mention the doll since it is the one that I. S. Willard was in a panic about, asking if I didn't think, in view of current racial tensions, that the face should be touched up before going to print so it would appear gray rather than black. If you can make out the doll at all, you may examine it for yourself and then come to your own conclusion about the point I. S. W. was making.

I must confess I feel physically wearing tonight after a busy day doing all sorts of things, inside and out of doors, in preparation for the weekend doings. There is always compensation in such exertions if one feels things were accomplished and I am enjoying, half asleep, that sensation tonight. As I run back in my mind over the various chores, a few major ones, lots of minor ones, the single achievement pleasing me most is the stunning arrangement atop the old iron safe in the corner of the boudoirs as between the grandfather clock on the south side of the room and the fireplace on the east side. The arrangement consists of the splendid tall white vase, sent by little Miss Lee at birthday time into which without any thought at all I had stuck just two stalks of okra of the red variety, now turning a little russet. Each stalk bends slightly under the weight of 8 or 10 long tapering okra pods, tenuous and each coming to a sharp point. The vase is so classic and Greek in its white severity while the stems of okra are so thoroughly Gothic and the union presents a marriage of two most unlike types of decors which, surprisingly enough, witnesses at once the perfect marriage of the two styles into a strikingly handsome unit. Perhaps somebody will take a picture of it during Pilgrimage and, if so, I shall be enchanted to share it with none other than little Miss Lee.

I have three letters I must knock off before beard-folding time and then I expect to fall asleep as I tumble on to my downy pillow.....

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Thursday, October 12<sup>th</sup>, 1967.

Memorandum:

Another lovely day, another lovely night.

Today I found myself at least twice in the same quandary about the relative preferences for a person who hasn't had a drink as opposed to the same person slightly on the high side. I still haven't made up my mind. The person in this particular instance is August. He hasn't had a drink in 48 hours, I believe. I am quite sure he had nothing stronger than coffee today and yet his zeal was laudable but distressing. He started out by cleaning the chapel so thoroughly that he succeeded in breaking first one pane of stained glass, then a second and then a third, not to mention cracking a fourth and then a fifth.

Like everybody else who has been near Yucca since the polecat convention, he detected the aroma of polecat lingering on. He imagined he had a way to eliminate the unholy perfume and proceeded to do so by putting so much pine oil in the bucket he was using in scrubbing the living room and boudoir and he succeeded in doing away with any suggestion of polecat but somehow contrived to make the whole place exude the atmosphere of an over-cleansed latrine. With all doors and windows open for the last 9 hours, the pine oil still permeates the place, --in spite of the electric fans going at top speed. The stir of air wasn't unpleasant during the sunny hours, especially as one thought the effort all in a good cause but with the coming of night and the falling of the temperature, whizzing currents of air could be toned down a little for comfort if one could survive the pine oil which one can't.

But, in spite of such complaints on my part, I must admit I am glad preparations for the weekend are going forward as fast as they are and I'm holding the thought that I may accomplish enough on the morrow so that Saturday morning may not develop into a mad rush just prior to the arrival of the first pilgrim.

When I went to supper tonight, I was enchanted by the long strings of bright red peppers hanging against the white walls in the area way between the winter dining room and the back steps through which pilgrims will pass after leaving the big house as they head out for the African House, Ghana and Yucca. Dereatha said she had gathered them for the lady across the



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fence and had strung them for her to be hung there. Yesterday the same bright red peppers were hanging from the pepper bushes in the Ghana garden, a pretty note of color I thought might entrance pilgrims transversing that section during the tour. Since they will catch the gleam of the peppers in strings within the domain of the big house, however, they will not have lost the glint although it will, of course, shi ne forth in quite a different setting than had been anticipated.

Mrs. Walker just called. She says she is bringing a young lady down on Saturday evening after the tour is completed for that day and will be enchanted if I will join them at supper at the convent across the river. I indicated my plans for Saturday night were still in a state of fluidity. At the close of a day during pilgrimage, more pilgrims are scarcely needed. I shall probably not go out to supper on Saturday night and shall suggest on the morrow that if the ladies simply must pass this way at the termination of the tour, they do so after they have already supped.

Mrs. Chopin's relatives from New Orleans are coming up for the weekend and an invitation to sup with them at St. Augustin's has come through. Three different people from town have called to say they are having guests from out of the State, saying they would like me to sup with them across the river. Two of my friends of color have asked me if I would care to sup with them at the Church and two members of the faculty from Northwestern have phoned to say they are planning to bring friends down for noon dinner at Ile Brevelle, asking me to join them before the afternoon Pilgrimage begins, one on Saturday, the other on Sunday. It is kind of them to think of me but I can only wonder what ideas they may have about what is involved in time and energy just as the gates are thrown open for an afternoon go at things.

Tonight's weather reports promise 30 percent chance of showers on Saturday and if the prognostication proves correct, nobody in heepsirts will have to worry about an en-rush of visitors.

So things turnand so I must begin giving thought to my desk which still deserves a dab of clearing within the next 36 hours and the parade gets under way.....

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Friday, October 13th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Continued fair, increasingly warm, with a promise for showers on the morrow. This afternoon was a bit hazy but tonight the sky is all clear and the moon as birght as a shiney new dollar.

The nicest thing bout the day was the morning mail containing Wednesday's letter from Lyme.

It's good to know about the weekend with congenial friends. It know it will be a happy reunion and that the food will be fine.

I am so glad to have news of the obituary as mentioned in the letter. I am amazed how little news of its type seems to figure in radio news. Perhaps I don't tuene in on the right networks. CBS, NBC, ABC and sometimes Mutual usually come into my magical instrument but so often the emphasis is so much on sports, foreign skirmishes and rows between Congress and the Executive that other items such as the death of Andre Maurois doesn't get mentioned. I have sometimes wondered if the major networks allow certain times of the day for certain types of news and that I, not having discovered the key to such proceedings, just happen to miss news events that would be of primary interest while the times I do lend an ear there seems to be a preponderance of details about happenings about which I often find myself but casually concerned.

It seems to me Andre Maurois was one of the better French writers of our times. I have enjoyed many of his books and regret I haven't read more of them. I regret that I missed one or another of his biographies simply because, instead of indicating the name of the person about whom the book revealed, I was ignorant of the subject matter, hidden in the title by the use of a single name which was insufficient for my dull mind to comprehend the person for whom it stood. A case in point was the biography of George Sand which I liked immensely but stumbled into reading it simply because it was the only recording I chanced to have at hand and so plunged into it without any notion either as to the quality or the depth of the water. At the moment, I can't even recall the name of that particular biography, --a girl's name beginning with an L, --Lettitia or some such which wasn't really that but sufficiently bland as to conceal the identity of the person about whom the book was written.



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of some other biography by Maureis but at the moment I can't even recall the title of the book. Perhaps it was the one about Balzac and may be called by that name but of this I am not at all sure for I doubt if Balzac had been the name mentioned as to the title, my mind would not have recorded a desire to read whatever the biography might have been since, thus far at least, Balzac has never excited my imagination. This may be due to my ignorance of that man's writings.

I'm especially glad you mentioned the town and country places where Maureis dwelt. I had never known that he resided at any time in the Perigord section, -- a delightful neighborhood, it seems to me. If memory serves, his family's business and home when he was a young man was in or near Rouen, -- a more industrial situation, I suppose, than the more rural qualities of the Perigord neighborhood.

Everything seems to be pretty well in order for tomorrow's and Sunday's doings, so far as preparations go. The past few days have been busy enough between daylight and dark and somehow there seemed to be quite a few things to attend to after the birds and sensible people had gone to bed. I am glad to say I succeeded in knocking off a column in spite of other demands on my time, something of small interest except for the last line, being a quotation from Country Cullen, the article itself being called "Hue and Cry".

Tomorrow morning I shall arise while it is still dark and attend to some last minute domestic arrangements, clearing a path for easy circulation through the Yucca living room and bedroom. There must be lots of things put away anyway and even more because I learn Natalie's granddaughter is going to accompany the child's mama and grandma and if this 10 year old one has as much propensity for being all over the place as are her brothers and sisters, it will be well to put some of the breakables beyond sight.

As soon as dawn breaks, I shall cut the bunches of bananas, eggplant, gourds, persimmons, cucumbers, artichokes, etc., etc. to be used in decorations for the big house and Yucca, not forgetting to gather bunches of butterfly lilies, cockscomb, etc. in the floral section, -- leaving them as I have on their stems and vines so they will present an impression of maximum freshness when they are pushed into place.

I shall fold up my beard fairly early tonight and shall have pleasant reports to pass along, I hope, come Sunday night.....

I, therefore, bid adieu to you and to all your family and friends and shall be back in the land of the living on Sunday night.....

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Sunday, October 15th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair and a little on the warm side both yesterday and today.

And after that, I might say: "Ho - hum", if you know what I mean, for while everything went along just as well as anyone could wish, I find myself at the finish line something in the nature of a torn down piece and already for a good sound night's rest.

It was the biggest tear we have ever had, Sister did not put in an appearance and all the people I chatted with were quite civilized.

There was one surprise on Saturday that I want to mention first. Several of the hostesses passed by Yucca between 1 and 1:30, the latter hour being the moment the local gates were opened, the hosts dropping in to say howdy before going on to their respective stations at the African House and Ghana. About 1:25 when everyone receiving should have been here, I remarked to one of the young ladies present that I found myself wondering if Mrs. R.B. Williams and her daughter, Ann, could have been delayed. She said she doubted if Mrs. Williams would be coming as she had arthritis. I said I knew she had been troubled with that affliction prior to her Nevada sojourn but when I talked with her recently, she said she and her daughter would be here this weekend. It got to be quarter of 2 and no sight of mother or daughter. Pilgrims were approaching Yucca and another young lady, a friend of Ann's, passed by and I asked her if she had heard from either of them that morning. She said she had and that Mrs. Williams did not feel up to coming and daughter, Ann, had told her mother that she would bring another person to substitute for Ann in the Yucca boudoir while Ann, herself, would take her mother's place in the Yucca living room. It was now nearly 2 and the pilgrims were waiting at the door. My informant went on to say that Ann at the last minute had had to go on a weekend trip with her husband, Jack, and that the substitute she had selected had been summoned to a police station somewhere in this section of the State where her husband, not much shaken up, had been in an automobile accident. The doors to Yucca were opened, the pilgrims began filing in and I began playing the role of the missing Mrs. Williams, having heard not a peep from either her or her daughter or the substitute.

There were perhaps 500 or 600 pilgrims on Saturday afternoon. They were received in groups of 10 in the



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Yucca living room. You may readily imagine it kept me talking without a stop from 2 until nearly 7. I never got a chance to sit for a second or smoke a single weed.

Mrs. Walker with a young lady from the college arrived just as the last pilgrim was leaving. I decided that going for a d. b. of food would eliminate everybody quicker than remaining here talking. And so we went across the river where Mrs. C. Vernon Cloutier, looking big as a mountain descended upon me with scads of other people and then Celeste and her New Iberia people arrived, sitting at our long table but I suggested that Mrs. Walker drive me home before Celeste and party and really get going good and that was that and bed felt wonderful.

This morning, August having failed to show up, I had a lot of stuff to do, including the nailing up of the doors of Dr. Miller's house where a bunch of Shreveport boys on Saturday had broken a back. Look and invaded that house. In pounding away with the hammer at unseen nails. I came down with a big bang. --this sounds like Charles Cunningham--hitting the end of my index finger, spouting blood madly and then, with another go at things, hitting the same finger again with a might whack on the second going, one result being that I am writing this memo with less facility than ordinarily. I am determined, however, that I shall get this little account in the post on tomorrow regardless.

In trying to figure out the Williams matter, I assume that Mrs. Williams that her daughter would advise me by phone and probably the daughter thought the mother would. That is the only way I can explain their failure to let me know, each supposing the other had taken care of the matter, although one lady said Ann was supposed to have done so.

Mrs. Spinks with several Crockett friends came on Saturday, bearing a large basket of all kinds of food. I did not get an opportunity to do more than thank her, what with all the pilgrims pushing along. She called me this morning from town for a chat but I did not see her this afternoon. I must say I was glad to have the food to hand tonight and dove into the basket as soon as I had jumped into and out of a hot bath.

So much for a preliminary account of this year's Pilgrimage. I'll touch upon other points on the morrow. And so to bed.....

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Monday, October 16th, 1967.

Memorandum:

There was a shower about midnight, followed by sprinkling that lasted into the middle of this afternoon. A cold front moved in about 9 o'clock during the morning. The skies clear at first dark with the thermometer down from yesterday's 80's to the mid 50's and it will slump to 45 before morning, it is promised.

We certainly were lucky in having had such ideal weather yesterday and the day before.

I had anticipated getting everything put to rights today but I did not succeed. August arrived at dawn, full of vim and vigor and ready to do big things. While I was at breakfast, he must have been mighty busy hunting up wine for before 8 o'clock he was waving in the breeze. Ezra, who had not repaired a water pipe in my bathroom before Pilgrimage, got around to attending to it shortly after breakfast. He had asked me if he might borrow August to help him. I should have agreed readily enough, had August not already gone overboard. In a few minutes, Ezra sought me out to say that I could have August back as he was too far gone to be of any assistance to him.

And so I sent August to the big house where I thought he might get lost if Doreatha couldn't find something for him to do. He was back in a little while, however, and I told him to go home and rest until the morrow. I learned later he was spending the afternoon getting more "inspiration" --at the honkeytonk.

Unannounced, James appeared at 11:30 and remained for dinner. He didn't have much news but said Kay wanted to know if she might come down the day this week. I told him Thursday afternoon would be just fine.

While James was here, Mrs. Williams called. She said she was sorry that she had not been able to make it on Saturday. She said she had called me during the morning but, of course, did not establish contact. She said her Saturday afternoon had been quite busy, what with all of her daughter's children being at her house while their mother was in Baton Rouge. She said that fortunately she did not have to teach at Northwestern on Saturday afternoon. Because James was here, I told her I had Pilgrims. --I did not prolong the conversation. She said the young lady whom Ann had expected to bring to Yucca was very grateful that her husband had escaped from serious injury in the automobile wreck. I am glad, too. I must say, however, I am still feeling a little at sea about the whole episode of Saturday and Sunday and the failure of mother and daughter to let me know about their change in plans.



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At 9 o'clock coffee this morning, I was pleased to learn from mine hostess that she thought the Pilgrimage was fine. She presented me with one of my wicker baskets that, for some reason known only to I. S. Willard, the latter had filled with empty coke bottles she had found in the gardens. Why she felt moved to go in for such an occupation late yesterday afternoon, only I. S. W. could tell. It seems she encountered Joe Henry in the gardens and he had promised to see I get back the basket which, in the end, he and I. S. left on the walk in front of Celeste's. As there were already several cases of empty coke bottles by the big house which I. S. W. had to pass by in leaving, it seems mighty curious she hit on the idea of gathering up random empties and carrying a basketful across the fence.

Carmen called me this morning to report how the Pilgrimage appeared to her at Oakland where she received. She said Mrs. Spinks had engaged her in lengthy conversation, asking her if she thought Mrs. Leland's new cook book had recipes on which the reader might depend. Carmen, being a friend of La Leland, was surprised Mrs. Spinks should make such an inquiry. I think Mrs. Spinks doesn't know that Carmen and Leland are mutual admirers and I knew that Mrs. Spinks doesn't think much of La Leland. I listened to the somewhat extended rigamarole and ended up by eloquently saying:

"Well, I declare....."

Returning to the local scene of the weekend, I regret to say I never did see at least two different ladies whom I thought had said they were planning to attend, -- Clara Tyson of Alexandria and Mrs. Drew Hays of Boston. I hope, if they were present, they did not feel themselves constrained about making their presence known in spite of the mile-a-minute talkathon in which I was engaged on Saturday afternoon.

About 8 o'clock this morning a familiar voice although infrequently heard, spoke on the phone to ask if I should care to have her send some pilgrims. I thanked her, responding in the negative offered to send some to Bayou Folks Museum, for it was Mildred McCoy. She said she had a busy weekend and just wanted to inquire how things were here. I told her I needed some of her homemade wine and she threatened to deliver some one of these days.

And now I must go and see about a slice of watermelon in the ice box, after which I shall call it a day.....

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Tuesday, October 17th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair in the 45 - 65 brackets with a 20 mile an hour western breeze all day that faded out at sundown. Fair and warmer is the happy prognostication for the morrow.

There was a telephone call by July Breazeale, a cousin of Carmen who is Mrs. Somebody else, living in New Orleans. She was here a couple of months back. She reported that members of the French Quarter of New Orleans wanted to make a tour of the local plantation and, if they would be received tomorrow afternoon, they would fly up to Alexandria, rent automotive transportation, arriving at this end of the river at 2:30. If the date should not be convenient for me, they would arrange another to fit into my schedule.

I had supposed the Pilgrimage was over on Sunday evening but it appears I must be in error. Be that as it may, I told July to bring the travelers along and we would see what we could do to show them scenes different from their accustomed Crescent City.

The fact that they were planning the trip, however, in no way changed my plans to start putting the Ghana garden for winter and I made good progress today in dismantling the bamboo framework that had supported endless tomato vines, eliminating as I went along a heap of other plants that had already lost their prime. But the tender green of the newly emerging turnips look pretty enough and make very pleasant contrasting hues with the rows of red peppers that greet their scar best at this time of the year. As a matter of fact, I am told both by photographers and observers of photographers during the past weekend that there was no satisfying the cameras for more and more shots of the rows of red peppers that seemed to entrance so many of the film folk.

At 9 o'clock coffee this morning, Celeste told me she had seen Ora somewhere yesterday and that Aura had said she was sorry she had been unable to participate in the weekend tour. This came as a distinct surprise to Celeste for I had not mentioned to her or anyone else that their had been missing members from my hostess ranks. It was no secret, of course, but I simply



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had not referred to the matter. Even as I, Celeste thought the whole episode very odd.

Today's Natchitoches Times I am told, has nothing to say about last weekend's Pilgrimage. This is probably due to the fact that the paper was probably published during the weekend and put into the mails on Monday. I shall enclose the first section of the issue with this memo. I suppose Thursday's paper will have something to say about the doings. It seems to me, first, that the paper should have held at least one section for the Pilgrimage story which could have been printed on Monday and second, it seems to me that anybody with an ounce of imagination could have managed the thing, if printing was not held until Monday, simply by running some pictures of prominent hostesses at the Lemee House or some such spread so that one of the more important civic enterprises of the year might at least have been mentioned in the first edition -- Tuesday -- following the Saturday and Sunday go-round. But that, of course, is none of my business although, come to think of it, it does seem to me that in this issue's column about the Pillar of Honey, there is some reference to the Pilgrimage. On Sunday at first dark, October 15th - there were lots of humming birds sipping nectar from the butterfly lilies. I mention this date because I have been trying unsuccessfully for years to determine the dates of the humming bird autumnal migration southward. Unlike the wild geese who because of their size and the incessant honking they make en route, the humming bird at the same time so small and so noiseless, is naturally much more elusive in his passage. Circumstances prevented me from being in the neighborhood of the lilies last night and tonight but I shall be watching out for them tomorrow evening. As you know, they stop eating for 24 hours after the word has been passed around that departure time has arrived, after which they silently seal away. At least this year, we know the migration did not start before the 16th. That's not very definite in the usual run of timetable affairs but it at least is a date if I do not see them tomorrow.

I am happy to say that my right hand index finger is coming along nicely and I expect it to be back to normal within another couple of days.

The moon is so pretty, I think I shall take a brisk turn in the gardens. A slab of pound cake and a cup of "Chocolat a la Marquise" will be just the checker when I return.....

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Wednesday, October 18th, 1967.

Memorandum: Fair on the cool side, --45 - 65, with a 20 mile an hour breeze.

Thelma phoned me this morning. She said several people had told her about the jam in which I found myself this past weekend. She said she had spent a couple of hours on Saturday morning at the Lemee House standing in for some lady who had been through the mill at the dentist's a day or two before and couldn't make it. Thelma said she had to wear the brace on her head and neck but made out alright although John had come around and picked her up after a couple of hours. She said she had seen Mrs. Williams shopping Saturday morning and although they had spoken to each other, nothing had been said about plans for the afternoon. Thelma said she was so puzzled by what she had heard following the weekend she had told John that the two of them would have come down in the afternoon to lend me a hand, had I only phoned them.

She said John nearly exploded when he heard about it, pointing out that a resident of the community, not even a member of the Association, should find himself in such a situation after devoting so much time throughout the whole year to furthering the cause, not only with physical labor but mentally as well when one considers the enormous amount of publicity throughout the 12th month that goes to the success of the thing through publicity that keeps the reading public's attention riveted on the Parish and then without warning, finds himself forced to take over the job of receiving as a final pressure on a schedule that had already called for so much expenditure of effort.

I played down the thing as much as I could to Thelma. After all, I hope it never occurs to Mrs. Williams and her daughter that they were so lacking in consideration because it often happens that friendships may suffer if a person unwittingly performing an injustice, suddenly realizes the error and resentment develops against the victim and I treasure the friendship too much to let anything like that happen.



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This afternoon the delegation from New Orleans arrived, only an hour late. I lost no time waiting for them, what with other demands on my time so that I could make use of whatever extra minutes their lateness in arriving provided. I am moving a lot of bricks from various quarters, concentrating them at the side gate under the old magnolia where I am going to put down a brick walk to eradicate the young canals that characterize the pathway whenever it rains. I left word at the store that I was expecting people and requesting a slave be sent to advise me of the arrival. I had moved only a few wheelbarrow loads of brick when a slave jumped up with tidings. It turned out to be some people from Fayette, Iowa where ever Fayette, Iowa may be. I had to drop them, however, when another slave arrived saying that the delegation had indeed arrived. The latter turned out to be a contingent of Methodists from Arkansas. I disposed of them in all good time and went back to the bricks when a third slave arrived and this group turned out to be the New Orleans people.

It seems the French Quarter civic group is at odds with the politicians about the Cabildo and the Presbitary and this civic group came up to observe how a non-political group up this way manages things. I hope they get enough out of their visit to enable them to combat the politicians stemming both from Baton Rouge and New Orleans.

interruption.....

A domestic rumpus in the cabin of one of my friends culminated in a separation, the wife taking five or six small children and going to live with her parents. My advise was sought regarding the proper move by both wife and husband. I never felt more like Dorothy Dix.

Before breakfast this morning I dug a bucketful of sub-soil artichokes which I thought Carmen might like since she goes in heavily for making pickles with all sorts of materials from the garden. Every year I get a whole flock of such things from people who go in for artichokes in pickle form. I personally care little or nothing for them but if I am so short-sighted as to give housewives the raw materials, they feel bound to present me with the finished product and so that particular merry-go-round keeps on its unending course.

The clerk's mother-in-law sent me a fine chocolate pie by the clerk this morning. I am going right now to the icebox and extract a big piece of the business and a cold glass of milk and that will be it for today.....

P.S. --today's Times goes forward without anything special except, perhaps an account of Pilgrimage

15141

Thursday, October 19th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Continued fair and cool.

Kay called me at 11:30, saying she would be here at 2 o'clock. As she was bringing me some fruit and could not manage it by herself, she wondered if I would be at the side gate at the hour mentioned. I would.

She phoned again at 1 o'clock, saying she had miscalculated on her time and would not arrive until 2:30, asking if I would be at the side gate at that hour. I would.

What's more, I was at the side gate at 2:25 and, I'm happy to report, she arrived precisely at 3:30.

She brought lots of fruit and other things, --including three kinds of bread, olive oil in abundance, some new kind of butter but no ice cream which was the one thing I had my heart set on. The local store carries ice cream and it's alright but not the good kind as turned out by Messrs Borden and Company.

She said she and James had been up to Briarwood yesterday in the afternoon. They found Carrie in bed but not because of illness, --just late about arising. She thought Carrie looked a little thinner than usual, due in part to her arduous labors with her forest plants, her birds and so on.

As for Kay, she seemed to be looking fine and in gay spirits. She said she had been to the lady doctor several times of late because of the strange yellow-brown coloring she had developed since her turn from California. The lady doctor attributed the coloring to the remarkable diet she is on but did not think the diet would do her any other harm other than giving her a late Chinese or early Indian coloring.

James had mentioned the other day that when Kay went to the dentist the other day, the latter was surprised to discover the roof of her mouth to be as yellow as saffron but the



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California diet continues and since the lady doctor seems to think it isn't harming her, she is continuing with it. I listened to the recitation of things to be eaten but I did not try to keep them in mind as I did not contemplate such a regimen, --two quarts of carrot juice daily, --the juice extracted at home from the carrots, --fertilized eggs, raw milk and so on. If a hypochondriac can find interest in preparing special foods for herself, it may be the mind off the potential ailments and so is probably all to the good in expending one's energies thus.

She had stopped at the store to see J. H. and reported finding him looking just fine. I saw him at supper and was pleased to learn from him that he had found her looking full of health and good cheer. If the two of them can form a "Mutual Admiration Society" of two members, that should be all to the good, too.

At coffee across the fence this morning, I was invited to inspect new furniture, rugs, etc., for it seems Madam Regard's room has just been re-furnished. There is a dainty four poster bed with much canopy, installed by Celeste's favorite interior decorator but the bed has to be taken down and worked over again for the two posts at the head of the bed, instead of standing straight up, bend a several inches in a curve at the top which gives it a very quaint appearance, especially in contrast to the two posts at the foot of the bed which stand perfectly perpendicular.

Kay said she is flying over to Charleston at the end of the month. It seems Aunt Willie insisted on being driven out to The Bluff the other day and while it is only 60 miles round trip, the exertion expended while there was too much for her and she hasn't been outdriving since.

There were more pilgrims today, fortunately in the morning. I suppose this post-pilgrimage trickle will continue as long as the pretty weather remains with us.

So turns the day and so I must turn to some correspondence and thence to some serious beard-folding.....

15143

Friday, October 20th, 1967.

Memorandum:

More of the fair and the cool.

Confession is good for the soul and I might as well confess I was wrong about Mississippi justice in an instance at least although only partially so. I certainly never dreamed that anything but acquittal awaited the 18 gentlemen on trial for having denied their civil rights to the three men they murdered in 1964. That seven of them should have been convicted seem incredible for a Mississippi jury but, as someone has inquired before: "Will wonders ever cease!"

I had a busy day, making the most of the fine weather to put down the brick walk running in a sort of semi-circle from the side gate beneath the old magnolia around to the point where that path meets the walk running from the front gate to the big house. Night overtook my labors before they were finished but it is lacking only 4 or 5 feet from being finished and properly packed together and I should be able to write "Finis" on it tomorrow.

Carmen call this evening. She has such a cold I could scarcely understand her. What she wanted to report had to do with her nephew who had flown up from Baton Rouge this morning to attend to some details about the wreck Carmen's brother-in-law was in last summer. She said she had received the article I had sent her a day or two ago and that her nephew was so entranced at the sight of 8 pounds of the stuff since he had never laid eyes on such a thing before she gave him the stuff to take back to Baton Rouge on the plane with him. What he is going to do with such pickle making material, I haven't the slightest idea. Perhaps his wife knows how to handle such things. I, for one, would certainly never push grandma out the window for all the pickled artichokes in the world.

There was a flurry of excitement up by St. Mathew's school yesterday afternoon which I heard about only this morning. A gentleman I have known for years



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operates a little store and some campers' cabins there. About the middle of the afternoon, four colored youths from Natchez stopped at Frenchy's place, tapped Frenchy on the head and ran off with some whiskey and cigarettes. Frenchy, although knocked out temporarily was not seriously hurt. Two of the youths were picked up shortly afterward and the other two are being sought in town.

J. H. had a letter from John Wenk a day or two ago, the first he had received in months. He, --John Wenk, --gave up teaching at Randolph-Macon College and took a job on the Apollo moon project, being operated in part by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. According to the letter, the Apollo thing isn't being properly operated but perhaps, now that John and his mathematical mind has put his shoulder to the task, we shall be putting men on the moon at any old time. How strange are the twists of human minds: whether it be working over Frenchy or attacking the Apollo project, each undertaking exemplifies mental operations of an inexplicable order.

Several people have mentioned the reference in life to the Nat Turner reference to the book about the slave uprising engineered by the aforesaid Turner in Virginia in the 1830's. I studied a little about that abortive fracas when I was going into the up-rising in Mississippi in which the great grandfather of the Reverend Wade figured. That either effort progressed as far as an actual undertaking seems remarkable in that the slaves apparently seldom trusted anybody whether a point involved fellow negroes in Africa who had sold them into slavery or white masters who kept them in bondage. The peculiar thing about the Wade thing was that Wade was prominent in the Colonization Society which was bending every effort to secure freedom and return to Africa for all the slaves.

I. S. Willard called this evening but had little of interest to report. She is writing something about Natchez prior to the 1750's, informative, no doubt but probably not sufficiently entrancing to command wide interest.

And now I must knock off a column. I haven't any idea as to topic. Perhaps I ought to knock off something about Pilgrimage or pilgrims.....

15145

Sunday, October 22nd, 1967.

Memorandum:

The marvelous Indian Summer continues.

But the nicest thing about Saturday was the Thursday letter from Lyme. It is so good of little Miss Lee to keep me abreast with all that turns in the Lyme area. What a strain on the neighbors in that area and how fortunate for the neighbors of little Miss Lee to have people just like her to engineer a solution to the problems in that adjacent menage. There is bound to be a reward in Heaven for such charity but no one will deny that a heavenly compensation is certainly in order.

I am so glad the newspaper reproduction of I. S. Willard and all was such that it could be made out. I heard complaints from some subscribers that in certain copies of that particular edition the reproduction was so poor one could scarcely make out the identity of the people appearing in the photo.

By now, I suppose, last Sunday's memo has come to hand, sketching the surprise that was mine on the opening of Pilgrimage when Yucca hostesses failed to put in an appearance. I talked with Natalie on the phone today. It was a prolonged conversation, primarily about literary topics and her children. No mention was made about last weekend. From everything that was said and from the tone of friendliness demonstrated throughout, one was led to believe and I think I am correct in the inference, that the magnitude of all the absenteeism of a week ago had never dawned on those who failed to appear without advising me of the matter. I suppose things like that can happen as it did in this case without the full significance of void thus created ever dawning on those who, next to Leston, were most vitally concerned. One takes one's friends as they are and charges off such gaps if one wishes to retain the friendship, as, in this case, I do.

A few days ago I was mildly surprised when I learned from



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my 9 o'clock hostess that she and her husband were planning to go to the State Fair in Shreveport this Sunday. Ability to "stay put" seems impossible in that quarter. Yesterday I was told that we would dine on the Sabbath an hour earlier than usual so the master might take a little rest before they both took to the big road northward. I was prompt in putting in an appearance at the point hour and all moved along sedately. In the middle of dinner, however, the master remarked with seeming casualness that he didn't want to forget to take the meat pieces from the freezer in the store as he had told Sister he would do, as she had ordered them held at the store for her some time back. At the news there was a visit to be made in Shreveport as well as going to the Fair, the lid flew off, the hostess recalling what an uproar had swirled around a similar visit last year. Although I should have preferred to have withdrawn without dessert and coffee, I of course remained in spite of the tempest ensuing after the initial remark. When I could withdraw, the understanding was that neither husband or wife would go anywhere this afternoon and I was assured I would be called at supper time just as though there was to be the usual Sunday night supper. Accordingly, it is now hours past supper time and so I suppose the trip was made regardless. Were I the husband and aware of the inevitable uproar, I never should have dreamed of engineering such a proposition. Were I the wife, I should never have put on such an act but rather should have developed a sudden headache or some such and bow out of any possibility of making such a trip. Something tells me both parties must be made of sterner stuff than the innocent by-stander who merely looks on and wonders how either can stand up under such goings-on.

I am happy to report that the brick walk under the old magnolia got finished on Saturday. I liked the way it turned out and the success of that project makes me want to cast about for more bricks to attempt another section branching off at right angles about the center of the curve which Friday and Saturday's effort completed.

Last night I relaxed by reading a bit before folding up my beard, finishing "Du Cote de Chez Swann" and starting some kind of a long book on American Art by Larkin. The perfection of the Scourby rendition of the Proust opus made the sound of any other reader's voice seem wanting. Paul Clark in doing the Larkin thing and while Mr. Clark is alright, he is definitely not Mr. Scourby.

I never did get to turn on the radio today but now I'm going to invade the icebox and then try to catch a broadcast or two before "resting my eyes".....

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Monday, October 24th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Continued mild, --fair to partly cloudy.

Everything was sweetness and light over the 9 o'clock coffee cups this morning. There was no reference to yesterday's flare-up about the Fair, in fact, the matter of the Fair wasn't even mentioned. I assume both husband and wife attended and I learned from the husband that the Jack Benny show at the Fair was so poorly attended that one felt sorry for the performers. I believe it was scheduled for two days only, --Saturday, when it was said the auditorium designed to hold nearly a thousand people, had only about 75 people for an audience. On Sunday night the thing folded up on schedule.

Carmen called me this morning. Her larynx is still giving her so much trouble, she finds great difficulty in speaking. She had lots of uninteresting news items to relate. The only one that I heard distinctly was about Charles Cunningham and wife who planned to fly at 9:30 this morning from Alexandria for the West Indies, --the isle of Antigua, I believe. They are going down for a few days to look over rent houses. It is planned to take one of these for January and February. According to Carmen's information, one may rent a house there which is supplied with servants, --not to mention a food supply for three days, it being felt that within that period the renters of such furnished houses would be able to find their way around to the local stores. I had heard there were hotels for visitors in the upper financial brackets but I had not realized before that the real estate boys had erected rent houses for continental customers on a monthly basis.

This afternoon I talked with I. S. Willard and heard quite an account of her social adventures, or misadventures on Saturday afternoon. It seems that one day early in the week, Sudie Lawton had phoned I. S. W. to drive down to her cottage in the Bermuda area and I. S. Willard had accepted. On Friday, I. S. W. had received a call from Kay, saying she had been invited to Sudie's, too, asking if I. S. W. didn't want to drive down with her. I. S. W. did. Things



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ran along smoothly until dinner was about half finished but both Sudie and Kay put out feelers about I. S. W. join them in supporting "the cause" --that is joining with them in making efforts to keep the Communists out of power, not only in Louisiana but around the world in general. It came as a mild surprise to I. S. W. that although both ladies knew her to be a Catholic, they brought up the matter of the Pope who, according to them and incredible as it seems, is the possessor of a strain of Jewish blood and, according to Sudie, anyone having a drop of Jewish blood is just as bad as anyone with a drop of negro blood in that they are bound to be doing all they can to manipulate the entire world into the hands of the Russian Communists. I. S. W. pleaded that she did not know about all this whereupon both ladies promised to provide her with all the necessary pamphlets issued by the Ku Klux Klan or allied organizations, one supposes, that "give the right side" of the picture. Foolishly, I. S. W. asked if there couldn't be more than one viewpoint and at least two if not more sides. She was promptly set straight on to wit that there is only one right side with which they can supply her with particulars, and all the other sides are wrong. Foolishly, again, I. S. W. manifested her concern about the matter and on the way home, Kay told I. S. W. that in view of the emotionalism she was wanting to take on so many matters, she thought it better to put their friendship on the shelf for a while. On stopping at I. S. W.'s door to let her out, Kay said she thought it would be nice if I. S. W. would join her in a trip to Shreveport this week and that possibly Sudie would go along with them. I hope I. S. W. has had enough of that combination for a while but one never knows. It's wonderful how prejudice can weld certain people together. It is somewhat on the hilarious side that Sudie should be pinning Communism on the Vatican and stressing the tale that the Pope is partly Jewish and therefore not to be trusted since Sudie obviously doesn't know that Kay has a Jew in her family tree.

Last night on the radio, I heard the Prime Minister of Singapore pronouncing the word, bombing, as mentioned previously, with the accent on the second b, --"bom-bing". On a Talking Book Record, Paul Clark spoke of Jumei Mansion that suggested rumble without the "b" as though spelled Jumble --and so it goes.....

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Tuesday, October 24th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair in the 80's.

A couple of hours before sunrise, the radio reported sprinkles both in Alexandria and Shreveport but this bend of the river received nothing from on high and the sky remained as clear as a bell. A cold front is said to be "hoovering" just above Shreveport and threatens to head in this direction. When and if it arrives, it will probably bring a dab of dampness in its train, a picture which the morrow may present.

I caught a glimpse of J. H. this morning at the coffee hour. He left before noon with some R.E. A. people for New Orleans. They will return up this way while he will take a plane for Washington D. C., providing again that you can't make a good man stay put.

Perhaps you can't make a good woman stay put, either. I have in mind Mrs. Chopin's mother who is an invalid in that she cannot walk very well if at all. I believe she is 87. Be that as it may, she lives in New Orleans with another daughter. I was a little surprised a week ago when I learned that the New Orleans daughter was bringing her mother to Natchitoches which the mother would not attend but the daughter would. I was even more surprised when I learned that the daughter, following the Pilgrimage, would drive her mama over to San Antonio to visit Mrs. Chopin's daughter and family who live there. Three days later they planned to return to Natchitoches, go to the Shreveport State Fair and then drive back to New Orleans last Sunday. Well, they got as far as San Antonio where the mother developed some kind of a virus that flattened her out. She was still in the bed yesterday but seemed somewhat better. Accordingly the husband of her granddaughter who knows how to drive a plane, was borrowing one to fly the elderly patient to Natchitoches today in company with his wife. The lady doctor made arrangements to have an ambulance meet the plane at the Natchitoches airport, transferring her to the local hospital for a couple of days of additional recuperation. Her New Orleans daughter decided to assist mama to the plane and when it zoomed off, --a borrowed plane, -- she would head out in her car for Natchitoches and after visiting mama, supposedly long since installed in the hospital, she would con-



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time driving her car to the Crescent City where the pressure of business awaits her. As Mrs. Chopin, mama's other daughter, has to preside at some Press Association meeting in Baton Rouge this weekend, the New Orleans lady will drive up to Baton Rouge where Mrs. Chopin supposedly will have transported their mama or, if mama isn't out of the hospital as yet, the daughters will decide on some other time when mama can be whisked back to New Orleans. The whole business sounds wacky to me; especially the beginning to the tale, the initial undertaking of pulling an 87 year old lady slap across Louisiana and then across Texas to boot.

Mrs. Walker called about a column. She says she is busy on her thesis, --something about local negro education. She mentioned visiting one school for colored children in town. It was built to take care of five hundred students. At present one thousand three hundred are enrolled. I assume such over-crowding in all schools across the nation, colored and white, is to be found. She remarked that the immediate neighborhood presents a depressed appearance.

She mentioned several books she has on order covering educational methods in Porto Rico. It seems there is some scuffling about teaching youngsters down there in their native Spanish or in the American tongue. I take it she is still dreaming of taking off shortly for that island but then her mama is only 81 or 82, I guess.

I read a little more last night from American Art and Life or whatever that Larkin book is called. The reader succeeded in giving me another turn or two by the American pronunciation of some foreign names of artist, -- a certain Mr. Butcher, for example, who turned out to be none other than the 18th century Boucher. So things turn and so I must do the same thing for another few gallops up and down this keyboard before calling it a day.....

15151

Wednesday, October 25th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair in the 45 temp range, the cold front passing this way on its journey toward the Gulf about 4 o'clock this morning. I didn't bother to close the windows but simply pulled up a cover, canvassed the eather waves to see what nearby stations had to say about temperatures and went back to sleep.

The nicest thing about today was the arrival of the mail and its letter from Lyme. The nicest thing about the morrow is going to be the reading of that letter and the clippings. Secretaries, pilgrims and supper all piled up at the same time and I was able to get the letter only begun when interruption after interruption ensued and finally I sent away the secretaries, being assured that I might have a much better chance at communing tomorrow and a much more fortunate hour.

It was kind of little Miss Lee to say such comforting words about the seamier side of Pilgrimage and to voice interest in the Pillar of Honey. I'm glad the latter turned out to little Miss Lee's liking.

I am indebted for the mention of the hummingbirds and their incalculable presence on Sunday night, October 15th. I guess I have written too many columns about birds already but as I must be knocking off some kind of a column either tonight or tomorrow night, I shall speak of the migration even if I repeat previous essays on that subject. Sometimes I realize that new readers of the column might not mind a column that isn't precisely news since it must, in fact, be new to new readers and perhaps others who have been following the column longer will not mind a re-hash.

My day was quite busy out of doors all morning until nearly noon when James suddenly appeared along the new birch walk where August and I were adjusting some bricks. He remained for dinner.

I was amused at one thing he had to related. He had stopped off at the artist's house on his way here and she was recounting impressions she had not touched upon before.



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about Pilgrimage. James said that the artist told him she had stopped at Yuca a half hour before it was time for the pilgrims to arrive and had spoken with me momentarily before I plunged into my bath. Later in the afternoon, she said, she and the lady doctor had stepped on to the Yuca gallery on Saturday afternoon when there were plenty of people inside and outside. They had expected to see Mrs. Williams inside the house, the lady doctor wanting to speak to her for a moment. The artist peeped in the window and saw not a lady but some gentleman in a black suit haranguing the pilgrims. She asked the lady doctor how in the world some gentleman would be inside there. The lady doctor asked her if it might be one of the Henrys. The artist took a second look, -- a good long look, according to her account, and turned back to the lady doctor, stating that she didn't recognize the gentleman as being a Henry but rather it was somebody she had never seen before, dressed all up in a black suit, white shirt and black tie. Thereupon the lady doctor got curious and took a gander on her own hook, only to discover that it was none other than Leston. The artist allowed as how she near fell out when the lady doctor done told her who that sur'nuf could be.

On the home front James reported that Kay is impatient to have 406 interiors done over, -- new walls throughout the house, moving some partitions, wall to wall carpets, etc., etc. James doesn't mind but prefers his house the way it is but is willing to go through the theories of doing the place over if it will make Kay happier. I, for one, hold the thought that if one is ever so lucky as to arrive in Heaven, somebody will not be constantly jumping up to insist on new color combinations for the clouds or asking that the pavements of gold be drilled up to make way for ones of silver or platinum.

Mrs. Chopin called this noon while James was here. She merely wanted to let me know that the flight from San Antonio yesterday afternoon by her daughter and son-in-law, winging Mrs. Chopin's rather over was smooth enough. She was taken directly to the hospital where the lady doctor thought a transfusion would be in order and some X-rays on the morrow. Mrs. Chopin had remained at the hospital for a while and the San Antonio children 'phoned back from home before Mrs. Chopin got home from the hospital.

I'm hungry and am going to attack an avocado salade forthwith and after that a dab of deskwork and that will be it.....

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Thursday, October 26th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Indian Summer.

I was so glad with the coming of today in being able to resume Monday's letter from Lyme.

Running through by way of repeating what I had read last evening, I moved on to the balance which had to do with auntie.

It goes without saying that I rejoice with you in that letters are coming through from that quarter. That is a promising sign in itself, it seems to me.

It is so good of you to share the news with me and I appreciate more than I can say how grateful I am for the trouble gone to in making the translation having to do with the Lee-Leston relations, so nobly expressed, too. Through these expressions as much as anything else mentioned in the letter, one seems to be presented with an inkling of auntie's current depressed state. Perhaps by recognizing that trouble, even though we have known it more or less right along, we may be able to formulate some line of endeavor or other that will be helpful in days ahead.

Without going into the matter with any precision, it might appear that one of the major difficulties stems from auntie's inability to let go of the cords binding her to the one person in this world who naturally means more to her than anyone else. Since she can't disentangle herself from that cord, at least not at the moment by herself, perhaps it will later be possible for her to loosen the pull of that cord a little by developing one or another interest in other persons or other things so that the cord that binds will hold less tight as her thoughts diffuse in other directions.

When I was a child, I felt affections that meant everything to me and I tended to ignore people and things that were not of paramount importance to me at any given moment. Then as I moved a little beyond childhood, I tended to avoid giving the affection I should have to those who now and then



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sought my affection. I had not grown enough to realize that love is the most important thing in life and that we owe it to others, some of whom do not enchant us, to at least seemingly reciprocate when gestures of love are offered us. It is one of the failures of youth I regret most. Then, in a little while as the years accumulate, we in our turn, tend to expend affection on those who may really like us but have too many other irons in the fire to be solely concerned with our gestures of affection. I think that is where Auntie now finds herself. At such a stage of development, we simply must force ourselves to admit the point that others than we are filling the needs for affection in the case of those on whom we ourselves so much want to expend all ourselves upon. The cups of these people are already running over and it is impossible for us to add any more, even though in our hearts that is the thing we yearn most to do. I think this may be one aspect of Auntie's current situation, that impulse to expend herself in pouring into the cup of her offspring that is already filled to capacity.

Therefore, at this time, were she able to exert that impulse into another direction, admitting to herself that while the one thing she wants most to do is already taken care of, thereupon turning to another person or interest or line of endeavor, she would, perhaps, suddenly find the cord that keeps her tied in a submerged spot, suddenly or perhaps gradually let go and she would automatically rise to the surface and discover a renewed vigor and new interests that would keep her afloat pleasantly even though she still retained regrets that her initial impulse could not be realized.

For some people, of course, such a transfer of concentration on a loved one when not even joined by kinship of blood is exceedingly difficult. How much more of a problem it must be in the case of parent and child. And that is all for the moment on the statement of the case as it may be or not be. Let me mull the matter over in my mind and return to it again with some speculations as to possible attempts to solve it.

The Hatchetnews Times did not come through today but Carmen read me an article by Dr. Tom Wells who, according to the paper, is going to contribute to the weekly issue on Thursdays. I have written a note to the Editor of the paper and to Tom Wells.

J. H. returned from Washington today. He said he spent his time with the Senators and Representatives and did not go out at night. He says the Congressmen want to end the present session by November 20th. Ellender is planning to head out for the Far East on another junket. I hope it doesn't end in the fiasco his African tour did.....

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Friday, October 27th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair and slightly cooler, --40 to 50, what with the second front of the week having rolled over about 5 o'clock this morning.

The change in weather seems to have brought about the usual flurry of colds as evidenced by the number of secretaries who are barking at a great rate and the majority of pilgrims sniffing and wheezing. Carmen did not call me today which probably means she is at home with a cold. Carmen shows remarkably good sense in forever taking precautionary measures against health hazards and is forever demonstrating her willpower by keeping her weight in what the medical charts and the doctors say is the proper balance as between height, age and whatever. At 78 and about 6 feet in height, Carmen reports she maintains an avoirdupois at 135. She is always telling me what she has had for breakfast, dinner and supper and since she seems to like food, it seems remarkable she can maintain that static poundage. Perhaps the size of the earrings she wears tends to keep down the weight that other people get rid of by strenuous exercise.

For several months now she has been talking about her anticipation of winter by taking flu shots. She does that every year and, if memory serves, generally succeeds in rounding up a severe cold, twice landing in the hospital in recent years. I suppose she figures that if she had not had the flu shots, she might not have survived. It does seem to me, however, that while the flu shots may be alright, they don't quite achieve an avoidance of the malady they are designed to prevent.

I did not call the house today to inquire about her health but shall do so on the morrow. I did try to reach her neighbor, Roberta Rue, for particulars but couldn't get a call through. I believe I lean backward about putting through calls to the homes of those who are ailing on the theory that if one is ill enough to be in the bed, one will do better if not having to answer telephone calls. By calling Carmen's residence, I am sure I would reach either her sister or her brother-in-law but



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as both "Seesill" and Jack are hypochondriacs and are always eager to go into details about their own fascinating afflictions, occasionally forgetting to mention the condition of the patient about whom I am calling, I find it just as well to avoid calling at the house altogether.

I. S. Willard must be out of town. I called her a few times yesterday and today but got no response. For the past month she has been talking about going somewhere. Perhaps she hoped I would ask just where but I figured if she wanted to be devious about it, I would not give the impression I was trying to get into her plans. She called me about 11 o'clock Monday night, asking me to hold in confidence all she had had to tell me about the misadventures she had had with Studie and Kay, a request that was scarce necessary so far as Kay or James were concerned. While she was talking, however, the thought occurred to me that she might be calling me at that hour over such an insignificant topic because she was possibly planning a little outing.

I shall drop Thursday's issue of the *Natchitoches Times* in the post at the same time I send along this memo. The issue is all days and contains no news, I am told. There is the first of the Tom Wells contributions, however, which I thought you might be interested in glancing at, if time allows. The announcement about them appears on the front page but the article itself is somewhere in the third section, I believe. My secretary couldn't find it and so I simply send along the entire issue, all of which may be discarded promptly without great loss unless one is curious to know about grocery sales and so on.

I dipped into the Skinneropus, "Madame Sarah" last night. Little Miss Lee had mentioned its appearance a while back. I didn't get far with it before drowsiness overtook me but what I read, I liked. I had not known before that the brother of Napoleon the Third, the Duc de Morny, had lent a hand in getting a hearing by the Censor for Sarah when she was a little girl. Morny, of course, had nothing ular to do with Sarah's career other than lending a nod of approval that she should try for the stage but I find it interesting how personalities in one bracket of society somehow dovetail with personalities in unrelated careers.

And now I must do a little work and then call it a day. I hope it's a pretty weekend in Lyme.....

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Sunday, October 29th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair and cool on Saturday, cloudy and warmer on Sunday. We are promised a shower before the morrow which the planters do not want until they have harvested the cotton but the gardeners would like to have for autumn vegetables.

I did a little reading last night from the Skinneropus which I find at once informative and entertaining. There was one piece of information the book contains that recalled to mind the old say that the last place to learn anything about one's family is from members of same. This adage does not apply in the present case but it merely reminded me of the saying when I learned that Sarah Bernhardt's father was Prince de Ligne, -- and it seems odd to me I should never have heard of that fact before. Henri de Ligne was a member of that distinguished Belgian family but I never heard anyone of the family mentioned the fact which is perhaps easily understood. It does seem odd, however, that even though none of them ever mentioned it, it should have escaped being revealed by mutual friends or turned up in books one has read about the Divine Sarah.

At various times I have heard mention made of Sarah's many tours through the United States but never before did I know that New York society had not opened its doors to her although London the year before had received her warmly. It is interesting that on journeying from New York to Boston on that first American tour, Sarah stopped off in New Jersey where she was received by Thomas Edison and that Boston society, unlike New York, received her with enthusiasm and that while she was in that neighborhood, the actress called on Longfellow. Surely she must have had excellent public relation directors to have seen to it that the lady was received by the nation's most prominent inventor in the person of Edison and the country's most distinguished poet as Longfellow certainly was at that time.

I am impatient to get on with the book to see if any space is given to Belle Isle when Sarah gets around



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to purchase that island that once had been owned by and fortified by  
Nicholas Fouquet before he built Vaux-le-  
Vicomte..

Last night Mrs. Walker read to me over the 'phone a chapter  
or two from the Barker biography of Marcel Proust. I  
guess that book must be about finished since it seems to have  
covered the story up to the end of the war, 1918 and little Marcel  
will take his leave of the world in the 1920's. There  
was the title of a brothel that I thought perfectly wonderful, --  
Bain du Balcon d'Alsace.

Among weekend visitors were the Brandts of California  
who were in this area on business, the husband having spent  
much of Saturday afternoon, the wife with me. They have  
something to do about machinery, -- the big old  
Dipladocus-type of thing that shakes pecan trees  
and so on. Such things wouldn't be having much sale this  
autumn, what with all the pecans being hollow and therefore  
offering no reason for dislodging them from the branches.

This afternoon Dr. Rand's niece from down Jennings way  
dropped in with her husband and her sister. I can never  
remember the name of the husband and wife so far as  
their last name is concerned, Marjorie being the wife's  
name. I asked about Whitfield and Frances  
Jack and where they might be and learned they  
are "all set" to take off from Europe for home.  
I don't know how long the Jacks have been abroad but it  
must be several weeks if not months. Marjorie said  
that while Frances and Whitfield were in Greece,  
their son, Whit, junior, flew over from New York to be  
with them while they lingered along the Grecian isles.

I have a mighty fine salad awaiting my attention as soon  
as I get round to invade the icebox. Mrs. Spinks had  
left me a toothsome dressing, oil, vinegar, fine grated herbs, --  
all of which constituted an aroma that is wonderful. Yesterday  
I made a somewhat odd combination of neatly sliced avocado, banana-  
of all things, cucumber, mild flesh pepper, celery and tart plum.  
I left them in a closed dish for the past 24 hours and shall  
pour the dressing over them now and see what kind of a business  
the dish turns out to be. If I don't like it,  
I have some peaches, sliced in cream, which ought to  
finish off the snack or finish off me.....

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Monday, October 30th, 1967,

Memorandum:

And so the rains came last night to the extent of about  
four inches and began letting up about 9 o'clock this  
morning. The cloud coverage remained complete, however, and the  
temperature wandered around in the upper 60's until  
late this afternoon when the thermometer began dropping. It  
is said it will slide down into the upper 30's or lower 40's before  
dawn when the clouds are supposed to drift away and cool, fair  
weather will take over.

Some of the young vegetables needed a drink, especially the  
turnips and they got it. The new brick walk needed some  
moisture enabling the individual bricks to settle down a  
little more firmly and they did just that.

Celeste had planned to take off early for Mansura but  
delayed her departure until mid morning, hoping the  
rains would taper off. The radio this noon mentioned  
a tornado or two in south Louisiana but although we  
had a couple of brisk gales during the afternoon, the  
mild blasts broke off few limbs but did scatter the leaves  
at a great rate.

I talked with I. S. Willard this afternoon. He said  
she returned from a few days of outing in the country somewhere  
off Shreveport way. I guess she was away only two  
or three days for she mentioned having heard from Kay by 'phone  
on Saturday afternoon. Kay mentioned she was driving to  
Shreveport on Sunday evening to spend the night there with  
James and hop off by herself on a plane for Charleston this  
Monday morning. I believe that plane flies from  
Shreveport either to New Orleans or Atlanta but I suppose  
it must have been ahead of the bad weather since it  
was due to take off at 7 this morning and I believe the  
disturbances below here came around 11 o'clock when Kay was  
probably well on her way to South Carolina.

I had a call from Mrs. Chopin last night. I think



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I mentioned that she had had to go to Baton Rouge on Friday for the weekend while her mother, brought back from San Antonio, was recuperating from flu in the Hatchiteches hospital. Much to Mrs. Chopin's surprise on reaching home where she had driven direct from Baton Rouge to dispose of some papers attendant upon the Baton Rouge meeting, there on her desk at home to find a note, penned by her son, reporting that the hospital patient had been put in an isolation wa room, it having been discovered that she was suffering from some kind of typhoid. It seems, and I didn't know it before, there are various kinds of typhoid. Naturally Mrs. Chopin was at once concerned not only about the patient in the local hospital but also about the San Antonio daughter and son-in-law but also about their three small children where the grandmother had been visi for a week.

I inquired about the local patient tonight and she seems to be sitting up which seems odd, especially as the patient is 87 years old. I was also surprised to learn that Tessie Millsbaugh had phoned her and talked with her this afternoon. I shouldn't have dreamed of putting a phone call to such a patient in the first place and I am amazed the hospital switch-board should have put through the incoming call to the patient's room. I don't know if any of the family knows that the local hospital does not receive patients in the medi-care bracket. My thought is the family has enough to worry about at moment without bringing up that matter which they probably already know. If they don't, however, I don't see how they could possibly move the patient anyway at this state of things.

I was glad to receive a note from Jesse Stirling but a Saturday visit to show friends ye olde plantation is something else again. I acknowledged the letter, gave the phone number requested, said I was a torn down piece in the wake of Pilgrimage, knowing perfectly well that would deter no one from descending upon me, while I hastened to add that I must deny the pleasure of breaking bread with them. Perhaps that invitation was made with the hope I would suggest they dine here. Obviously and understandably, Jesse Stirling and few other people I knew could possibly imagine what the situation is like here in case Shreveport should suddenly appear unannounced on the same day such a visitation might be made.

I read a little further in the Skinner biography of Bernhardt and discovered that while some space is given to Belle Isle while the Divine Sarah owned a place there, nothing was said about Fouquet. That would have been padding anyway but at least little Miss Lee and Lestan would have enjoyed the digression.

And now for a glass of chocolate milk and that will be it for

15161

Tuesday, October 31st, 1967.

Memorandum:

Cloudy in the 40 to 60 range.

The Hatchiteches paper which sometimes comes on Tuesday was not in the post today. One thing I had forgotten was that I had knocked off a column under the title of "The O'Lanterns, -- Jack and Peg". By chance the thing concentrating on pumpkins, appeared in print today, according to one or another people calling from town. What with tonight being Halloween, the subject seemed timely enough. It is said the letter I wrote the Editor, congratulating him on running a Tom Wells column, also appears in the Tuesday issue of the paper.

About 10:30 this morning, James appeared, remaining for dinner. He didn't have much by way of news. He had returned to Hatchiteches yesterday after putting Kay on her plane for Charleston.

He said he had not heard anything more about publication date of his photographic book about New Orleans, except that a week or two back, the publisher had write that the type was all set and ready to roll. Miss Dermen has had such frustrating adventures with the same Baton Rouge publishers about publication dates that James isn't looking for his volume to appear before next year.

He did mention having had some correspondence with the Pelican Press recently. I believe that organization used to have its printing plant in Alexandria but I don't know where it is now. James said the letter he had from Pelican Press on their stationery was cancelled from New Orleans and, surprisingly enough, was signed by Hedding Carter.

What with tomorrow being All Saints Day, I had thought about passing by the Ile Brevelle churchyard where people



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always concentrate on decorating the graves in anticipation of tomorrow's services there. With James lingering on after dinner, however, I never did get across the river. Although Hatchitsches Parish is predominantly Catholic, Protestant, it is an interesting fact that the Catholic custom of decorating the graves exerts an influence on many Protestants in the custom of putting graveyards to rights. Doreatha whose papa is buried at the Baptist churchyard of Saint Mary's-on-the-Bayou on Little River, mentioned that she had been planning for some time to put some time during the afternoon in tidying up her papa's grave there. I suppose that nation-wide, attention to graveyards is primarily concentrated on or around Memorial Day late in May but what with the Catholic custom of holding services, often in the open, on All Saints Day, the early November attentions prettying up the graves seems to incline residents of this region to give attention to such matters, not one season of the year, but two, May and November.

Garen called me from her home this morning. Her voice sounded like a fog horn but she said she is feeling better and was up and around but that she was remaining indoors until the skies cleared and the thermometer advanced a little.

Mrs. Chapin called tonight so say her mother is feeling much better and had even spent a little time in an armchair today. Mrs. Chapin says that everyone entering her mother's room at the hospital has to wear a special gown and face mask and, on leave must wash their hands in some kind of solution. She said that while she was chatting with her mother, a nurse's aid came into the room, a tall colored girl, also, of course, wearing robe and mask. She said she and the girl in looking at each other, had a good laugh when it struck them both at the same time that they wouldn't have to bother about getting rigged up tonight in a Halloween costume, what with their robes and masks having already provided them with ample disguise.

I dipped into a book that came in today's post, -- a recording of recent vintage which seems to be a compilation of segments from various writings by colored folks, covering a span of several hundred years. It is very sketchy but interesting and I was impressed by when I found an excerpt from the Northrup volume which Mrs. Aiken had mentioned as being about to be re-issued by L. S. U. And mention of Mrs. Aiken reminds me to answer your question about Pilgrimage and to say she did not make many of her friends did and spoke of her to me as they passed this way.....

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Wednesday, November 1st, 1967.

Memorandum:

Cloudy to partly cloudy and withal a bit on the chilly side, - 40 to upper 50's.

In spite of the weather it was a good day, the best thing about it being the letter from Lyme in today's post.

It's so good of little Miss Lee to keep me abreast with the world as it turns on its Lyme axis. Both the health and the social news concerning various and sundry people is of particular interest. It is quite understandable that Himalya should be depressed. There is always something sad about people having to give up the home long accustomed to and especially in the case mentioned where so many things seem to have gone awry in times.

While I think of it at this moment, I must pause to say that the word, awry, seems to be used so frequently that I was gently taken aback recently when a person in the newspaper business in Alexandria used seriously a different pronunciation, remarking that certain plans had gone airy. It somehow sounded so odd.

Verily, Himalya's elder daughter must have her hands full just ahead. I am wondering if you will try to be present at the festivities scheduled for early November in that quarter.

In the case of former neighbors, that whole matter may be approaching a solution, I suppose. I, for one, will be glad for little Miss Lee's sake when all that has been disposed of. So will those most vitally concerned with the settlement will be so much better off, once a permanent place for each has been determined upon.

I am impatient to get to the clippings in today's letter. An interruption came just as I was finishing the letter and so I had to withhold the printed material for the morrow.

The interruption stemmed primarily from the fact that there were



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too many pecan experts here today, mostly from two different areas in Louisiana and from Washington and Beltsville, Maryland, the latter probably here as a result of the visitation by the merchant-planter to the Capitol the other day. If memory serves, Senator Ellender is chairman of the Agriculture Committee and possibly that fact may have occasioned the flying about by heads of Departments in that bracket of the Government. Up to the present time, the experts seem to be uncertain about the peculiar turn the pecans took this year, -- and just at the last moment before harvest time. That the trees should have produced a bumper crop seems natural enough but why, at the last minute, the pecans failed to fill out remains a puzzle. There is some speculation that this might have been caused by rains in July and August, in excess to most seasons but this seems worthy of considering at all simply because no other reason seems to be capable of explaining the phenomenon. Perhaps Washington and Beltsville on returning home may look in their magic mirror and find some true explanation. What seems to be confusing everybody is the fact that the trees did indeed produce the fruit and yet failed to supply the fruit with filler or filling.

I. S. Willard 'phoned this afternoon. She seemed to be in a happy frame of mind. She said some of her "trick or treat" visitors last night were on the teen age side and obviously some of them had received something stronger than candy before reaching her house, -- mulatto youths in costume with white streaks of paint on their faces. She thought them all very polite even though some of them were definitely on the high side.

She reported that Kay had called her from Charleston this morning and reported she had had a fine trip over on Monday and that she had found Aunt Willie looking just fine and interested in everything.

While I was busy near the side gate, a couple of youths bearing crates approached, saying they contained a flock of guineas J. H. Henry had bought from J. H. Williams. I turned out the peacocks from the Unicorn House, giving that place over to the guineas. It must be the merchant-planter is dreaming up visions of guinea gumbo. And now I am going searching for ice cream and cake and that will be it for today.....

15165

Thursday, November 2nd, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair in the 40 - 60 ground rules but actually about 38 by night and about 57 by day.

I so much enjoyed the clippings that came yesterday but did not get absorbed until today. It is good to hear about Mr. Morgan. It seems to me his absence from commercial broadcasting was scheduled for 2 years. I hope he returns anon for I think he is one of the beacons the world needs to shed the light of his humanitarianism nightly.

I had heard references to the Bastrop Ku Klux boobytrap on nation wide networks but do not recall having heard it stressed much on local stations although it may have been. Whenever possible I stick to nation wide newscasts which naturally cannot be expected to give much local news but, unlike local stations, the national programs do give broader information that local stations usually do although there happily are some local stations that seem to breeze through any topic without regard for the wide-bound listeners that perhaps predominate in some areas.

The business about the bomb going off in the restaurant was impressive, illustrating as it did what may happen when one of these things gets out of hand. I have done some speculating in my own mind about that danger of allowing any plane passenger to carry such a piece of luggage in a handbag. I suppose any nitwit thus armed might quite unintentionally set the darned thing off when merely fumbling around in a purse or briefcase, looking for a lipstick or handkerchief, inadvertently putting everybody including the plane's pilot out of commission which would certainly be disastrous to everybody aboard, --even to the "bomb-bee".

Mrs. Chapin called me mid-morning. She had naturally been upset when she learned last evening that her mother, Mrs. Hanlon, was



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in a serious condition, her temperature having shot back up to 105. Nobody can maintain that temperature long, of course, and how much less so at the age of 87.

The puzzle goes on as to what happened to knockout the pecan crop this year. It seems the native, --small fruit, --pecans are reproducing an average crop and one variety of the grafted or large pecans are also well filled out. This variety is the Mahan....interruption..... I think I was saying the Mahams, oddly enough are filled out to capacity this season, altogether contrary to their customary performance. Pecangrowers usually dismiss the lightness of the Mahams and shunt them aside because all the other varieties are so fine so that the Mahams don't matter at all. And yet here they are "the only pebble on the beach" this season.

The interruption was a 'phone call from Mrs. Chopin. She reports the lady doctor says there is nothing more that can be done for the patient. The temperature suddenly dropped from 105 to 98 with no physical manifestation of any change other than it appears the patient cannot be prevented into a coma. The conversation was terminated by the arrival of Mrs. Chopin's sister who had driven up from New Orleans this afternoon. It is nice to know the two sisters can be together.

I believe Celeste got home last night. I did not see her this morning since she had already gone to town before the coffee hour struck. Perhaps I shall see her tomorrow.

Carmen called from her office this morning. Her voice is still raspy but she was voicing delight at being away from her brother-in-law who, according to Carmen, is getting more senile from day to day and accordingly more difficult for her to put up with for any length of time.

The new batch of guineas seem well contented with their new ings. Guineas are always inclined to be a little on the shy side but the new batch appear friendly enough today. Dr. Cooran, the Agriculture Department expert here from Washington yesterday, said that guineas go in pairs, one rooster to one hen and not like the chickens where the male bird is a positive Mermen with all his numerous wives. I never knew this before. I am not even certain it is true but I shall be glad to learn all about it.

And now for some mail and a snack and that will be today....

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Friday, November 3rd, 1967.

Memorandum:

Cloudy and chilly all day. At sundown, however, the skies cleared, thus providing the cold front to take a deeper bite with the cloud coverage removed. A frost and possibly a freeze is predicted for tonight and I have accordingly put nightshirts on some of the more tender plants.

I was mildly surprised when James appeared about 2 o'clock this afternoon. He usually puts in an appearance these days before noon. He brought me some contact pills or whatever the name of that patent medicine may be. It is designed to ward off colds or at least to knock out colds once they have started. I used them last year and found they seemed to fill the bill.

I stirred up a salad for myself against tonight and shall remove it from the icebox about half an hour before news time so some of the chill made be removed from it to give the flavor a chance to assert its rightful strength, a right that is often denied some kinds of food if ever chilled when served.

I discovered last week that the combination of sliced bananas along with avocado goes pretty well. I wasn't short on either fruit but liked the combination so much last time I thought I would repeat it. I have heard of hostesses, short on chicken, who have tassed in a can of tuna fish, well drained and bereft of its oil, to stretch the chicken content further in a salad, it being thought guests would never notice the presence of the tuna, once the dressing and whatever other salad ingredients were added. Bananas seem to play something of the same role in the avocado salad. In large measure, I suppose, it is the salad dressing that makes all ingredients brothers and so seems to be the case in the present instance I grated some cheddar cheese over the top of the finished concoction and that is why I shall remove the dish from the icebox before thinking about attacking, thereby giving the cheese an opportunity to exert its flavor a bit more than it would if served ice cold.



15168

Friday, November 5th, 1967.

Trying to get news out of the radio from an Louisiana station is a little difficult in this final day before election on the morrow. It is wonderful how many politicians can wedge their way into split seconds between the ending of one program and the beginning of another, not to mention the facility with which they can break into the midst of a broadcast to beat the drum for their candidacy. Some gentleman named Touchstone is running for some kind of an office, --educational, I believe, in Shreveport. He seems to be using much the same manuscript for the air that he uses in newspaper advertisements. The line that impresses me seems to suggest vaguely that he is talking primarily to the physically blind since he urges the voters not only to vote for him but to ~~urge~~ <sup>recommend</sup> that one recommend him "to those with whom you work and others you see". It always makes me pause to ask what kind of work that could possibly be in which the laborer would not be seeing his associates in whatever enterprise he is engaged.

It is good to know that Mrs. Hanlon, after a rough night, came through today's rounds rather better and was able to chat a little with her two daughters. There was some surprise last night when a Reverend Father arrived at the hospital without having remembered to bring whatever it is a priest provides himself with when summoned to administer last rites. The Lady Doctor had phoned him to say it appeared the patient wouldn't last out the next few hours, asking him to come a jumpin'. It does seem odd that having been thus summoned, he had not brought things with him. The lady doctor, an Episcopalian, told him the reason she had summoned him in the first place and when he asked if she didn't think the patient would make it alright until morning, she responded in the negative and sent him off to fetch the ammunition. This he did and that was that.

I hold the thought little Miss Lee is all snug and that a peaceful weekend impends.....

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Memorandum: Sunday, November 5th, 1967.

Fair and chilly. It dropped to 31 last night, went up to about 60 today and is now tapering downward again under a wonderfully sleek new moon.

Mrs. Chopin's mother died at the Natchitoches hospital last night at 8:30. The daughters and grandson of Mrs. Hanlon took the body to New Orleans today. The funeral will be sometime within the next few days down there.

The absence of a butterfly lily from Friday's memo perhaps indicated that Friday night's frost caused the blossoms to collapse. The frost along the gallery, was light, however so that the foliage was not effected and I am hoping today's sunshine may persuade a few more buds to unfold before this year's flowering may be terminated permanently.

On Friday night I worked at my desk a little longer than I wanted to since I had to knock off some kind of a column which I did under some such title as "Grandfathers Clock Society". It was easy enough to do, basing my project on the thought that there ought to be some kind of a society for old grandfather clocks with rules of order paralleling the Live Oak Society, made up in it membership of century old live oak trees. The piece didn't amount to much but getting it ~~out~~ <sup>out of the way</sup> provided me with an opportunity to do some reading on Saturday night.

To hand I found something by Esther M. Doughty, --Heaven knows how that last name is spelled, --and the title of the book is "Under the New Roof" or some such.

The author seems to be a contributor to magazines and publishers of books for children as well as historical studies for grown-ups. I believe there are five characters included in this volume, including John Quincy Adams, Albert Gallatin, John Barlow and so on. I skipped the four records on Adams and jumped into Albert Gallatin about whom I knew nothing other than that he had been President Jefferson's Secretary of the Treasury. The author didn't spend too much time over his childhood and youth in Geneva, Switzerland but might have spent more time on



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one of his minor enterprises following the American Revolution when he chanced upon some German glass manufacturers whom he persuaded to set up business in Western Pennsylvania. It mentioned the Gallatin farm, Friendship Hill in that neighborhood, the destruction of his home in Washington by the British at the time the Capitol and the White House were burned during the War of 1812 and other and more pleasant things along his 80 some odd years of what appears to have been as likely a life as one would be likely to live.

As for John Barlow, the Revolutionary poet, I didn't know anything about his career either. A poor Connecticut youth and apparently not extraordinary as a poet, preacher, lawyer or whatever he tried his hand at, he was nevertheless wonderfully gifted as a personality, taking himself to Europe about the time of the French Revolution where among other things, he succeeded in getting Tom Paine out of prison, running up a fortune, one of the greatest American fortunes, in fact, handling American affairs with the old Bey of Algiers, establishing fine property in Washington and eventually being the American minister at Paris under the 1st Empire and then, traveling in winter to Vilna, Lithuania, to sign an agreement with Napoleon, then in Russia, dying of pneumonia somewhere between Vilna and Koenigsberg when not only soldiers but diplomats were beating their retreat back to western Europe. I still don't understand how Barlow could have eluded me in every particular except his name for all these years.

Saturday being election day in the Pelican State, I started to tune in on the radio for returns shortly after the polls closed at 8 o'clock. Hatchiteches and Alexandria and Baton Rouge, however, were in the midst of broadcasting football games which lasted until around 10 o'clock although Shreveport was on the air earlier but bogged down with counting ballots of people running for small offices in that city which meant nothing to me. I can't remember if in all States people are elected for the job of National Committeeman. It seems to me they don't in most States but they do here. It was a little paradoxical that all candidates aspiring to represent this State at the national Presidential convention in Chicago next summer united in proclaiming they did not subscribe to the Johnson Administration. Cousin Arthur was one of those running and, of course, won handsomely.

Bennett Johnson, husband of Mary Gunn, ran for State Senator in Shreveport and won, receiving more votes than the other four candidates who were running for the three Senatorial seats. In this District, Sylvan Friedman was successful in running for the Senate.

A piece of pumpkin pie awaits my attention, buttressed by a slice of old fashioned store cheese and a tall glass of chocolate milk and that will be it for tonight.....

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Monday, November 6th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Continued fair and cool, -- 29 to 59.

The waning moon tonight is grand.

The most interesting thing I heard today had to do with pecans. At the Church across the way there are a few pecan trees on the property. There are two priests there in residence now, Father Fredericks who appears to be in charge, and Father Anthony, a discontented Pole. At 9 o'clock coffee this morning, Celeste mentioned that in Church yesterday, Father Fredericks recommended to his parishioners that if any of them had any pecans, they might contribute some of them to the Church so they could be put into deep freeze and used next autumn to make candy for sale at the October fair.

All well and good.

At dinner today I mentioned to the clerk that I had not seen Father Anthony in quite a while and wondered if he might be on vacation. The clerk said that he was here and, as a matter of fact, he had been into the store this morning to sell some pecans he had gathered around the Church.

That's all there is to the story which isn't much but somehow it seems amply adequate.

This morning I decided I would get up a little earlier than usual to get some bamboo cut for trellises before getting bogged down in routine. I must have looked at my clock upside down for when I was ready to sally forth I discovered it was still dark which gave me an opportunity to do a little reading until dawn made up its mind.

David Rittenhouse was the next story after Gallatin and Joel Barlow, -- and as I write the word, Joel, an echo in my memory leads me to recall I probably wrote not Joel but John the other day. Be that as it may, David Rittenhouse turned out to be as extraordinary as Albert Gallatin and Joel Barlow but quite a different personality, be-



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ing a mathematician, philosopher astronomer and what not and  
withal a sedate and retiring mind and person. It seems to me  
somebody I once knew highly prized a piece of furniture contrived  
by David Rittenhouse, --a grandfather clock and one that ran  
with remarkable accuracy as all Rittenhouse clocks are said to have.  
Rittenhouse was a friend of Franklin and it was to him, Rittenhouse,  
that Jefferson turned when, as Secretary of State, it fell,  
oddly enough, within the province of that office to see about  
getting the coinage of the new Republic put into motion.

Richard Allen, a gentleman of color, is the next person  
to appear in "Under the New Roof". I don't know anything  
about Mr. Allen but by the time I arrived at his chapter, daylight  
was beginning to bathe the white garden in pearly gray and so  
I cut off the reading machine for that sitting but hope  
to resume my pursuit of the volume tonight if  
sleep do not over-come me before I get around  
to that pleasant entertainment.

Early this afternoon I went to the store to pay a bill but the  
clerk, so J. H. said, had gone to town to buy his boy,  
a freshman at Northwestern, a new car. J. H. remarked that  
when he was going to school, nobody had cars. I opined that when  
the clerk's son has a college boy, it will probably be im-  
possible for students to exist without owning an airplane. What  
the succeeding generation will require I leave it for that generation  
to announce when the time comes.

Tonight's news items on the radio include further  
accounts of Mrs. John F. Kennedy's Far East progress.  
It would be interesting to know if this trip is solely of her own  
desire or if, perhaps President Johnson, his advisers and  
the State Department have given their blessings if not, indeed, their  
persuasion that she should make this trip, having in mind that  
at least it would do no harm for the American cause if  
a personality of such popularity should put in an appearance  
there at this time. It would probably be too much to  
suppose that she was actually urged to transact a little business  
for the State Department so casually nobody would notice it.  
If the trip is so utterly and completely a wish to see the  
ruins of Angkor-Vat it does seem that any visit to  
Cambodia under existing rumors of wars seem pressing a personal  
desire to visit the place something more than mere  
impulse to view the ruins.

And now for some desk work and then a little of Richard  
Allen, a piece of pumpkin pie and that will be it.....

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Tuesday, November 7th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair and cool, --30 to 60.

It is plain that the new schedule for out-going  
mail from Hatchitsches causes on day's delay in the delivery of  
newspapers to out of town subscribers in that the Monday issue  
which formerly reached this bend of the river on Tuesday doesn't arrive  
now until Wednesday. A couple of people 'phoned me today about  
something appearing in this week's column but Lestan's copy  
will not arrive before the morrow and so will accordingly be  
a day late in going forward to little Miss Lee.

It seems that this week's column appears under the  
title of "Hue and Cry", a piece that was stirred up on the  
strength of a couple of Countee Cullen. The "hue and cry" implicit  
in the couplet wherein colored Mr. Cullen remarks upon his hue  
and suggests the tint has its drawbacks:

"I doubt not God is good.....  
Yet do I marvel at this curious thing,  
To make a poet black and bid him sing."

How often does a couplet, sometimes merely a phrase, impell  
one to construct a whole column on the strength of  
just a few words. I thought of this fact today when I told myself  
I must write something about the tulip tree simply because  
I ran across a notation in which that tree figured. We  
have a couple of the tulip trees growing in the local gardens but  
I think they seldom appear in other gardens in this area. This is  
a great pity since the tree has two striking claims to dis-  
tinction, once in the spring when it puts out pale yellow flowers  
about the size of the Chinese magnolia blossom, and again in  
autumn when Jack Frost turns the rather large leaves from pale green  
to a magnificent yellow.

"hat set me to thinking about the tulip trees was a couple of lines  
in an old notation of 1737 wherein the Comte de Maurepas  
enders a request that four hundred tulip trees  
be shipped from Louisiana to la Princesse de Conti.



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I had never before thought anything at all about the native habitat of the tulip tree although it did seem to me that it had been said that it was to be found only on the east bank of the Mississippi and seldom if ever on the west bank as is the case with one or two other types of trees. Now I am wondering if the tulip tree is an American rather than European or Asiatic plant.

Naturally one wonders what la princesse de Conti could have had in mind when requesting 400 of these. Perhaps she was planning to use them for avenues at one of her country places. I remember so well the popular print of the 1780's, I guess it was, showing an interior in which figures appear, the title of the print being

"The chez la Princesse de Conti".

I have always taken it for granted that this was an interior of a Conti town house, having nothing to do with surroundings of 400 tulip trees but I shall pursue a dab of casting about to see now what I can hang on one or another of the trees.

Tomorrow I shall explore by 'phone what the college has to say about tulip trees and Conti's and perhaps shall come up with something for a column.

The weather is so pretty, I am trying to make the most of it to pull things around in the garden in anticipation of putting the plants to bed for this annual winter's nap. Today I trimmed the ribbon grasses, reducing its height from 10 or 12 feet to about a couple or three feet in height. If a sleet storm comes along, the hedges tend to get entangled if left at their full height while reducing the stand to a couple of feet avoids the snare that otherwise would develop.

At the same time I am thinning out the bamboo hedge in anticipation of the arrival of the swarms of blackbirds that will be heading this way pretty soon. I shall need bamboo poles for replacements in the arders and by taking out the bamboo stalks now, there will be less places for the blackbirds to set up sleeping quarters when they arrive, a fact which will tend to persuade them to decide the thickets in the Montrose woods might offer a more cosy resting place to roost when the real cold weather arrives.

So runs these post Indian Summer days and now for some radio listening about today's election results, especially in Ohio and Indiana.....

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Wednesday, November 8th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair and cool with a sun that didn't do much warming but a moon that's exhilarating.

I couldn't find any commentators on yesterday's elections although every news broadcast had something to report on Cleveland and Gary have chosen gentlemen of color for Mayors. Somebody did say the job of Mayor of any city is among the harder post of those bestowed by the ballot box, more than Governor, it was said. It was also observed by somebody that one difficulty about the Mayor's job is that it lacks requisite force when force is needed.

I suppose both the Democrats and the Republicans will be able to discover portents of success for their respective parties in yesterday's elections. Others seem to take a somewhat gloomy look at the whole business, especially the prospects for politics in the future. Perhaps I shall catch up with a comprehensive interpretation of the doings eventually. Possibly somebody can read into the doings anything that is worth listening to.

I have heard any radio discussion about President Johnson's absence from former Vice President Garner's funeral. I never heard anything about Johnson-Garner relations. I did hear on the radio a day or so back that for years the Garner law had been in recent years that he would speak to no one on the 'phone other than members of his family and James Farley. If memory serves, both Mr. Garner and Mr. Farley broke with President Roosevelt when the latter decided to run for a third term. When L. B. J.'s position regarding that matter may have been at the time or since, I haven't the slightest idea. Come to think of it, I don't seem to remember that Garner cut any ice during either the Truman or the Kennedy administrations. Putting on my thinking cap a second time, I am not even sure that Mr. Garner ever cut any ice in the Roosevelt administration for that matter either. Perhaps Mr. Garner never cut much ice with anybody. Still it does seem a bit unexpected that L. B. J. didn't make the most of the opportunity the funeral presented as an excuse to fly off to Texas for a few days at the L. B. J. ranch.



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I. S. Willard called this evening. She wanted to read me a letter she had received today from little Miss Dermen of Briarwood. It was distinctive at the outset in that there was no salutation, starting off with a single word, followed by a series of exclamation points:

"Rain ! ! ! ! !"

After that, the paragraph began with a wail about the horrible drought of October. From this statement I gather Carrie failed to get the moisture that the rest of us received.

Then she went on to say that she was feeling fine as a fiddle since, by some miracle, she had had no pilgrims for a solid week, affording her an opportunity to get caught up on a little rest. This was followed by a statement that she didn't know what the publishers were planning to do with her bird manuscript, -- probably the collection of pictures she has sketched in black and white, of which have appeared in newspapers over the years. Then she went on to say she was viewing with more favorable consideration a Willard suggestion of some time back that she undertake an autobiography. Carrie has known enough leaders in the horticultural field to provide her with names that ought to entrance readers of her books on flowers but whether she is capable of handling such an undertaking now is a question, the answer to which I don't pretend to know. Of course the autobiography of anybody could be fascinating, -- anybody, -- but to make such a work entertaining would require a dexterity that Miss Dermen may or may not possess, not to mention the energy that would be required at this stage of things. I, for one, favor such a project for her and shall make it a point to throw in my desire that she should attempt it when the occasion arises.

Just after I. S. Willard rang off, Carmen called to read me a letter she had just received from Janet Kyser, expressing vast affection for her and for Lestan. How Carmen and Lestan get into that boat together I cannot imagine.

I spent the better part of my day tucking the butterfly lilies into their beds for a long winter's nap and now I am ready to tuck myself in.....

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Thursday, November 9th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair to partly cloudy and cool. At 8 o'clock the radio out of Dallas said it was raining there and in "southwest" Texas. Perhaps that means the dampness will move northward or northeastward and so pass us by. I have always wondered about that locality, "southwest" Texas. My memory of a map of Texas gave a pretty dim concept as to where "southwest" may be situated in the Lone Star State.

The nicest thing about today was Tuesday's letter from Lyme. It is so pleasant being able to keep abreast with all that goes on in that quarter I can well imagine that circumstances permitting one to catch up on a flock of things will be anticipated with relish.

I am so appreciative, too, of the glimpses given of things at home and abroad and how one set of circumstances triggers another set.

It appears the concepts of little Miss Lee and Lestan regarding auntie seem to coincide. But now that the case has been diagnosed, what the next step should be to try getting the patient back on the high road to normalcy remains to be seen. Off hand, it would appear that the impulse must of necessity begin with auntie herself. Somehow there seems to be some relevance as between this situation and the adage about one being able to lead a horse to water but unable to make him drink. And mention of drinking brings up the thought of drinking and related problems which I sometimes listen to on Station KOA, Denver on Monday nights. The point stressed in that program is that the one afflicted with an uncontrollable taste for the stuff must first manifest a desire to be rid of the impulse before a start can be made to effect a cure. How to inject a will to get out from under a cloud in auntie's case remains to be discovered.

I am so glad to learn how things are turning for the neighbor who has been having such a difficult time. Thanks, too, for giving a picture as to how the financial matters are handled for the



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receiving Federal assistance. How fortunate is the patient to have those who will look after things in his behalf. I assume, if he has been told about the condition of his spouse that he has possibly become ready to accept a condition quite beyond anything anyone can do in her behalf.

I tuned in to get the 6 o'clock news this morning and bumped right into the launching of the latest and biggest rocket from its Florida base, at 7 o'clock Cape Kennedy time. Later in the day a friend who has had things to do in past years with Florida launchings dropped in. He mentioned that in today's firing, it was necessary that three thousand gallons per second, -- gallons of gasoline, -- had to be fed into the thing smoothly and that there had been a problem in effecting this smooth delivery of fuel almost on the instant. This was caused by the need to keep the fuel in long cylinders to fit into the rocket and that when the opening was made for the fuel to descend into the engines, the fuel tended to swirl in a circular motion as it descended and not simply drop straight down. Finally it was worked out so that some kind of poles, set into the cylinders in an upright position so that the descending ocean of fuel could not accumulate sufficient motion to swirl and so that wrinkle was ironed out.

Carmen reported today that Charles and Ruth Cunningham had returned from the West Indies, both heavily afflicted with colds. They were glad they had gone down to inspect the house that had been offered them for rent at \$300. per month for they didn't like it a bit and are giving up any idea of spending January and February down there. What is involved in all this, I haven't any notion. Surely there must be more than one house on more than one island in the West Indies. Perhaps it turns out that the West Indies were made for the Cunninghams. With all their income, they may well spend a couple of months cruising in the West Indies. I should imagine going with a big group of buddies and never getting off the boat, dressing for dinner and all that sort of thing would please them ever so much more than simply relaxing comfortably in peace and quiet on a tropical island.

It just occurs to me that there probably will be no outgoing mail on Saturday since the 11th is probably a national holiday. I hold the thought it may be a pleasant weekend in Lyme. Today's post contained such pleasant bundles of sunbeams in the envelope of the letter from Lyme and I contemplate a measure of delight simply in re-reading same.....

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Friday, November 10th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Cloudy and warmer, --50 to 70.

Interruptions got going early tonight, what with having written the above line, a long distance call came through from Mrs. Aiken. She asked if she might see me between now and Tuesday. She said work goes forward on the recording made a while back about Melrose. It seems there is need for a cut to be made to compress the original tape in order to get the performance on two sides of one record. The services of the recording agent is required to effect this operation. I suggested the morrow might be alright but the tape expert has to be in Baton Rouge on the 11th. Sunday was suggested, --a poor day at best if one wants to avoid interruptions, but that seemed to be about the best day likely to fit into everyone's plans and so Sunday it will be and I shall be holding the thought that nothing by way of family or pilgrims will entangle things while the business is in progress.

Mrs. Aiken reports that the Northrup book, -- "Twelve Years a Slave", is scheduled to appear on the first of February. One is never sure about University Press publication dates but February 1st is as good as any.

In the case of the Leston record, December 1st had originally been set for its release but in view of the adjustments required to bring the talk into the half hour bracket, the release date for that item will naturally have to be pushed back.

In short, one may calculate on the release dates for the Northrup volume and the Leston record as being on the date each chances to appear with nobody capable of guessing when in advance.

I think I mentioned running across some excerpts from the Northrup book recently. It's publication date originally was 1853, according to a note accompanying the excerpts. It



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seems to me 27,000 copies must have represented quite a good distribution in 1853, although that is mere guess work on my part about book sales at that time. It would be interesting to speculate on how much greater sales would have been then, had not "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared the same year, breaking all sales totals of something like a million copies. I find it an interesting coincidence that both books should have had their locales situated comparatively close together geographically, what with the Stowe opus laid in the lower Red River Valley of Hatchi Parish and the Northrup in the adjoining Parish of Rapides, the Stowe thing being fiction, the Northrup item fact and publishing dates both in the same year. There must be some mathematical equation that could be formulated in this matter, something like:

Hatchiteches is to 27,000 as Rapides is to 1,000,000".

I. S. Willard called this afternoon. She is still trying to collect insurance on merchandise damaged Christmas package sent to her son in Germany. The Federal Government might as well accept her demands and pay off without further controversy since sooner or later Uncle Sam will discover he hasn't a chance if he hopes to wear out I. S. W. in such a controversy. She says her son and his bride are in need of a vacation and that they plan to spend the impending holidays at some ski-ing resort in Austria. I am all in favor of Austria as a vacation spot but for people who do so much traveling, it would seem there would be no great need for ski-ing if relaxation from physical exertion is concerned.

This machine seems to be kicking up a little on the margin and so I shall jump a space in an effort to avoid the mangled part.

And this brings me to the bottom of the page so soon. I shall be holding this against Monday's mailing, what with no out-going mail on the morrow.....

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Sunday, November 12th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Cloudy, humid and warmer. Hatchiteches had a heavy rain on Saturday morning which almost but not quite got the far down the river. This morning a fog as heavy as a mist enshrouded the landscape until noon when the sun broke through and tonight the sky is full of faint stars, outshone by the waxing moon.

Saturday seemed odd, what with no mail because of the holiday. The barber sent me word Friday night he would be coming to give me a shearing on Saturday afternoon but he never made it.

Carmen called at noon on Saturday. She said that Charles Cunniham had just called her to say he had some distant cousins coming from New York. They had inquired if they might see Melrose and he had called Carmen to ask her if she would call me to ask if it were possible. That is so much like Charles. "hy he didn't call me himself, I don't know, unless he was scared that since he had not communicated with me in several years, I might put a flea in his ear right over the telephone.

And so Sunday morning arrived, shrouded by the mist, and Charl and his cousins from Madison Avenue and 94th Street, Manhattan arrived. I found everybody quite entrancing and they seemed to enjoy their tour. As they were leaving, the male cousin asked me if I would show them the upper floor of the big house. I liked by saying there were guests there and it would be impossible. I felt like saying to him what I have said to other unknown visitors asking the same thing:

"If you feel you have been cheated, you may stop at the store and get a refund on your entrance fee."

Had I done so, I suppose he would have said what others before him have said:

"But we didn't pay anything for the tour."

Charles had lots to say about the recent flight he and his wife to the West Indies. He explained that Florida has been on the cold side for the past several seasons and that accordingly



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further south to the West Indies, --Americans in large numbers and Europeans as well, including the Scandinavians.

He said he was glad he and his wife had gone down to explore the place before signing a lease on a house for 8 weeks at two hundred dollars a week. He said there were altogether too many people all over the place and one couldn't secure a night's lodging for forty five dollars a day. As Mrs. Cunningham is said to be possessed of several millions, --she inherited seven million from her late husband, with Charles said to be getting not a penny of it, I should imagine they might be able to weather housing charges as indicated above but perhaps that is why the wife has so much money by not luxuriating in West Indian climes and charges.

I bade farewell to the Cunningham contingent a little before the dinner hour here. They planned to return to Natchitoch and then drive to New Orleans for supper.

This afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Aiken arrived, bearing with them a tape recorder, asking if I would mind saying something about Melrose which I did for half an hour straight although I was a little on the sleepy side. I imagine there were enough pauses between phrases and enough confusion in sentence structure to make the thing wonderfully dull. At the beginning of the recording they asked me to identify speaker by name, the place of the recording and the date. That would appear simple enough but there must have been a space gap as between November and the 12th and then another gap between the 12th and 1967 since I was conscious of having to struggle in my own mind to recall the present year. I imagine, too, I may have done some hesitating, to throughout the recording and, if I am not mistaken, I put Lyle and some of his associates in the 1830's instead of the 1930's. But surely nobody of whom I mentioned could object to be given an extra hundred years. Smile.

The Aikens brought me a fine pecan pie which awaits my attention later tonight when I get around to investigate what is in the ice box.

I supped across the fence about first dark but declined the invitation to drive down to Magnolia with mine host and hostess to visit Dr. Ambrose Hertzog and wife who are up from New Orleans. I thought my excuse for declining a valid one since it was obvious I had had little chance to do much desk work during the morning or afternoon.

I held the thought it was a happy Veterans Day in Lyme with a measure of relaxation and pleasure tossed in.....

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Monday, November 13th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Perfect hold-over Indian Summer.

After the arrival of Friday's post, I was convinced that, what with Saturday being a holiday and therefore no mail deliveries, Monday's post would be enormous. It turned out that I was right. I don't recall ever receiving so much mail, --not a single letter or card but no end of catalogues and various types of throw-away stuff.

I am under the impression that every year about the middle of November, first class mail begins tapering off and that it does not get back into the normal swing of things until the middle of January. This is probably just as well since it gives the Post Office Department an opportunity to catch its breath and even take a breather before Christmas cards, holiday packages and New Year's greetings begins swamping the post office employees.

Before the big holiday postal rush gets started, I must make it a point to send along the two booklets about Laraysville which I thought you might enjoy glancing through. In the bibliography contained in the booklet containing a picture on the cover of the old mansion, there are several names of books pertaining to New York State early mansions. I don't recall the title of the book thus listed or its author. Should you chance to run across this listing, it might be worth while to jot it down. At some distant date next year I may want to ask the State Library to borrow a copy of this work for a quick glance at it, --assuming that eventually some kind of a satisfactory reader may be found up.

I am still waiting for some of the pictures taken for Pilgrimage publicity to be sent me, --promised a month ago. If these do come to hand within the next few days, I shall send them along at the same time the Laraysville pamphlets go forward, the pamphlets to be sent on later when convenient to Claude or Claudia A. Lopez whose address will be attached to the pamphlets, while the photos of this bend of the river, of course, are for little Miss Lee.



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Today in regard to pecans, I recalled what Miss Cam used to say about cotton. At the beginning of the cotton picking, she used to remark that as in previous seasons, she was told there was going to be any cotton this time. Then September would open with a tremendous racket sounding off in the direction of the gin which certainly would be beyond explanation if, as had been stated, there was no cotton.

Carmen called me twice today, each time inquiring about the availability of pecans, their price and so on. I told her I would take up the matter at the store where I was advised there were no pecans as yet and hence no price had been determined. But plantation trucks seem to be hauling loads of sacks that appear to be full of pecans and field hands are talking about how many pecans they picked since dawning and big trucks are rolling out of the pecan house, piled high with what looks like sacked pecans. All I can make out of it is the probability that standing orders are being filled as far as possible and that no pecans are being permitted within sight for would-be purchasers.

Over the coffee cups at 9 this morning, I learned that Dr. Ambrose Hertzog and wife, Irma, would be coming up for a little visit across the fence at 3. At supper time tonight, my 9 o'clock hostess appeared at Yucca, guiding Dr. Ambrose and wife, Dee, wife of Mat Hertzog and Attala Hertzog Held of New Orleans. Everybody wanted a tour and they got one although the moon was up before they were gone and the supper which had probably been hot at supper time was glacial when I got around to see about the plate that had been left on the table for me. Fortunately, Tom and Tomtom seem to relish cold food and I hope they enjoyed mine. As for myself, I am stirring up a fine omelette shortly a fine salad, some pecan pie, brought by the Aikens yesterday, a slab of cheese and a glass of milk which ought to round out my tummy nicely.

Mrs. Chapin called at 11 last night, having just then returned with her son from a week in New Orleans. She had received much mail, she said, but nothing from Mrs. Walker. Mrs. Walker called at 11:30, just back from the local hospital where she had taken her son who had had a flurry with his appendix but had been sent back home. So things turn in this area. I hold the thought the Lyme weather is beautiful, too....

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Tuesday, November 14th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Indian Summer, 2nd edition, continues.

The big surprise of the day was the carnage I discovered about sun-up when I passed by the Unicorn House to serve breakfast to the guineas and El Penderese within the wire enclosure. During the night which, thanks to the full moon, was as light as day, a poultry cat or possum or mink had invaded the placebodies of seventeen guineas were strewn all about. It must have been a wild night for all present but the survivors manifested only signs of interest in the impending handout of cracked corn and El Penderese just stood there eyeing me as though I might have been responsible for the whole thing. Right after breakfast there was a mass funeral, followed by inspection of the enclosure and the adjoining Unicorn House and re-enforcements put in where the wire netting had been torn out for the intruder to effect entrance.

Half an hour later I had a long distance call from "the lady what had the baby", --Bee Randolph phoning from Kateland Plantation in Colfax to ask if Miss Hunter had ever brought me the pictures Bee had ordered a month ago, perhaps a little longer than that. Miss Hunter, of course, had done nothing of the sort and one may be sure that if she ever paid the ones ordered, she sold them before Pilgrimage was over. The last time I saw James, he reported the artist had orders piled up for weeks ahead and that she had nothing by way of finished pictures on hand. I have no doubt Bee will get her three items some day but it will take a dab of dings on Lestan's part to get the subjects painted and the canvases away from Miss Hunter. It certainly is wonderful what a success her work is having and how she never has to worry about selling anything but only how she can knock off enough to keep abreast with the unceasing demand.

One of the local citizens "got lost" last Wednesday when he, one James Brown, went to town with his mama, Jane Baptiste Brown, sister of Log and Peter. When it was time for them to return to the plantation, Janie and the other people with her couldn't find son James, sometimes known as Hen, some as Galdie. He did not come home for the weekend and when the town radio announced the body of a youth in his 20s had been discovered in the ruins of an old house on the college campus, --the house consumed Monday by fire, it was wondered if the body might be that of James, sometimes known as Hen or Galdie, since inquiry at the town jailed



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was answered by a statement from that quarter that no James Brown, Hen or Geldie, was or had been incarcerated in that institution. About 5 o'clock this afternoon, however, somebody working at the jail and knowing James, Hen or Geldie, had quite a long chat with him and it turns out that he has indeed been lodged in the jail since last Wednesday evening but his induction into that institution never reported on the books. The search accordingly goes on for the identity of the youth, thought to be white, consumed by the conflagration on the college campus.

A member of the Chicago Police force made a pilgrimage here last Spring and was so captivated by his visit that he felt inclined to write to express his appreciation a couple of times during the summer. His agent called this afternoon, saying that the aforesaid gentleman had lost his wife a couple of years ago, had taken unto himself a new one and wanted very much to have the new bride pay a visit with him on the morrow if it could be arranged. It could. I held the thought members of the force have a keener respect for precision in timing than do physicians, the latter being as a group the poorest hands in keeping pilgrimage appointments.

So many people who see J. H. frequently and even daily express the feeling that he is looking so much better than he has in a long time. I am glad that this is so for I must say he himself seems to drive himself as hard as ever. I caught sight of him this morning at the store at 7 o'clock. He was just taking off with a couple of other gentlemen for Baton Rouge, --R. E.A. business, I believe. He was back this afternoon, it was said, but I did not see him at supper as he was in town attending a bank meeting.

Look magazine for September 19th, 1967 is the issue containing the second part of that "cloak and dagger" story I mentioned the other day, --the one about the Cuban crisis in which the French President is playing "featsies" with the Soviet Government at the expense of the American Government. As a thriller, it is as exciting as a detective story by A. Conan Doyle. Although Tall Charlie is given another name, there is no doubt about him being the character around which the thing swings. He must be furious if he has read the piece and in a way it seems surprising he hasn't made a rumpus about it. I think the title of the story is "Tepaze", a bit surprising, since there was a play by that name that was popular 20 or 30 years ago.

And now I must do a dab of chores, take a quick turn in the hana garden under the full moon and then call it a day.....

15187

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Wednesday, November 15th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair and mild by day, a glorious Harvest Moon by night.

It was so good finding a letter from Lyme in today's post. I didn't receive the services of a secretary until long after moonrise and then, finding the helper afflicted with a terrific cold, I opened only one letter, struggling through it to nobody's satisfaction. I found the secretary noble in the attempts made but I finally gave up the effort of trying to comprehend when I learned that a substitute secretary had sent word he would be dropping around before heading out for school in the morning. It will be grand to read smoothly and without interruptions of coughings and thus enjoy to the fullest the pleasure that is mine in having had tonight's somewhat halting attempt to commune.

I am especially glad to learn the the Veteran's Day outing could be made under pleasant atmospheric conditions. That must have been a great contribution to the effort. I appreciate, too, the account of the frames of mind in which one and another of those present manifested their position in what was going on. I somehow had a happier sensation however when I learned how the day closed and that little Miss Lee could make it back home safe and sound.

I am so glad to receive the sidelights about the Kennedy visit to Angkor Vat. Without such particulars from little Miss Lee, I should never know anything about such details, including, of course, the guide, the book and all figuring in these doings, all of which goes so far to clarify the mere mention of the whole business as reported by the radio.

I am glad to learn that Bill Larson is in another show. I hadn't heard anything about his present undertakings although I probably might have learned something the other day when his mama phoned me for an address which I gave her forthwith, fortunately for in the midst of the conversation, the connection was cut and, try as I did, I could not re-establish the contact. I suppose I have remarked before



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that the local 'phone system appears to be in an unending  
uprear, wrong numbers being only a minor frustration,  
not to mention recordings blurring in to say "The number  
you have dialed is not a working number. Consult your directory  
for the correct number or consult your operator."  
I had to call the store the other day and get the above  
recording thrown at me. Users of the 'phone are  
getting into the habit, once connected with a  
party, to gush out whatever the vital message  
is, before even saying Hello, being quite sure  
from experience that all connections may be cut before  
half a dozen words are spoken. For the past six months or  
possibly a year, new equipment is said to be in the works and that  
when that engineering task has been completed,  
everything will be back to normal. I doubt if  
anyone remembers what normality was like after all  
deep summer and autumnal misadventures.

One particularly bothersome element in all this  
telephone mix-up is the number of calls one gets  
that bear no relation whatsoever to numbers actually dialed.  
This, for some unknown reason, occurs at  
night on Natchitoches 379 7273. Yesterday morning  
at 4:45, I responded to a call when in response to  
my somewhat sleepy "Hello", a voice said:

"Edgar, Edgar, what are you doing at this  
hour of the morning....."

"For your information," the annoyed answer responds,  
"This isn't Edgar."

and I hung up.

I think I recognized the voice of Sterling Evans of  
Houston who was probably calling Edgar Regier, overseer of  
Little Eva plantation.

Lestan tells me he is particularly touched by the kind  
things said by little Miss Lee about various  
items in print. I'm glad as I know he is that the  
Lanterns turned out alright. And what with pumpkins suggesting  
not only Halloween but the approach of Thanksgiving, too,  
Lestan expressed himself as especially appreciative of  
points about New England's celebration of that event  
and contemporary plans for that season. I am  
impatient for the morrow and the pre-school opportunity  
for a secretary to re-read today's letter and the  
clippings and renew the communion afforded  
by the letter coming to hand today.....

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Thursday, November 16th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Continued fair by day and fair and  
continued full moon by night.

It was so nice being able to start off the  
day by running through once more the letter from  
Lyme in yesterday's post. There was even an  
opportunity to turn through this week's issue of  
Life which went along so perfectly with the  
clippings in Monday's letter. I thought the cover of  
Life very striking with the huge dark entrance to Angkor  
dominating the scene and the tiny figure of Mrs. Kennedy  
down in the lower right hand corner. I believe the  
inscription in the middle of the page read:

"Jackie in Cambodia".

I don't suppose there was any occasion for the  
magazine giving a history of Angkor Wat in connection  
with the Kennedy visit but I hope the editors  
are keeping the matter in mind for some future presentation.

Come to think of it, I was surprised to  
learn from my secretary that the word, Angkor Wat was sp  
Angkor Wat. I have no notion how Cambodian spelling  
is transposed into a Western tongue but up to now I  
had always thought of the second part of the word be-  
ginning with a V rather than a W.

There was one point in the text that corrected my  
concept as to the date of the great ruin. I had supposed  
it to have been a 17th century building whereas the  
text mentions it as from the 15th century. Off hand, I  
by pictures of Angkor Wat have always brought to mind  
pictures + have seen of Aztec ruins  
in Yucatan although there obviously was no  
connection between these two civilizations.

Knowing nothing about Asiatic history and  
even less about Aztec and Mayan, I cannot have  
the feeling for their ancient buildings or the ruins the



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as compared and contrasted with equally imposing architectural wonders of Western civilization. I understand that the great cities of Yucatan, imposing architecturally, had comparatively short existences because the people who created their marvelous buildings understood little or nothing about the soil, over-laying the porous limestone just beneath and that cities had to be abandoned in comparatively short spans of time because the soil soon ran out of elements for productivity in agricultural matters. I have always accepted this statement as gospel but there has always remained a question in the back of my mind because the pre-Columbian civilizations in some instances, such as in Peru, were so skilled in agricultural matters which, I should be the first to admit, need not indicate that their Mexican neighbors were equally keen in such matters.

In the case of Angkor Vat, it was never quite clear to me what happened to bring that manifestation of civilization to what appears to have been a comparatively brief time span. But since I don't know when Angkor Vat was really brought into being or when the jungle re-claimed it, I should do better to simply sit back and admire the visible evidences of what once it must have been. Suffice it is to say that I am glad Mrs. Kennedy by visiting the place, focused world wide attention on the wonder and thankful to Life for having been an agent in turning the limelight in its direction.

Mildred Cunningham dropped in just before supper to bring me some excellent little cakes she had picked up in Alexandria this afternoon. She chanced to glimpse the Life cover and express her delight about the Kennedys in general and Jackie in particular. I laughed in my beard recalling that half an hour earlier, Carmen on the phone had expressed a directly opposite view.

And now for one of these little cakes and a big glass of chocolate milk and that will be it.....

15191

*Laurel Hill destroyed by fire  
of Hatcher, Nov. 11/1967.*

Friday, November 17th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Our glorious post Indian Summer continues. Tonight the moon rose an hour after sundown and isn't quite so round as last night but nevertheless remains big and wonderfully golden.

Perhaps you will already have glanced at the attached clipping. I know not what paper it is from or the date but I assume it may well have been the Alexandria Town Talk of yesterday, November 16th, 1967.

The heading of the article seems odd, --something about a Civil War mansion. "My house built in the 1700's should be dubbed a Civil War mansion," I cannot imagine.

Very possibly there will be additional and longer articles about Laurel Hill but one is never sure about such matters. I am under the impression little Miss Lee has Dr. Butler's book about the old place and one or another of Leston's references to it in correspondence which is just another way of saying that little Miss Lee knows more about it than anyone else I know in the whole country except the single Butler girl, now Mrs. Pugh, of Oakridge or where ever, Pierce, Junior, and Virginia Butler Dixon now gone.

I wish I knew someone in Hatcher who would write a letter but I don't. Reah might have some details such as what, if anything, was saved. Reah, however, isn't dreaming of writing a letter. Mrs. More isn't writing anymore either and of course Alice Walworth writes only books and never any letters.

Someday I must jot down some more of my remembrances of the old place, personal possessions of Dr. Mercer, family heirlooms of the Ellises who built the place and Dr. Butler, its last owner in residence. Such souvenirs might fill in gaps in blank places in the Butler volume, the romance of Cousin Eliza Young and William Newton Mercer and the thousand and one other items that have not as yet found their way into the records of the old place.



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James appeared unannounced at 10:30 this morning and remained for dinner. He was feeling fine and reported Kay as being happy that the work at 406 is going forward and may be finished within a couple of weeks. He reported that she wants to come down one day this coming week. That will be nice, especially if she doesn't get entangled with Thanksgiving turkeys all day.

The Registers did not receive an invitation to the Friedman dinner engineered by Cousin Arthur at fifty dollars a plate. I am still filled with curiosity about how the list of people to be invited was drawn up. I have heard nothing today from anyone who attended although the clerk reported that Pat and Juanita B. attended, saying there were about 250 people present and all of them mad. Senator Friedman, already rich, must have been pleased to have received whatever 50 times 250 dollars may amount to, especially as it had been declared prior to the dinner that ten thousand dollars was to be raised to cover the campaign expenses of this successful candidate.

James reported having stopped in to see the artist before coming around the garden to see me. He said her cabin is piled high with canvases, both plain and painted. He said there was a stack of orders for pictures that ought to keep her busy from now until Easter at least and, he added, only God, and most certainly not the artist, had any notion about the number of orders left by people passing this way and to see placing orders by telephone. Even as in the case of "the lady who had the baby", not a tenth of these people will ever see these orders executed but some of them, of course, coming this way over and over again might eventually grab one or another picture that might be intended originally for people who have written.

Doreatha made pumpkin pie again today and there is a nice big piece awaiting my attention when I interrupt my desk work later in the night. I have a column to do and a few letters to write before beard-folding time and pumpkin pie and a glass of milk will give me just the proper stamina to do the job.....

15193

Sunday, November 19th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair and cool in the 40 - 60 Range.

In the same post with this memo goes forward under separate cover a registered package containing the two pamphlets about Laraysville, the latter to be forwarded to Claude or Claudia A. Lopez, together with some of the Pilgrimage photos which are for little Miss Lee's collection.

If it seems a good idea to little Miss Lee, the pictures might be identified on the back, --such as the date they were taken, --September or October, 1967, and if other particulars are thought likely to be helpful, such notations might be made at the same time on the back of each picture but I leave that point up to whatever the thought may be regarding the suggestion. A slip will be attached to the photos for little Miss Lee's information and whether anything from these notes should find a place on the photos or not is entirely up to her.

There was an appointment for 9:30 on Saturday morning with Mrs. Aiken and others to do some more work on the recordings of the Melrose story. The party arrived promptly at 10:35. Engineers, like photographers, seem to have a way of turning a house upside down in order to get their instruments properly adjusted. Such was the case Saturday morning, leaving little leisure for the recording before interruptions would start around the noonday dinner hour. Eventually, however, the chore was achieved and a recording made. Insufficient tape had been brought, however, which is another way of saying the story could not be recorded as a whole. It is thought, however, that the thing can be pieced together with sections of the story taped on earlier attempts. This will not lend itself so well to a more perfectly rounded story but it will probably do well enough. It is expected the thing will go on the market about the middle of December at a cost of about six bucks per record which sounds ridiculously high to me for such an item. I believe the work of pressing the records and boxing is carried out in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Aiken called me tonight long distance to ask my



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approval of the blurb she had written to appear on the jacket of the thing. It sounded alright to me although the connection was poor and I missed several phrases along the way.

I can't see why anyone should have been surprised when in the mid Saturday dinner a member of the family arrived from Shreveport with a view to lingering on, knowing not how long. Mrs. Aiken about this at a subsequent sitting.

I got some reading done last night from Allen Churchill's *The Roosevelts*. It contains a wealth of material from 1649 to the present. It seems to me people versed in running up and down family trees may find it easier than I do keeping all the Isaacs, Jameses, Johns and so on straight in the mind as to generation and family relationship. There are plenty of Nicholas Roosevelts, too, and, as it turned out, I found myself quite enchanted when I found quite a lot about one particular Nicholas. A long time ago I had visited at the home of a Nicholas Roosevelt near Skaneateles, Onondaga County, in central New York State. It was not until last night that I realized this was the home of the same Nicholas Roosevelt who, with his wife, made the first steamboat journey from Cincinnati to New Orleans in 1811, - the journey so often mentioned in connection with the great earthquake of that year. With all the Roosevelts living in New York City or along the Hudson, it seems quite odd that Nicholas should have gone into what must have been wilderness country in those years to establish himself in such a far away region. Now I want to go back and visit the old house again. According to the Roosevelts, it was Nicholas, not Robert Fulton, who invented the first steamboat. I must re-read this part of the volume again. I believe the birth and death years of Nicholas were 1767 to 1854. Syracuse in Onondaga County should have made the most of this past year to celebrate the birth of the aforesaid Nicholas, don't you think so. I might add that his wife was Jane Latrobe, daughter of the architect and builder of whom one is forever bumping into in accounts of early American building during the Jeffersonian era. The author states that the Skaneateles house was the best residence ever built by a Roosevelt which seems to be saying a great deal in view of all the Hudson river properties developed by members of that family.

Mrs. Aiken brought me a mince meat pie and I am about to investigate same as a further step toward bed and in the general direction of Thanksgiving.....

15195

Monday, November 20th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Cloudy and 70.

Last night was raucous around and about and up and down the river. Of one or two points, I shall speak at a subsequent sitting. Death came to the home of one of the overseers, Edward Armande Metoyer, a man who had appeared to be in good health simply died in his sleep around midnight.

He is the papa of Paul who is forever in trouble, in and out of jails, forever being bailed out by his papa and always getting himself back into the clink. Paul was a source of vast humiliation to his family because he would "take up" with ladies, darker in pigmentation than mulatto. He is the one, this Paul, who has long been a helper of Jackie, daughter of Clementine Hunter. Jackie on one occasion shot Paul through the window, she inside he outside. But although that brush put Paul in the hospital for a while and Jackie in jail for a few days, the episode did not cool their ardor, thereby further depressing Paul's parent. But now Edward Armande has departed this life and one wonders if Paul will miss him the more, once Paul is back in jail as he most certainly will be shortly if he pursues his customary highjinks.

I must say I think Paul may have come by his wackiness honestly enough since there seems to be something of a lack of balance in the persons of his parents. I may have mentioned a while back how Edward Armande re-acted so surprisingly to a gesture on my part which taught me on things done by one person can be entirely mis-interpreted by another. Every Saturday afternoon, the wife of Edward Armande makes meat pies at home which Edward Armande brings to the store for J. H., the clerk and me. The pies are always grand and we all enjoy them but I often thought this regularity of having to make meat pies every Saturday afternoon must sometimes be tiresome to the lady who has to make them..... interruption..... And so, when Armande brought the pies, I gave him a little package, - a pictorial plate, I thought the lady might like, together with a little note expressing appreciation for the grand pies she so faithfully baked for us. To my astonishment,



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Armede re-acted with suspicion and for quite a while after that, whenever we saw each other, he was quite correct in speaking but with just enough snappiness in tone as to indicated his unhappiness. A little later, the grapevine reported that Armede didn't like it that I was trying to court his wife and had sent her a present by him.

On Sunday night, Lily Mae Wilson stabbed one Centee, a former helper. She drove a knife into his heart and he died in his papa's house where Lily Mae had come to express her dislike for him. And so Lily Mae is now in jail and who may be taking care of her 13 children, I don't know. That scuffle took place in Cloutierville so no one need suppose that this bend of the river is the only place where people misbehave.

The interruption above was a call from Mrs. Chapin. She is very happy that her son-in-law at San Antonio in the Air Force, has received his discharge so that he can take his family back to New Orleans where he will lend a hand to his father who has some kind of a business there. Mrs. Chapin said she had received several cards, all from the Hatchitoches Church, each card giving the date that Masses had been requested by the several donors to be said in memory of her mother. One of the cards from the church had borne the name of Mrs. Walker.

And speaking of Mrs. Walker, she took her final test today so that she will probably receive her degree from college in January. I am wondering if she will not take her mother on a trip to Porto Rico with a view to going there to live if they like it. At the same time, I am wondering if, should they not like it, she may take over the job of Editor of The Hatchitoches Times. It is said the new owner has expected her to take that post as soon as she receives her degree. What the new owner expects and what Mrs. Walker intends to do may well be poles apart and only the future can reveal what may happen to such plans and expectations.

I think I did not mention in yesterday's memo that the Lopez address attached to the memo is the one to be used when forwarding the two Laraysville pamphlets when you are through glancing through them.

Regarding the forthcoming gramophone record, Lestan would appreciate a word of advice from little Miss Lee regarding the sending of one in her direction. It is supposed to be released sometime in December. The jacket is supposed to carry a likeness of the recorder. Lestan wonders if it would be better to withhold sending of same until a more convenient time for its reception. One wonders if it can be handled conveniently at all by the recipient, if it would be better to remove it from its jacket or if it would be better to withhold the record and jacket until suitable arrangements have been made by Lestan.

15197

Tuesday, November 21st, 1967.

Memorandum:

Last night's low was 67 which wasn't very low for this time of year. Today's high must have been in the 80's. We are promised another like set of readings for the morrow.

The same setup has obtained since Saturday and one hopes for a Happy Thanksgiving but, of course, one never knows. I developed mild sniffles after getting chilled on Sunday night but the patent medicine called Contact seems to be holding down the slight cold.

I finished the Allen Churchill book on the Roosevelts and I liked what I read. The part about Sarah Delano Roosevelt and little glimpses of life on Hudson River estates was quite entertaining.

No mention in the volume is made of the visit of the King and Queen of England to Hyde Park but there are the names of two or three royal visitors there about which I had heard, -- Crown Princess Maude of Norway and Queen Wilhelmina of The Netherlands. I had not known, however, that the Empress Zita was even in this country during the war years.

There was one episode in the White House during the first administration of F. D. R. which I had not heard about before. When the President decided to inaugurate a series of Fireside Chats, the whole idea was new and only the family and friends but not the press were invited to be present for the broadcast. As the hour for delivering the speech approached, all present were properly placed and the microphones adjusted to the President's position in his chair. Just as the magical moment for him to go on the air, it was suddenly discovered that the President did not have his speech before him and nobody knew where it was. Fortunately, copies of the speech had been prepared for the press in advance and one of these was thrust into the President's hands just in time for the President to say:.....

"My Friends....."

I suppose every phase of White House life has been thoroughly printed again and again in periodicals and in books but



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I, myself, have never chanced upon any accounts of the  
filings of White House correspondence, documents and both  
official and unofficial letters. This must be a tremendous  
job, especially as to which person decides which papers  
are to go where, how many people are engaged in the filing,  
where the files are located, etc., etc. It seems to me  
I read something once about Ike Hoover in the old days having  
been in charge of in-coming mail but in-coming mail must  
be much easier to handle than making decisions after it has  
been opened and distributed and especially how such  
avalanches of correspondence is to be filed. There seems to  
have been need for a whole library to be built to hold  
Presidential papers at the conclusion of each President's tenure  
of office and this is understandable enough. What would be intere  
to know is where all this plunder is kept during the  
years the President retains the reins of office. Surely it  
cannot all be housed in the White House. There's probably  
some ware house off in the Virginia hills where just such sort  
of stuff is kept until the new library has been completed.

There is a peculiar manifestation making itself felt  
in the realm of the peacocks. I have long thought that  
a psychology is quite an interesting study but I have long  
been somewhat dubious about what fellows, once the practitioners  
of that study effect, once they have discovered that the  
wheels in the brain aren't turning properly. I may  
have mentioned that once or twice in recent months one of the you  
peacocks, for no apparent reason, has uttered a strange,  
muffled note, following the warning by jumping  
up and trying to give me a swat. Yesterday, to my astonishment,  
a peacock began muttering the same note and would have taken  
a swing at me, I believe, had she seen a good chance. Can  
it be that the ladies are developing a set of manners to  
harmonize with the gentlemen and, if so, what could  
be the occasions. The little dog is here from Shreveport and  
perhaps his presence has started something. Be that as it may,  
I must take the peacock and peacock matter in hand to  
see if they can be persuaded to mend their ways and resume  
acting once more little little ladies and little gentlemen.

And now for a dab of ice cream and a Contact pill and thence  
to my downy pillow.....

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Wednesday, November 22nd, 1967.

Memorandum:

Cloudy with an occasional fine sprinkle but not enough  
of moisture to discourage out of door work. The  
weather man says a cold front is poised somewhere in the  
offing and that the thermometer may drop into the 40's  
tonight. Everyone is hoping for cooler weather, that is  
everyone interested in plants and trees for many plants  
such as the butterfly lilies are sprouting out of the ground  
and the pecan trees are putting out new growth and new growth on  
a pecan tree in November means there will be no pecans to form  
on such branches next season.

As colorful a tom turkey as you ever saw struts majestically  
on the lovely card from Lyme in today's post. I  
never saw a prettier bird either and never read  
a sweeter message handwritten and in print. Verily  
my Thanksgiving Day weekend is going to be bubbling over  
with happiness, thanks to all this beautiful card brings  
with it.

Today's post brought the enclosure from Briarwood.  
Little Miss Dorman is understandably tired of to many  
visitors. Fortunately for her, the great majority of these people,  
I believe, are botany enthusiasts and watchers of birds,--  
two brackets in which Carrie always glows. Whether it be  
to her advantage or not, many of the people I know who go there  
always have Carrie's appreciation of good food and usually  
arrive before dinner, bearing with them complete  
repasts for all present, people like Elythe, the Registers,  
the Mulliloves and so on. At the same time, I have no  
doubt they always leave behind them sufficient food of 1st rate  
quality to keep the Briarwood larder pleasantly bubbling over  
with delectable fare. I believe the majority of  
her visitors come primarily to see her but are enchanted if  
she feels like giving them a turn around her native pines and  
dogwoods. Few of them, however, probably realize that  
these visitations do consume hours that Carrie would  
probably prefer to spend at her reading and writing and painting. The  
world will be the poorer for being denied creations that  
will never come into being by the denial of time to  
la Dorman but perhaps in the long run the relaxation



15200

their presence enforces on her may contribute something to her own concentrations, once she is alone.

The mail also brought a couple of recordings of the Talking Book persuasion, -- "The Great Rogue or the Life and Adventures of Captain John Smith by Paul Lewis, and the Pasternack novel that came so close, did indeed receive the Noble Prize for literature even though the author was forbidden to receive it.

I think I shall enjoy both books, having heard so much about the novel and having never learned anything much about Captain John Smith who really was quite a fellow, I believe. I only regret I must deny myself the pleasure of dipping into either of these books at the moment, however, as all my work is far behind and I must knock off a few things on this machine before collapsing in my armchair to set the reading machine going. It would appear that the tumult that has been going on since last Saturday could go on forever and so I am hoping to accomplish a little desk work and reading before long.

The name of King Solomon, of all people, came up today when Carmen called me this morning to say that Mrs. King Solomon had dropped by Red Cross to say she needed an operation and that her husband had not renewed some kind of a card soldiers are provided with if they want to allow extra care for wives in distress. Mrs. Solomon's card ran out in 1960. In a matter of hours, King Solomon, at present stationed somewhere in Asia, was contacted and the desired card officially signified as being en route to the wife.

Carmen called later in the day to tell me what I already know, to wit, that the Hysterical Ladies wanted to present me with a gift. She said she and Thelma had thought a nice heavy warm coat would be just the thing. I said it would not since heavy coats were exactly the type of raiment of which I had the most. She said that that didn't matter and that she and Thelma were going to select one for me. I took that announcement philosophically enough since they are proposing and I shall be disposing.

Clara Genuing called this morning to say that her daughter had passed her final examination for her degree but that her daughter would not be teaching at Northwestern since Northwestern graduates who live in town are not put on the college staff. I said nothing about Natalie, of course, and let that statement go for what it was worth, -- nothing.

A dab of pound cake and a glass of chocolate milk await my attention and, being famished, I am going to do something about it right now.....

15201

Thursday, November 23rd, 1967.

Memorandum:

A little cloudy this morning but the balance of the day has been sunny, thermometer in the low 70's and a breeze at 20 miles per hour.

It was an exceedingly quiet day at this bend of the river but at close there was much for which she returned thanks with gusto. Even my cold seems to be much on the mend.

In last Sunday's memo and subsequent ones, I suppose I touched very lightly on all the stresses and strains implicit in every visit from Shreveport. On her Saturday arrival she mentioned she was returning to Shreveport that evening. She did go to town on Saturday and got drunk at her sister-in-law's, the widow June Henry. It must have been quite a good binge for she was still three sheets in the wind on Sunday night. I supped across the fence and J. H. was preparing to retire before I left there about 8 o'clock. But he had to get dressed again when June phoned to say Sister was just taking off to drive down here, June's boy-friend following her in another car to see that she arrived all in one piece. I knew nothing about the phone call and J. H., on her arrival, insisting she go to bed. About 10:30, however, there was a great racket on the Yucca gallery and there she was in a nightgown, drunk as a fool. It took about 3 hours to get her out of here and installed again in the big house. The dog, of course, was all over the place.

On Monday, one would never have dreamed she had been drunk at 1 a.m., and all day and Tuesday and Wednesday, she was all over the place, with everything in the fields, the store, the house in a perpetual stew. Every day she said she was going home before evening and when her daughter appeared on Tuesday, she asked her mother why she was fiddling around here. The mother said she was going to remain here for Thanksgiving to force an invitation across the fence where she is forbidden entrance. The clerk and I would have dined across the fence today, had she not been here and, of course, nobody, the cooks on both sides of the fence, being unable to guess which way she was going to jump. And so dinners were prepared at both houses. Sometime between breakfast and dinner she ran into town and so the folks across the fence ate the



10321

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dinner there while the clerk and I ate on this side of the fence. Tuesday I had given her a lot of stuff to take home wither, pumpkins, artichokes and the Lord knows what all. I did not see her this afternoon but at supper, J. H. told me she had finally gone home, --he thought.

I haven't seen El Penderese and one of the black cats since Monday. The other peacocks are nervously hanging about, leading me to assume that El Penderese is not likely to be seen again. I have my doubts about Tom, too.

I find it perfectly remarkable that one person can so dislocate an entire establishment.

And so quiet returns, I hope, to this bend of the river bringing with it a spirit of true Thanksgiving while my pert turkey on yesterday's card stands here by the typewriter, keeping a pert eye on me and making me smile as each tap of the keys inclines him toward motion that heightens his proud progress across the card.

I am happy to say I did not see a single pilgrim today, -- truly an agent or lack of same worthy of note on the calendar. I did not communicate by phone with the outside world either. I assume everyone was busy making preparations for attacking the great American bird.

As I have not heard from the Registers in the past week, I know not where they planned to dine. With 406 in some confusion in consequence of the alterations being made there, I assume they may have dined out. As for I. S. Willard, she probably accepted an invitation or two. I was wondering if the Kyers entertained at home or possibly dined at 1226 where Dr. Yvonne Phillips is occupying the Register house. I learned yesterday that the Kyers had been trying to reach me but having scant success in operating their phone.

With everyone in town alerted as to carryings-on at this bend of the river, everybody intentionally kept shy of anything in this direction and this, of course, was well advised.

As for myself, I am going to celebrate Thanksgiving night by folding up my beard early, grateful withal for all the happiness that is mine, especially as between this secluded spot and Lyme.....

15203

10321

Friday, November 24th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair with a hight of 75.

I think, but I'm not at all certain, that a small package of pecans should be going forward in the same post with this memo. I made out the label, as from "est. J.H. H.", and passed it along to be filled and forwarded but ~~and~~ when and if it goes forward, I cannot say. I mention it, however, thinking little Miss Lee may find it convenient to know what, if anything, is cooking when a slip appears. There is but one string attached to this shipment and that is that little Miss Lee make use of the contents of the paltry package for her own delectation or for her friends, not denying herself the stuff by sharing it with Lestan who finds himself so much nearer the source of supply whence one or another ingredient comes.

It is so peaceful at the moment at this bend of the river, everyone appears ever so much more pert. There is no doubt in my own mind that this return of a measure of quiet gives me the impression my sniffles are much on the mend. My vast improvement, however, may be due in large measure to the Contact pills I have been taking and the conservation of physical energy.

I had a pleasant break this afternoon in the day's shores when by appointment, Mrs. Chopin, her sister, a cousin and some other lady, a Miss Mumm, passed this way. It was all very pleasant and the visitors didn't stay very long so that the interlude was just right all around.

I received a 'phone call from Janet Kyser this morning. She had come down from Shreveport to have Thanksgiving Day with her papa and mama and was returning to Shreveport before noon. She didn't have anything in particular to say but it is always pleasant to chat with her. Before hanging up, she put her mama on the wire and while Thelma didn't have much to offer by way of news, it was nice to compare "turkey aftermath" with her. She is threatening to collar John and the two of them make a little round down this way one of these days.

I called the Parish library this morning to get the correct spelling of the name of a book by Sir Walter Scott but I had the wrong librarian and she couldn't find the



15204

Scott material. The college library is not open during the present vacation and so I called Natalie who could have told me but her servant said that Natalie was not at home, having gone out in search of her daughter who was said to be shopping. The call for Ann was urgent in that it was said at the hospital that Ann's mother-in-law was on the point of death. Whether mother and daughter ever discovered each other, I know not. I chatted with the servant a few minutes as she is a Metoyer whose family I have known for years. Whether the girl gave Natalie my message, -- or not exactly my message since I left none, but whether she mentioned to her that I had called, I know not but haven't heard anything from that quarter and so I went ahead with the work I was doing, substituting something else for the name or the spelling of the name I had wanted, -- Roqueby or some such title among Sir Walter's novels.

I must say the news boys had a field day on today's go-round, what with so many things happening, -- the unending Southeast Asian scuffling around Hill 840 or whatever, the tightening of tensions between the Jews and the Arabs, the scuffling threatened as been Greek and Turk about Cyprus, not to mention the flurry over gold purchases abroad. I don't understand anything about any of all this but I must confess I had supposed the Isle of Cyprus had long since gone under so that Greeks and Turks didn't have that bite of real estate to squabble about but obviously I was in error. I tried to get some news at 8 o'clock tonight over CBS but the football boys had the network all sewed up and thereby convinced me that listening to football games is a much better way to spend one's time than trying to keep abreast with the news.

I am happy to report that both amx Tom and Tomtem have put in an appearance, now that the dog has gone back home with its mistress. They don't feel quite sure that the animal may be gone for good, however, for, contrary to their custom of coming to the big house to sit on the steps and wait for me until I come out from supper, they linger in the border grass beneath the persimmon, half way between Yucca and the big house, until they see me issuing forth and are convinced the dog isn't going to put in an appearance. As for El Penderoso, he has not returned and I have a feeling he has gone forever.

There's a note of holiday season in the air tonight, -- not because of the temperature or the calendar but simply by the sound of exploding firecrackers does one realize the Christmas season is almost upon us. Children in the general direction of the artist's cabin are having a fine time with Grandma probably shelling out the wherewithal to purchase the noise-makers.....

15205

Memorandum:

Sunday, November 26th, 1967.

Partly cloudy and too warm for this spot on the calendar, -- 60 to 75. Forest fires are numerous in some sections of the State where no rain has fallen in 70 days. The weather man says he can't discover any sign of rain in the offing.

At supper across the fence tonight, I learned that Jack Brittain's mother died Saturday and was buried this afternoon. Most of Saturday's mail, little of which appeared interesting, remains unopened. Both Saturday and Sunday arrivals of secretaries was ill-timed when balanced off against visitors. The first two secretaries arrived at the same time just at the dinner hour as I was leaving for the big house. They said they would come back but I haven't seen either of them. Another appeared in mid afternoon entering by one gate just as visitors were entering by another. I raced through one long letter from Mrs. Aiken after supper but that secretary was intent on catching a ride to town and so I let him fly. Secretaries appearing today weren't certain of their alphabet and so I thought it as well to let the sleeping letters lie.

The letter from Mrs. Aiken which I want to run through again reported that the manufacturer of records has put off the Melrose one from December 9th to December 27th, due, I suppose, to the rush of business. I certainly can't see why there should be any special hurry about the Melrose thing.

On Saturday afternoon, Mesdames Walker and Genung dropped in for a few minutes en route to Natchitoches from a little shopping spree in Alexandria. I had asked Mrs. Walker some time back to purchase some envelopes of "coolaid" for me in town, handing it to a gentleman living in the same apartment she and her mother lives, -- same apartment house, that is, so that that gentleman might hand it in turn to his papa who gets down this way once a week. The ladies, however, found the little package provided as good as an excuse as any for paying a little call and that was that. The afternoon was so sunny and summery that I think they enjoyed the little stroll in the gardens. I thought both looked tastefully gowned but I was surprised how frail Madam Genung appeared. She seems to be losing weight gradually but as she has weighed less than a hundred pounds for quite a long time, the continuing loss somehow gave me the impression as she walked beside me, holding on to my arm, that I was supporting a little



15206

figure of slightly re-enforced tissue paper.

Saturday night I finished the Lewis volume on Captain John Smith, --"the Great Regue", I believe is the title. I was glad I had run across this book for it taught me several things about early colonization in Virginia and various particulars about British personalities that I did not know before. There seem to have been no end of remarkable exploits by Mr. Smith and perhaps one of the most impressive of his gifts was his ability, not unlike Heinrich von Schliemann, to pick up a new language at the drop of a hat, --French, Turkish, Russian, American Indian or whatever. There is an amusing section about the time when in his early 20's, he found himself a slave in the Constantinople establishment of a mistress of some Turkish military leader. Very young men usually had their virility removed before being turned over to such a lady but somehow John Smith escaped that but did, nevertheless, did have to adorn himself in a thin silken dress and wear anklets decorated with little bells which certainly must have made the husky young grenadiere look odd.

Before the Turkish interlude and the consequent flight to Rostov and thence on to Moscow, John Smith, still in his teens, had fought in Northern France in the army of Henry of Navarre, grandpappy, no less, of Louis Quatorze. Intellect, physical strength and luck certainly figured mightily in the case of John Smith who should, it would seem, have been pretty tired before succumbing at the ripe old age of fifty one.

I. S. Willard just called. She is having some construction work attended to on the margin of Cane River where it passes her property. The speed boats, water ski-ers and whatnot keep waves splashing along the shore and the ground gives way as a result so that property owners where the wash is most constant are not at all enthralled by the water sport enthusiasts. I suppose the latter wouldn't carry on with such abandon either if their property were being washed away by the high-jinks of such people.

My sniffles appear to be improving and I am going to encourage same to go away by folding up my beard early tonight, after a petitfour and a glass of milk.....

15207

Monday, November 27th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Drizzle and chilly. The thermometer began dropping shortly after daylight when it stood at 57. It will go down almost to 36 tonight it is said. Not even enough rain fell to do any good but we are promised more bountiful amounts tonight and tomorrow.

I guess it's the weather that is producing unexpected clarity of reception from distant stations before dark tonight. I thought I was tuned in on a Shreveport station at 4:45 when I was casting about for a weather report. It turned out I was on a Cleveland station. I tried my hand at securing an Alexandria station and came up with Havana. And speaking of radio out of Shreveport, there was an announcement yesterday that KWKH is about to change its affiliation. From 1935 until 1959, that station drew many of its programs from CBS when, without any reason being given, it cast off CBS and took up ABC. Yesterday's announcement states that ABC is now being thrown overboard and the CBS affiliation resumed. In 1959, I assumed the change might have been because CBS was too liberal. That was merely a guess. Perhaps there was some personal feud as between KWKH and CBS. In the mean time, --a few months ago, the manager of KWKH, one Henry Clay, was killed in an airplane accident. Perhaps a new manager had other ideas.

Later tonight I am hoping to bump into a broadcast of "Tall Charlie's" session with the press today. I ran into one broadcast in which somebody was translating into English against a background of what "Tall Charlie" was saying in French, the whole performance being so neatly attuned, the one to the other, that I couldn't make heads or tails out of what either was saying. It sounded as though he was having something to report on Quebec but what it was, I couldn't make out. I should think that by now he would realize he pulled a boner on Quebec last summer and would avoid that subject in the future. But he is a persistent fellow and perhaps will eventually get around to coazing Louisiana to break away from its national ties and swing around to Tall Charlie.



15208

There was more mail today and I finally got around to run through most of it, being not much the wiser when I had dismissed my secretary who made slow progress through too many hand written epistles, none of which were worth the effort. I find it odd I continue receiving so many letters from different States, all having something to say about gourds. I take it there must have been an article in some magazine recently that referred to local gourds and hence the sudden flurry of inquiries, requests of seeds and some of them going so far as to wish me and my family a happy holiday season. I must remember to pass such messages along to Tom and Tentem, the peacocks, pheasants et al.

Over 9 o'clock coffee there was much talk about the coming weekend, --the junior S.G. Henrys journeying up for the lightfestivities as guests of Juanita B. and Pat on Friday and Saturday with plans for a Sunday dinner across the fence, etc., etc. It seems to me mention was made of New Iberia guests coming for Saturday and Sunday, too, but I did not bother to retain the names in my mind as I am usually pretty busy the first weekend in December, seeing lots of unexpected visitors and always happier when quiet returns once the weekend has been wrapped up.

I laughed to myself last night when, having folded up my beard rather earlier than usual, I discovered, after a few minutes of cat naps, that I really wasn't sleepy and so got up and thought I would dip into the Pasternak novel a little. Instead of opening with the story, the very beginning is the enumeration of the main characters, each name carefully spelled out. There weren't very many of these but just enough to make my head start nodding. I discovered when I awoke that the novel had already progressed quite a way and I had already forgotten all the strange names that had been so thoughtfully spelled out before the story got under way. Accordingly I decided to try making a start at some future date, cutting off the reading machine and falling into bed to sleep like a log. That's one thing about Russian names, they are different and seemingly always endless.

The local radio has much to broadcast these days about various clubs pushing sales of fruit cakes and Carmen mentioned she baked a dozen fruit cakes last Saturday in anticipation of presenting them as Christmas gifts. And thus we learn the holiday season approacheth, suggesting it is time to lay in a supply of Alka Seltzer against the days and cakes ahead...

15209

Tuesday, November 28th, 1967.

Memorandum:

The weather is distinctly a "misere", gloomy, cold in the 40's but seeming colder because of a chill 15 mile an hour East wind and with a drizzle. If it had any good effect, it was keeping real-runners indoors but by that same factor, it kept all the secretaries under chips, never once coming up for air.

But there was one nice bundle of sunbeams to counteract all that, --a letter from Lyme in today's mail. Tonight it remains unopened, tucked away in the armoire awaiting the attention of a secretary on the morrow.

This noon I had a call from Natalie, much to my surprise. She said Frances Metoyer, her servant, had told her I had called last Saturday and she wondered if she could give me a hand. She said she had been to Alexandria for a check-up and the doctor had given her a favorable report. I recalled that last summer she mentioned the probability that she and her husband would journey to the isles of Greece this coming summer. She said she had had to drop those plans since her seminarian son has been tentatively promised a two weeks vacation next August. Then, too, there is a chance that another son, graduating from Law School this year, may be inducted into service during the summer. On these possibilities, it seems better that she give up plans for a Grecian outing during the limited time that will be hers for vacation when summer rolls 'round. She had some list of books she wanted to ask me about but had to break into that attempt because of the lack of time since she hadn't realized it was so close to class time.

There was a call this noon, too, from a gentleman who asked me if I recognized his voice. I thought I did and said so. It sounded like Norman Fletcher of the radio station but it turned out to be Herr Schmidt of Michigan and Florida. I so infrequently hear his voice in personal contact and never before have I heard it on the wire, I can't imagine why he should have supposed I would grasp it right off the bat. He was calling from Hatchitsches where he and his wife, Ruth, are visiting friends on their leisurely migration from



20321

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their summer home in the wilds of Michigan to their winter home some place in Florida. I suppose many people may do what they practice in their north-south, south-north travels. They stop off frequently along the way in places where they have friends, breaking their trip and catching up on visits by stopping for a week or so in States along the way where they have friends, staying a week or so at each resting place and so accomplishing their trip in quite the opposite way of the hummingbirds who accomplish their long flight in a single hop. Schmidt said they would like to come down to see me any time it was convenient. I suggested this afternoon. He said they couldn't make it before tomorrow. I said tomorrow morning would be fine but he said the afternoon seemed the only time they could achieve the desired end. I allowed that tomorrow afternoon was the time I had been thinking about all along and that tomorrow afternoon would be the most convenient time imaginable for me. Smile.

I continue receiving calls from various "atchiteches" friends, all of the callers seeming to be especially concerned this year that they be guided by my wishes when they are making a selection for this or that they are planning to put in my stocking this Christmas. I don't recall such a concentration of concern in any previous year. Today's inquiry had to do with a new lamp said to be on the market that gives an extraordinary intensity of light. On the theory that I move in a world of shadows, the thought behind the request for information regarding my wishes seems to stem from the fact that a glaring light would eliminate the shadows in my desk work. I appreciate the thoughtfulness prompting the inquiry but regret to say that the presence of a glare wouldn't eliminate the shadows.

For the first time in I know not how long, I chanced to bump into Pat today. He was just entering the store as I was leaving. He seemed full of vim and vigor. I did not mention what I had heard over the teacups or coffee cups this morning, to wit, that his papa has just announced he is building a new house in the same neighborhood where he built his present home a few years ago, --only a little distance, the one from the other. Nobody seems to imagine the reason for going to so much trouble and that impossibility may rest on the act that there is no reason at all. Still, one can but wonder why anyone having so much scuffling in the building field would undertake another repeat effort without something more substantial than a mere whim..

A piece of cherry pie and a glass of milk awaits my attention in the ice box. I ought to try reading a little from the Pasternak volume with the pie but think I shall sample radio instead.....

20321

15211

Wednesday, November 29th, 1967.

Memorandum:

The weather prognosticators went all hay wire today. It was supposed to be rainy and cold but instead it fared off this noon and turned warm which suits me just fine.

Something that delighted me even more was the arrival in today's post of a letter from Lyme with a clipping about Bill Spratling, not to mention a larger envelope containing typed material. The Schmidts arrived while I was busy with a secretary so I did not get to open the other typed material but, needless to say, I rejoice that I was able to commune with little Miss Lee through the medium of the letter, holding the other envelope against the morrow.

I am so glad to have an account of doings on Turkey Day. How well I appreciate some of the things involved when one is dependent upon others in matters of transportation on such an occasion. I suppose Lestan may have reported on occasion how it is just this type of circumstance that has so often inclined him to decline proffered invitations to go places, especially to town, with the merchant-planter.. Going on such occasions would be so pleasant but the uncertainty about returning, always filled with uncertainties, makes it much easier to deny one's self the pleasure of starting out in the first place.

Needless to say I shuddered over the episode of the ruffled feathers in the first place, when impulses and personalities clash, things can be so trying in themselves but how much more so when one contemplates the eventual results of such scuffling, should the gaps not be closed. It goes without saying that little Miss Lee is joined by Lestan in holding the thought that an interim of clashing purposes may somehow lessen the tension and smooth over the rough places brought on by such rumpuses. So often it happens that the innocent bystanders have to put up with the unbearable and in the end do so much of the work implicit in the entire matter.

It goes without saying, I shall be keeping an eye out for the Spratling matter.



15212

15212

The afternoon sitting with the Schmidts was as delightful as always. I like them both and find her as sweet a soul as one is likely to encounter but rarely. They had lots of things to talk about, sometimes subjects that would not be especially fascinating were it not for the fact that they are enthusiastic about them and, being sweet, they make everything they touch upon so pleasant, -- certain philosophical ponderings about the Bible, the introduction of salmon into Michigan waters, etc., etc., -- salmon being especially dear to Herr Schmidt's heart. I don't seem to know just where their place is in Michigan but it was more or less remote when they discovered it, -- a lake on which they bought some property which appeared ideal for angling. But other people, especially those with offspring adoring water ski-ing -- found the same delightful locality and this year it seems that other people water ski-ing did not improve Herr Schmidt's fishing exploits but they are hoping it will be quieter next season. I don't remember where in Florida they are situated but I believe it is somewhere off the beaten track, if, indeed, there be any untraveled track in Florida.

They have never seen the Christmas lights in Hatchiteches and accordingly were persuaded by their friends there to remain over this weekend. I have met their Hatchiteches friends once or twice and knowing that one of the ladies knows how to manage uncanned vegetables, I persuaded them to take her a nice fat pumpkin. Something tells me that long before Saturday, the lady will be seeing to it that the Schmidts will be tasting pumpkin pie before viewing the lights and that ought to please everybody all around.

About 7 o'clock tonight Natalie called and talked at length. She had found the spelling of the Sir Walter Scott paper about which I had inquired. It is Rokeby, not a novel but a 6 canto ode or poem of some kind.

She had a great deal to say about school and many things about her daughter's family. I believe she teaches some of the Greek classics and knows a great deal on that subject naturally. I am always delighted to learn more on any topic in that field and only regret I don't get around to concentrate a little more on it.

The recorded Look of October 3rd, '67, came to hand today. It is all devoted to contemporary Russia and sounds promising as I read the titles. I understand the printed issue of Look for that date has lots of pictures. And now I must do a few chores but not before remarking again how happy today's post makes me.....

15213

Thursday, November 30th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair in the 50 to 70 bracket.

It was first dark when I returned to Yucca from the big house after supper. As I opened the side gate between Yucca and the Africa House, I was amazed at the whir of wings starting up in the nandina hedge concealing the picket fence running to the gate. There must have been hundreds, perhaps thousands of birds that had settled there while I was at supper. The blackbirds have been roosting in the bamboo hedge at the far end of the White Garden behind Yucca, sleeping in there nightly in ever increasing numbers during the past few weeks. This visitation is at least a month ahead of schedule so far as the blackbirds go. But the blackbirds stick to the bamboo and it is only the robins to sleep in the nandina. The robins, too, are ahead of schedule and something tells me I had better begin taking a pinch of sulphur now instead of waiting until Spring to do so since ticks are abundant to be in abundance with such flocks of birds. I seldom pass along the bamboo hedge but I'm brushing against the nandina a dozen times a day. The prospect of having to have ticks gouged out is something I should like to avoid.

Along with the memo posted this morning, I enclosed one or two letters including a rather long one from Mrs. Aiken that will provide little Miss Lee with particulars regarding the impending record. I had held back the letter hoping to run through it a second time to see if I could understand more clearly whatever it was that figured in the post script. But then I realized I should comprehend it no more by re-reading it and so I sent it along regardless.

I was happy to have an opportunity to run through the material that little Miss Lee had forwarded in the larger envelope the other day. It is just grand and will serve me so handsomely from time to time as I have occasion to refer to it will shall be doing from time to time and over and over again. How may I begin to express my appreciation.



15214

Carmen called me this morning to pass along a bit of gossip she had picked up from the Reverend Treadwell, head of the Natchitoches Episcopal Church of which Carmen and Kay are both members. Father or the Reverend Treadwell had come to see Carmen recently to voice his wonder at information Kay had given him when he called on her recently. It seems Kay has been giving \$1,200. a year to the Church, aside from other special donations of several hundred dollars from time to time. The twelve hundred dollars was cut off recently and when the Reverend Treadwell mentioned the matter to Kay, the latter explained that she was transferring all Church donations to Richard Cotton and his anti-Communist campaign on the radio. Richard Cotton is one of those crack-pot beater of the air waves who like Billy James Hargis and all the other anti-everything groups who apparently find it lucrative to frighten people, especially people with money, even as the Dallas newspapers found it to their liking to frighten everybody politically against John F. Kennedy, either unmindful or indifferent to the havoc that can be wrought by such practices. Carmen said she simply couldn't believe that a person like Kay would fall for such eye-wash and wondered if Kay had been taken in by Sudie Laughton who is forever trying to stir up anybody she can against anything she may think of. I expressed ignorance of Kay's thoughts on political matters and, of course, didn't not break a word about the I. S. Willard report on how Kay and Sudie got her cornered, trying to make her believe that the Vatican and the Kremlin were hand in glove at trying to sell out the free world. Carmen is free to explore such avenues of thinking by herself without any assistance from me. In the mean the Reverend Treadwell and his Episcopal Church can go on wringing their hands about the Richard Cottons diverting Kay's contributions from the Episcopal Church.

The college youths are said to be on the rampage again. I suppose they may be the same ones who broke the plantation bell last year. This year they have been tearing down hundreds of yards of the wires on which the Christmas lights along Cane River in town are being strung for the December light festival. At first it was thought some marauders were stealing the strings of lights to decorate their own Christmas trees or using them as merchandise to sell would-be decorators of family lightning effects. But after tearing down sections of these wires, the marauders toss both wires and the little bulbs attached to them into the river.

So close to November.....

15215

Friday, December 1st, 1967.

Memorandum:

Cloudy and warm, 50 to 75. Lots of people in the Gulf States area are probably listening for a prediction regarding tomorrow's weather, especially the part covering 7 p.m. when the sky rockets will begin zooming into the air over town and the man at the switch will be grasping the lever to throw on the electricity when the final bomb detonates and the waves of soft lights begin twinkling along Cane River. I shall be holding the thought conditions may be favorable for there will be many people awaiting the event on the spot although there will be lots of others like Leston who will be at home until some evening later in the month when the lights without the bombs and the crowds may be viewed in comparative quiet.

I was sorry to learn today of the illness of Sylvia Jones, wife of Randolph Jones, is seriously ill in a Shreveport hospital. For a number of years she has been treated for cancer and apparently the fight is a losing one. Their daughter, Billy, who graduated from Southwestern in Lafayette, is said to be teaching Spanish in the Parish schools. I used to see her and her mother occasionally but I guess it has been a year since they were last here. As the Jones home is up the road a piece between here and St. Matthews, it seems odd someone in this area didn't mention Sylvia's hospitalization. I got the news from Mrs. Walker who is using some St. Mathew's school papers in the thesis she is at work on. It was when a batch, expected from Sylvia, failed to arrive, that Superintendent of Schools Graham advised Mrs. Walker of the illness and so it came along to me via that avenue.

On the radio tonight I heard a quick tape of the young Nixon girl, said to be engaged to David Eisenhower. In this instance, the girls' personality wasn't pleasant, -- too shrill or something. And after David Eisenhower said a few words, I remembered he had once had a papa named John about whom I haven't heard a peep in years and years. The last time his name was mentioned within my hearing, the news item recounted that he was resigning from the army and taking a job with Doubleday. After that, I heard nothing more. I frequently hear news about General Eisenhower and his wife but nothing about their son. Perhaps he got lost in the general shuffle.



81321

15216

Last night, the second time in two weeks, I bumped into a wave length out of Denver, carrying a George Feyer rendition of some delightful offerings including excerpts from Tchaikovsky's Hunt Cracker Suite and some tunes of Victor Herbert. I had left my radio turned on when I got ready to fall asleep and the station itself had folded up before I awakened. Hoping to catch a dab of news although still drowsy, I awakened completely when I encountered the splendid Feyer presentations.

I got around to knock off a column about Captain John Smith but while in the midst of it, I discovered that I had to cut out so much I had intended to include that I should be surprised if the omissions that ensued before I was half through probably made the whole thing hollow enough. A couple of things I wanted to include but lacked space were the reminder to readers that Captain Smith's founding of Jamestown gave Virginia its first permanent settlement ever. Hatchitoches was Louisiana's first, and, on the lighter side, I wanted to touch on several points about the court of James,--that is King James, in which Smith did not shine but Pocahontas did. All I hope is that somebody reading the column may feel impelled to glimpse through the Lewis biography in case the person is curious to learn something about Captain Smith. I also omitted pointing out that John Smith held a higher rank than Captain,--that of Major, but for so reason not explained in the book, he preferred to retain the Captain's to that of the higher one. A couple of hundred years later, it was Bonaparte, it is said, who occasionally referred to himself as "the little Corporal".

On the field hand front, Robert Anthony's wife is in an Alexandria hospital with a serious lung condition. Poor "Lizar" has been going from bad to worse since Robert has been in Angola and I should be surprised if she may in an advanced stage of tuberculosis. I saw her son, Merel, this evening and he seems to be burdened with many domestic problems these days, too. How frequently over the years have people with relatives in prison sought my advice as to what to tell and what not to tell when they have been "studying about" writing to this or that member of a family in Angola. Whether to smooth over problems at home or to tell all seems to be the question so few people can decide upon to their satisfaction.

So close to a week as a new month gets under way. Washington, D.C. got snow and I'm wonderin' about Lyme. I held the thought it is cozy in that quarter.....

15217

81321

Sunday, December 3rd, 1967.

Memorandum:

Friday night remained cloudy, humid and warm. About 5 o'clock Saturday morning there was a half inch of rain. At 8 o'clock the same morning there was a storm with another half inch of rain and a might brisk wind, breaking branches and knocking out all telephone service in this part of the Parish. The the dropped into the 30s. It began clearing at noon. 'Pho service was restored about 5 but not completely, what with an occasional interim when there was a sound like the popping of corn but fortunately these were only momentary.

Saturday night was wonderful, what with everybody taking in the fireworks in town, leaving the 'phone service free. Lestan says that only one person in the world could realize how wonderful the evening could be and that that person was none other than little Miss Lee.

He says that he grasped the ten digits at the first reading of them. The operator advised that in his area dialing to be made through the operator. He said he assumed the establishment of a connection would require a few minutes but that he had been mistaken since it was less than a minute between the placing of the digits and the response of a familiar voice. How marvelous is the magic of the modern age.

At the termination of the conversation, he said he asked the operator regarding the charge and was astonished to learn what a rebate was in order. He has asked me to pass them along to little Miss Lee which I do herewith. According to him, there never was so much pleasure experienced by such an investment.

Lestan says that the sound of the voice in rare instances, is such as to constitute a benediction all in One Sourby, for example, could read a telephone book and that alone would be inspirational. What an added blessing to be able to touch on things as books and other matters of mutual interest to give



15218

added blessings. He said he thought he owed an apology for having had to ask over again about the obituary. He said at just that moment the "popping of the corn" started but happily ceased immediately afterward.

It was so pleasant on awakening today, the aura of the preceding night remained vibrant and a clear sky with a promise of plenty of sunshine rounded things out so nicely. The junior S. G.'s with their two children, had driven to spend with Pat and family, -- driven up, I should have said, from Baton Rouge. These four and Pat and family, making another four, came down this morning. The children came to see me and we had a little tour together and it was all very pleasant as, indeed, was dinner, with much gaiety all around the board and the food, as usual, was delicious. The Baton Rouge contingent left for home after dinner and so did Pat and family in the opposite direction. It seems the senior S. G.'s are in San Antonio for their annual check-up.

The radio announced the death of Cardinal Spellman and I found myself thinking about the Spellman denunciation of Mrs. Roosevelt during the F. D. R. Presidential campaign, but rather more than the denunciation, I thought about the Cardinal later proceeding to Hyde Park to pay his respects to Mrs. Roosevelt. At the time and ever since, I have assumed that that trip was made by the direction of the Pope since only Popes seem to have the authority to tell Cardinals where to go. But I recall, too, that in "My Day", Mrs. Roosevelt in reporting the visit, mentioned that neither she nor her secretary had expected the Cardinal when he thus appeared unannounced. I am still wondering how he could have barged in without making contact before appearing. I suppose we shall never know anything more about that episode though we learned at the time but I, for one, should be interested in learning more about that whole episode.

A little package goes forward in the same post as this memo. I had supposed when ordering the smaller item that the pendant was Greek with the cross pieces of equal length but it turned out I was mistaken. If it should not be worn, it will perhaps serve as a talisman of all that is best in my wishes.....

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Monday, December 4th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair with a sun that brought the thermometer up from 35 to 70. Tonight there's a lovely lovely velvet slice of moon over the Montrose Hills.

The humidity was down to 48 which made the scene seem made to produce vigor and I made the most of the impulse to get a lot of stuff done out of doors.

Celeste spent the day in Alexandria and so J. H. dined with us at the big house. There were some toothsome vegetables that Dereatha had cooked especially well. The turnips which I had gathered before sunup were about the size of golf balls and with their tender young green leaves cooked with them, were particularly entrancing with the baked chicken dressing heavily tintured with bell peppers and casserole eggplant. Of course I ate too much and so felt very noble in forcing myself to forgo the lemon pie.

I have read five of the fourteen records making up the Pasternak novel. As in other Russian novels, the identity of the many characters succeed in eluding me almost completely. As in Tolstoy's "War and Peace", the ones in this novel may become identifiable, -- curious spelling, -- after I have re-read the volume a few times. Up to the present point of progress, the characters appear and disappear for me in this initial reading very much like male and female figures in costumes and masks, moving across a stage, might make their entrances and exits without me ever fixing in my own mind just which is which and how one is related to the other. Perhaps there is something lacking in my own mind that is present in the understanding of most people. It is true, as I look back on play reading that as a child I found it difficult to remember which character was which, especially in the early part of the plays. I find the same difficulty in the present effort. I am almost tempted to break off, now that we have the 1917 Revolution getting under way, going back and starting off all over again just to see if I can



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by re-encountering them, get each fixed better in my mind, especially those character who are going to join together in matrimony at least. While all of the characters are brilliantly but briefly sketched, only Laura thus far seems to emerge whom I recognize as she re-enters from time to time. As for the gentlemen, especially the younger ones, they appear like cleverly cut-out paper dolls, each appealing in his own way but somehow possessed of an ability to get themselves into indistinguishable forms when, at the end of a scene, they join all the other paper dolls in the heap where each has become lost in the accumulation until the author draws them out of the confusion to hold them up for momentary inspection when the doll becomes clear enough, only to be lost again when returned once more to the pile of paper to which he has been returned. I doubt not the failure to keep the characters straight in my own mind is a failure on my part and not on that part of the author. Still I find myself wishing I might read a simplified child's version of the novel first, assuming I might get the personalities more strongly fixed in my mind so that when I had once got the characters identified in the juvenile version, I might proceed to read the full length novel equipped to comprehend which person is which and how who is related to whom.

Considering the first third of this novel as a tapestry, I find it a superb piece of artistry as a magnificent panorama that is people with so many characters that I have not been able in this first glance to separate any of them with sufficient perspective as enables me to give each his due. On second thought, I guess I shall go straight through the whole thing from beginning to end and then start all over again in hopes of discovering which figures along the way are the major and which the minor in hopes that I shall eventually recognize some of the more prominent individuals and what relation each has to the others.

I cannot say why but the thought just occurs to me that in her last letter, Mrs. Aiken mentioned cancelling an order for 25 records which apparently she thought I was ordering as gifts whereas I was thinking of several gift shops in this area which do not carry records but which have asked if they could secure the one in which Leston figures for customers who read a certain column who would like to have the recording. I must write Mrs. Aiken to that effect or send the company manufacturing the thing to communicate with the aforesaid shops. After that I must sample an avocado salad and then turn to my downy pillow.....

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Friday, December  
Yurday, December 5th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Cloudy all day and there's no new moon to be seen tonight. It's a little warmer, -- sort of 50 to 70 and the half promise of rain. Everybody would like some of that for the inch and a little more of last Saturday morning wasn't enough to supply c, bin cisterns and pasture ponds with an adequate amount of water.

Over the demi-tasses this morning I learned how distressed mine hostess felt about this year's family Christmas cards. It seems some firm in Illinois handling the execution of the order omitted one vowel when printing the names so that it read "Celeste and Jddy". Illinois has promised to come through in all good time with a new effort. That with tre- e's in the first name, it does seem as though another e might find its way between the J and the d.

All remains quiet on the Register front where renovations at 406 are understandably keeping both husband and wife busy. It is my understanding the husband passed by the artist's house on Friday last past but was undoubtedly pressed for time. A couple of weeks back I commissioned him to use his influence which is considerable on the artist in hopes of securing the canvases wanted by "the lady what had the baby" but apparently he had no luck in his endeavors.

I. S. Willard called this afternoon. I had intended asking her if she had seen or heard from or about the Registers but we got off on so many tangents, I forgot to ask her.

I awakened at 2 o'clock this morning and decided I would do a d. b. of reading. I liked everything that came to hand in the Pasternak opus and, I am happy to say, I'm beginning to feel acquainted with the physician and his wife. I finally cut off the record at the point where the family had left Moscow by train for some place in the Urals. I haven't felt the impulse as yet to take any of the characters very close to my heart. At the same time, however, I am enchanted at the picture the author presents of the initial revolution under Kerenski and



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the way in which Kerenski-ism moved on into Bolshevism in such a clear progression as revealed by the doings of the characters as this period of transition went forward. The author handles the whole thing with such naturalness and lack of excitement that can readily imagine how the Soviets must have felt: mighty distressed on reading the book and discovering that the author had not ranted or raved against either the Tsar, the first revolutionary Government or even the Bolsheviks but rather treated the whole thing so objectively as to make the whole phenomenon seem almost like the works of a clock that was simply lacking drive and coming to a stop, somehow following natural laws rather than being pushed by any particular set of forces.

I have been trying but without success to think of any novel I ever read about the French Revolution that presented those times of political transition as convincingly and comprehensively as they are offered up for consideration in this Russian rendition of the French excitement but I cannot think of any parallel at all.

I can't recall if I have mentioned having recently read a book, perhaps booklet is a better word, on Proust by Francois Mauriac. I am surprised it was ever issued as a book since it is so short and it appears more like a magazine article in length. While the material is alright for a reader who might know their Proust, it is so sketchy that it seems to me it would be of scant value to anyone who was looking for anything more than a few footnotes.

And the mention of Proust reminds me to say that I was sorry that Barker in his book had nothing to say about F. Scott-Memorie about whom I know nothing except that his translation of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" has always struck me as being a remarkable literary accomplishment. If memory serves, he died before he finished the final volume volume, and, in dying, appears to have retired into oblivion. I do not intend to ever do anything about this remarkable translator but nevertheless, in the event you should ever chance upon any biographical article about him, I should be glad to learn about it. Possibly Wilson may have had something to say about Scott-Memorie, --Edmund Wilson, that is, but that is only a guess.

And now I'm going to relax for half an hour before beard-folding time arrives, happily re-living the joys of contact so short a time ago.....

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Wednesday, December 6th, 1967.

Memorandum:

We didn't get our rain, --balmy, sunny weather in the mid 70's with a lovely new, in full possession of the skies tonight.

The nicest thing about today's mail was the letter from Lyme. I saved it until the proper secretary arrived tonight. Unfortunately one more of many interruptions during the day broke in upon the letter, thereby guaranteeing me the pleasure of reading the latter half on the morrow.

Needless to say, I was enchanted with every word thus far covered. Lestan remarked that he knows exactly what was meant in little Miss Lee's letter when she remarked that sleep did not come early on Saturday night. He says there were too many happy sensations following the conversation to permit sleep to take over.

He says he was especially appreciative of the news about Tillock which came through eventually in spite of the "popping of the corn" that broke in at about that point in the conversation. He also remarked that all day he had been thinking of little Miss Lee on this Wednesday when he assumed that little Miss Lee would be giving much attention to the final rites. The various roles played at one time by Tillock, little Miss Lee and Lestan made a profound impression while they were in the course of being enacted, most particularly the superb role little Miss Lee always carried out. Another striking interlude took place when Tillock joined with a fourth party in maintaining the conspiracy of silence which at that particular time and ever since has given much food for thought in the efforts then made at "Hush-hush" when it struck at least one person present as a great mistake in judgement in the handling of the whole thing. There is no doubt in mind that everyone concerned was acting along lines thought best but Lestan could not feel otherwise than that a great error in policy was being carried through. In one way that was long, long ago and yet, in a other way, it was but yesterday, so vividly has the whole thing remained in Lestan's mind.

I want to say how much I appreciate particulars regarding the



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recent sale of the Monet and at such a tremendous figure, --one million four hundred thousand dollars. And I am so glad to know about the original sum paid to the artist for it and the 1926 sale of the same picture for eleven thousand dollars. What a leap from that figure to almost a million and a half. It seems to me it was last night that I heard on the radio that the Metropolitan had been the successful bidder. Until reading about the speculation as to purchaser in today's letter, I had not realized that both the National Gallery and the Cleveland Museum had been thought of as prospective owners. I must say the Metropolitan during the past few years has certainly been investing heavily in Art treasures. If memory serves, the Metropolitan not so long ago plunked down more than a million for a Rembrandt. I don't know that I ever did hear a figure mentioned for the Canova bit of sculpture but I can well imagine it must have been acquired for something more than a song.

I find it such a happy coincidence that little Miss Lee should have been turning through Laurel Hill data of late and I am glad mention was made of the correspondence with Dr. Butler. I have forgotten about such correspondence. If I am able to secure an extra copy of the forth-coming column on Laurel Hill under the title of "A Woman's Touch", I shall send it along in case it would seem appropriate to insert it in the correspondence at that point.

James appeared about 11 this morning and remained for dinner. He seemed in good form. I wanted to see him especially with a view to offering to write personal letters to various columnists about his forth-coming book since mention of it, especially in New Orleans and Baton Rouge columns might serve to assist in its circulation. He says the book has already been printed and is now being bound with a view to releasing it before the end of the current month, he thinks. He is calling the publisher tonight so I may be guided in my letters to columnists and in writing my own column about it.

Gordon and B. Randolph drove up from Kateland Plantation for a little visit this afternoon. B. brought along some bread she had baked this morning. I chance to have some made butter and intend going on a bread and butter bender before beard folding time.....

15225

Thursday, December 7th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Curious weather, it's so static. The cloud coverage, although not thick, was complete. It was 60 at 5 this morning and advanced half a dozen points and by 5 tonight, it was 60 again. There was no breeze all day and one never saw the sun but tonight the moon is peeping through but I can't find any stars.

It was so nice being able to resume yesterday's letter where I left off last evening.

I must say I was not at all surprised, having already envisioned the probability that a relative would repeat the request of a while back by requesting little Miss Lee to take care of many things relative to the obituary. It seems to me the decision to visit the living later rather than participating in yesterday's doings was sound in every detail.

I am glad the real estate matter was taken care of when it was since that is one detail that is disposed of although in a way it does seem as though the price was comparatively modest. When the Schmidts were here the other day, they remarked upon their surprise at real estate prices both in Arkansas through which they had just come and in Louisiana where they found prices quite beyond their expectations although I don't know if they were comparing them with Michigan and Florida real estate prices at the present time. I suppose land values in close proximity to large cities is always high and yet I shouldn't have been surprised if the lot in question might have had its appeal of sufficient strength to push the selling price higher than was received. After all, however, all this speculation is "neither here nor there" as the old expression has it and fortunately does not fall into the bracket of our business.

Wasn't it a coincidence that little Miss Lee should have been the recipient of two packages from different people at the same time. When I placed my order for the one package, nothing was mentioned by the clerk that another package was in the works. It happened that when I was paying for my order,



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the sender of the other package was browsing around in the store at the same time and even started to inquire what I was purchasing when just at that moment one of her friends dashed in before I had an opportunity to say I was investing in a money order or some such. Be that as it may, and in spite of my weakness for the kind of things created by little Miss Lee, I do hold the thought the latter will use some of the stuff for herself.

The clipping about the loss of Miss Webster's data for the book on which she is working makes one feel so sorry for that lady. I suppose that there is scant chance the missing items will ever turn up although, of course, there is always a slim chance that they may. The type of person who would steal a bundle containing such material would not be the type of individual who could possibly appreciate it as having any value and would never make any effort to get it back to the owner. At the same time if the package was simply mis-directed or mis-delivered to a wrong address, I suppose in 9 cases out of 10 the person into whose hands it landed would simply toss it aside as simply being "just old papers". It reminds me of the Franklin correspondence ending up as wrapping paper in the shop of a London tailor.

Last night's radio had something to say about an auction of Weiss forgeries in London, all of which brought fantastic prices. I am ignorant of the spelling of Weiss but I reckon you may have noticed in the papers or heard some report on the air about this sale. You may recall that the University of Texas in one of its special libraries has quite a collection of the Weiss forgeries some of which are said to be valued today at greater value than the originals from which they were forged. The librarian in charge of this highly prized Texas collection used to come here in the old days and give me quite an account of the whole remarkable matter. I had almost forgotten about it until the radio mentioned yesterday's sale in London. If memory serves, the University of Texas acquired some if not all of their collection from the Newberry Library.

One thing I did not mention in yesterday's memo, --and it is of no importance, --but I was interested to learn that James is not including his middle name in the new photographic volume that is about to come out, --James Register and that is all. To illustrate how almost impossible it is to get anything, written or typed, into print without error, James mentioned that the printed of this new book, "Shadows of Old New Orleans" or whatever it is called, he had signed or printed his name for at the end of the Introduction, he had signed or printed his name, James Register, and when the proof came out, the signature read Former Register, making no sense at all, of course.

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Friday, December 8th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Sort-a 70ish with no air stirring and complete cloud coverage all day. Unlike last night when the moon took over, the blanket of clouds remains tonight but the moon is of sufficient strength, the clouds of adequate thinness to give a pleasant illuminated dome to the heavens even though the moon herself cannot be seen.

As a day, it was both busy and dizzy and tonight I find myself far behind in my labors. Trucks continue hauling out banana stalks. Both the African House and Yucca stand out like sore fingers and already I am praying for Spring and verdant courtyards for Yucca.

About an hour before noon, I took time out to knock off the beginnings of a column, about a third of a manuscript required for a piece. My thought was that James, in pursuance of our recent discussion of the matter, would be bringing me this afternoon the Introduction to "Shadows of Old New Orleans" so that I might append paragraphs from that Introduction to what I had written as a leader for the piece. I phoned the artist to ask her to tell him, should he pass her way, to call me. She said he had passed that way this morning. I called him at home and he said he wouldn't be able to get the Introduction he had promised until he had spoken on the phone with the Baton Rouge publisher. The Baton Rouge publisher, he learned when calling him, was out of town and his office didn't know when he would return. That knocked out my hope to get that particular column into the mail tomorrow as I had hoped to do.

I shall try to knock off something else tonight but that is only a hope. A little before supper time, I thought I would quickly yank off my beard and do what I could at my desk before the supper bell rang. Just as I got my face well lathered, somebody banged on the door. It was August bearing some pickled artichokes which he said he was bringing at Sister's direction, she being just arrived. I got back to my razor but was interrupted again before I got started. It was August bearing something else from the same source. I re-lathered in some haste



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but had to wipe off the lather a third time when Sister arrived. She wanted to know if I had received what she had sent. I had. Then she said she wanted to introduce me to somebody she had encountered at the store, somebody who had been here before with Leutitia Bowman. She wanted him to see the Augustin portrait. Why the Augustin portrait since he had seen it before, --I don't know. Finally I attempted a shave once more and this time made it but, of course, was late for supper. As of the present writing, it is quiet here but when the next tapping will come is anybody's guess.

Today's mail brought a package from Esther and Helan, -- a small wreath for the Christmas dinner table. It is green with leaves rather small, about the size of the finger nail on the smallest finger. It has red berries not unlike holly berries. I am acquainted with the plant, a trailing vine found under leaves in the woods in the northern climes. It has a flock of names, Checkerberry, Partridgeberry, Teaberry and what not. It is banded in a little flat frame in which moss or mulch forms the base to keep the vine fresh and green. The aroma reminds me of the last time I found myself in a rowboat pulling water lilies from some pond or other but I can't recall just where. The wreath itself fits snugly into the the flat earthenware saucer from Lyme and this permits an adequate amount of moisture to seep up into the frame of the wreath itself and looks pretty-pretty on an endtable by the sofa in the living room where it will remain, --a festive touch throughout the holidays.

I seem to have taken insufficient time off to listen to the radio during the past few days. I should have enjoyed details about tomorrow's White House wedding. A while back I heard that five hundred invitations were issued. This seems to be a smaller number than I should have supposed. Not counting friends of the bride and groom and friends of their families, it would seem that members of Congress alone would constitute more than that number, not to mention the diplomatic corps, the judiciary, the executive staffs, etc., etc. It must be difficult indeed to hold down numbers when the daughter of a President gets married in the official home of the first family.....

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Sunday, December 10th, 1967.

Memorandum:

No sun, no stars, no moon but lots of clouds and occasional drizzles all weekend, the thermometer in the 40's.

Last night was so happy, what with thought coursing through my mind of Saturday a week back. Those thoughts have been with me so instantly all week that it seems as though 8 days ago was but yesterday.

I have been thinking a lot about household doings in Lyme this weekend, imagining as I do how very busy things must have been during the little interlude prior to Christmas. I am holding the thought little Miss Lee didn't work herself down in pursuit of all the things there were to be taken care of as time marches along.

I am hoping, too, that there was an opportunity to get a look at TV on Saturday night when, according to the radio, the TV would show pictures of White House doings that had taken place during the afternoon.

Celeste was a hostess at the old Lemee House on Saturday afternoon when the Hysterical Ladies gave a tea for la Prudhomme, painter of birds. Celeste said there was a good crowd in spite of the inclement weather and she mentioned seeing I. S. Willard Thelma Kyser and I forget so many people she mentioned. On reaching the Lemee House, Celeste said Mrs. Prudhomme carried her right into the room where there was a painting she wanted Celeste to see particularly. Celeste forgot what the bird was but the background was a painting of red oak. She told Celeste that when she was down here last summer, Lestan had given her a stalk of the surprising plant and that she had driven straight home and gone to work on the painting and there was the result. Celeste said it was quite pretty.

This morning about 10 I received a long distance call from New Orleans. It was none other than Carolyn Ramsey. I never learn what had impelled her to establish contact. Perhaps it was just another impulse. She had quite a lot to chat



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about and quite early in the conversation she asked if I ever received the long letter she wrote me from Anchorage, Alaska in September. I told her I had not. Perhaps it was along lines of the letter she wrote me about from Washington a couple of years ago in that, come to think about it, never was mailed to me in the first place.

Perhaps she thought I might get a Hunter painting for her but it didn't take me two seconds to say there are no Hunter paintings available at the present time. She said there is a shop in the neighborhood of Jackson Square that sells Hunter pictures at sixty five dollars a throw. She said they apparently sell like hot cakes.

She gave a somewhat extended report on the fine being of her two nephews who live in Houston. She said she is giving a Christmas party for them at Old Benita the day after Christmas. One of the nephews, Ben Alberta, graduates from Law School this Spring. The other boy finishes his third year of college this coming semestre. He says they are fine young men. I am ready to take her word for that.

She mentioned having seen Helen Baldwin recently and that Helen had mentioned having heard from me this autumn. She certainly did but I did not receive any response since I had replied negatively to her suggestion about coming over with some friends before Pilgrimage.

Carolyn said she liked her work carried out in Alaska and there is something in the wind about doing some other things in Lebanon and Nigeria or some such remote locale. She thought after she had finished with that, she might take a job with the Department of Agriculture. I had heard about that from Helen. Such plans so far as Carolyn may be concerned somehow occupy the tentative list, things to be pondered upon but seldom acted upon. That's about all there was to the conversation except to express regret that she would be so busy during the holidays, she doubted if she would get down this way which suited me just perfectly, what with every body being busy at this season of the year.

I am two thirds through Dr. Zhivago at this late date. I seem to recognize three of the characters appearing thus far and perhaps that's a triumph for a first reading. The picture the book gives of a political upheaval is quite remarkable to the point of making most of the characters seem only secondary in importance.

I hold the thought the weekend hasn't been too rushed for little Miss Lee. I know the impending days ahead, of course, will be busy-busy.....

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Monday, December 11th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Cold wind under grey sky with the thermometer "hovering" around 20.

I used the inclement weather as an excuse for staying close to my hearth, pushing on through "Dr. Zhivago".

I have spent 15 or 20 minutes more of reading before reaching the end with both the doctor and Laura having already completed their sad careers. It's the best account of a revolution in the throes of revolutionary confusion. All the more and more bewildered as to the identity of all but a few of the characters and the relationship of one to another, moving me to laugh at my own ignorance as to how one had any bearing on the others. I suppose this stems in large measure on the fact that the names in the recording do not impress themselves so clearly on the mind of the listener as is probably the case when one is pursuing the text visually in that possibly the printed name might lend more clarity as to which person is being mentioned at a particular moment. Husbands, brothers and childhood acquaintances have a way of blurring so that when one puts in an appearance at the wrong moment, I find I have no idea as to what his relationship may be to the people he joins, this lack of sensing the identity taking away the impact of his presence, leaving me all at sea as to how excited either the characters or I should be in witnessing the advent of one or another of these hazy characters. I am holding the thought that in a second reading, some of these uncertainties may be made clear so that I shall get a better understanding of the story even though the story is only secondary to the real message of the book, the "misere" of human life when the bottom falls out of economic, social and political framework.

Today's post brought an assortment of cards and packages. Also today's post came a wedding invitation to the nuptials of Blythe Rand's granddaughter, Ellen Lockett. Where I got the idea, I cannot say but I was somehow under the impression that wedding



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invitations usually went forward a month prior to the celebration of the wedding itself. As the wedding is scheduled for December 28th, it would seem the custom of sending out invitations a month in advance did not operate in this instance. I suppose the folks across the fence received an invitation, too, but not heard any mention of it as yet.

A package from Rudolph contained a pillow, the case of which is a pretty hand-woven business in brown regimental stripes, --something which Rudolph, I am sure, has woven on his own loom and is very subdued and very pretty. The thing that surprised me about the package was the manner in which it was wrapped, -- a paper sack such as one might use, were a box not available, incarrying a lady's hat. A cord ran the long and the short way of the package, just the shape of the pillow and as the contents of the pillow itself is soft and downy and therefore readily giving at the touch of the hand, it seems remarkable that the Post Office

should have accepted it for transportation and that it should have traveled at all, --let alone to its destination. The paper sack itself was of unusually thin material, not at all so firm as the usual brown wrapping paper employed for wrapping packages. Obviously, however, the wrapping used filled the bill alright but every time I think of it, I can but wonder that it ever got started in the first place, and that it traveled all the way through in the second place.

I have just discovered that an apology is in order for the condition in this this memohas turned out, --speaking of fragile wrappings. The paper must have somehow got caught in the roller of this machine, the results of which you have long since observed since opening the envelope.

There was a mild flurry across the fence a day or two ago. Celeste had locked the front and back doors of her house when going to town in the afternoon. Andy was doing some work for her in her garden. She returned home rather earlier than Andy expected apparently. In any event, when she stepped on to the gallery, she saw Andy's hat on the fller beneath a window had been opened and, stepping into the house, she found Andy in her kitchen trying to get out the back door. She told him he mustn't ever come in her house like that.

So the world turns, busy times all around, especiall, I imagine, in Lyme.....

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Tuesday, December 12th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Brilliant sunshine, magnificent moonlight, thermometer in the 60's with a gentle breeze from the South.

I was somewhat taken back today when the clerk told me his boy, a college freshman, I believe, had to hand in a Christmas story on Friday for his English course, pointing out that his son isn't very good in English and asking me if I would write a story for him. There is, of course, a great deal to be said about such a request both as to position of father and son. I suppose there is a measure of flattery to be found in it, too, since anything I might write might pass for the work of a college freshman or a college freshman could readily convince his instructor that he is already possessed of columnist ideas.

The incoming mail today was fairly heavy. There is some kind of a frolic at St. Mathew's School tonight, too, and while these two facts off hand may not seem related, still in a way they are since the mail, including a letter from Lyme, must repose until the morrow in the armair until the secretaries are finished with their scholastic frolic and again become available to run through the mail.

There was a package from Robina which did not require the assistance of anyone to get itself explored. It contained cheese straws which are very good, especially if one has ample liquid refreshments to follow the cheese straws. With ample stocks of milk, cokes and colalade, I am "all set", should I grow hungry around 10 o'clock tonight.

Natchitoches appears mighty busy these days prior to Christmas, what with individual hostesses, social groups and business concerns throwing parties not only in the afternoon and at night but in the morning as well. I don't try to keep abreast with the calendar but, on the contrary, am quite willing to sit back and gaze "in awe and wonderment".

Over the 9 o'clock demi-tasses this morning, I learned mine hostess was going to a luncheon at the country club at noon, followed by cards, I believe, and tonight she and her husband will be attending a party in town given by the Exchange Bank. There seem to be so many of these sort of things between now and December 25th.



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I haven't heard a peep from the Registers this week. I shouldn't be surprised if Kay calls tomorrow which is her birthday. I sent her a greeting and usually she finds it convenient to phone rather than write. This is especially true at the present time, I suppose since the workmen haven't quite finished all the work on the house that has been going on for the past few weeks. I had hoped to have the Introduction to "Shadows of Old New Orleans", to use in a column covering that publication but it hasn't come to hand as yet. One does what one can, playing at the old game of Patience when material on which one depends to advance the cause of another is slow in coming to hand.

I finished "Dr. Zhivago" at long last, convinced it is the best story about the Revolution that I ever ran across. I think I shall start re-reading it or parts of it, shortly just to see if I can establish the identity of its main characters a little beyond the two or three main ones. At the end of the present recorded edition, even as may be the case in the ink print edition, are appended a number of delightful poems, indicated as being those of Dr. Zhivago. Perhaps the text should have suggested that these are in part at least some of those written by the doctor when he and Laura were withdrawn from town into the snow-covered country place just before their final separation. I have no doubt the poems are all Pasternak's which is understandable readily enough. Nevertheless, it seems to me the line at the heading of this collection of verses might have made things a little clearer if they were attributed to the doctor during his time of refuge in the country.

If the whole volume should ever be re-issued, especially in a recorded edition, I should suggest that keeping the characters clearer in the mind of the listener, it would be helpful and not much disturbing to the original text, if an identifying word might be tossed in just after the name of an individual is used, as for instance, Peter, "brother of So and So, or Illyevitch, husband of So and so, or Tchikovsky, once the railway urchin. Perhaps this wouldn't help enough to merit the introduction of such explanations but I think it would have taken me out of the dark many a time along the course of reading the novel.

And now I must look in the direction of a cheese straw, wishing the while a magician had turned them into brownies.....

88321

15235

R. D.  
7ew Ratoliff St  
seven three two

Thursday, December 13th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Cloudy and warm in the mid 70's with a promise of rain and a drop into the 40's before morning which I doubt.

Verily my cup runeth over, what with all the nice things in today's post and yesterday's post which I got around to explore today, the package having been examined first because it came to hand before the secretaries.

The package and the letter balance each other off so nicely. I loved the little note in the package, brownies versus bunnies, -- and only little Miss Lee could have thought up that one.

On marching to Yuoca from the post office, I didn't wait to enter the house but sat right down on the bench on the gallery and dove into the package. It traveled beautifully and it didn't take me two seconds to open the box inside and gaze at the fine job of wrapping each individual brownie which kept them all quite fresh, I believe, because I opened only one as it was almost dinner time but I simply couldn't resist trying again what had delighted me a year ago.

I believe it was only last night in the memo, I was sighing for brownies instead of cheese straws and therefore, not so much in answer to prayer as in anticipation of prayer, little Miss Lee had already started the brownies rolling in my direction so they arrived in the mail following the sighs.

I find them perfectly delicious, -- or at least the first one sampled, and I shall be having another go at the second a little later this evening when I get around to relax a bit and commune in spirit with the deer of all good deeds. There's some milk in the icebox and that will go along nicely with the brownie when I get around to same.

As for the letter of the 8th, I enjoyed every word of it. It was so thoughtful of little Miss Lee to return the original Aiken letter and I shall be glad to glance through one paragraph of it as a reminder about something or other which I do not recall at the moment. I should perhaps remark in passing, however, that little Miss Lee will always feel free to retain any enclosures unless their return be specifically requested.

I am so glad to know there was an opportunity to view the doings of



15236

and about the Cathedral. Thanks, too, for letting me know about the arrangements made for distinguished and especially the manner and route the President took to arrive for the service. I take it there must be lots of or ank mail these days, what with all the care taken to guard the President and the omission of names of places his scheduled calls for, as in the case of his visit to Louisiana yesterday about which nothing on the radio I heard was mentioned. As a matter of fact, it wasn't until the President was in Miami that I learned that earlier in the day he had been in the New Orleans area.

I am especially glad to know how the decorations are being carried out opposite the Cathedral. It seems to me that place is always made attractive, no matter what season of the year may witness the decorative innovations.

I am shocked to learn of the outrageous behavior so close to home. I think little Miss Lee is so well advised to travel in company with another person. It seems to me that such matters as mentioned should be discouraged with a heavy hand and I feel this must be done right away unless people are going to accept such vandalism without a word.

This noon I. S. Willard phoned, asking if she might bring down some Mrs. Calaway who taught the local children here in 1915. I agreed that it was about time the lady made a round. To my surprise, I. S. W. arrived only 10 or 15 minutes behind schedule, bringing with her the aforesaid Mrs. Calaway, the widow of Schriener Sweat and Ina Claire, -- Mrs. Sweat being an old friend and Ina Claire being a former Sweat servant who has retired and spends her life collecting pitchers of all types and sizes and making delectable feed on special occasions in town for friends such as I. S. W. and so on. It goes without saying, of course, that I rolled a pumpkin in the direction of Ina Claire when the guests were departing, much to Ina Claire's satisfaction. I'll bet a dollar she's stirring up a pumpkin pie right now. I. S. W. quite casually remarked she is leaving Saturday to spend Christmas with her sister-in-law in La Jolla, California, which sounds like a grand idea. my grand idea for all the desk work and after that the brownies. Great the day brought me.....

15237

Thursday, December 14th, 1967.

Memorandum:

The poor Weather Bureau found itself going around in circles in this area during the past 24 hours. Instead of falling, the thermometer did not drop to 40 degrees as predicted but on the contrary "hoovered" around 67 all night and, under rainy skies moved up to about 75 for most of the day. Apparently the cold front got stalled, even as it has before, in the Dallas area and, if it so pleases, may remain there although it is said it will move in this direction before another morning.

All the rain gauges were out of kilter and so it was only by guess work that we judged the amount of rain. I estimated about the same as J. H. did, -- about 3 inches. He came to his conclusions from observing water in the fields while I set my sights from the end of a spade where I was ditching water. Let it rain or run off what in summer is the okra garden but today was a peel.

Because of the dampness, I suppose, there were no pilgrims today which suited me to a T. There were one or two 'phone calls but they netted nothing by way of information.

About 11 this morning I answered a call. As I picked up the instrument and said Hello, a recorded voice stated:

"The number you have dialed is not a working number. Kindly consult your telephone book or dial your operator."

"The Hell you say" was the only answer I could muster up.

There was more speculation in gold today and tonight the President of the Banque de France is quoted as saying there are only four or five people in the world capable of understanding the peculiar situation in which gold figures at the moment. If I may say so, I am not one of them.

And the day's radio reports the King of Greece has flown to Rome where he is occupying the villa of Henry of Hesse. The King's attempt to oust the Junta in Greece failed. It's



78321

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certainly a news item when a King fights for Democracy. I haven't followed the scuffling going on in Greece recently but somehow things seem to be jockeying around so that the democratic politicians are backing the military junta, the latter opposing democracy and the king. As in the case of gold, I am wondering if more than 4 or 5 people in the world understand that one, too.

I. S. Willard called today to say she didn't believe I would be receiving a Christmas gift from her before next year, she has been so busy. That I could understand. She is always rather coy about announcing her absences from home, possibly on the good theory that perhaps it is just as well that one's absence from one's dwelling isn't too well and too widely known. She said she might remain in California visiting her sister-in-law for 3 or 4 weeks of possibly longer.

Up to the present time, I have declined several invitations to dine out on Christmas Day. I don't know if the Registers are expecting me to dine with them or not. Perhaps they take it as a matter of course that I am planning on doing so. When I talked with Kay yesterday, she remarked she would not be going to Charleston until a day or two after Christmas. He also expressed the hope she might be able to get down to see me this coming week. Nothing was mentioned about Christmas Day. What plans the people across the fence may have, I haven't heard mentioned. should enjoy being able to remain at Yucca to greet friends passing this way but few people seem capable of imagining such a thing as being a sincere desire.

Mrs. Walker 'phoned this noon to say she had just received a copy of the Proust biography by Andre Maurois. She reported many illustrations and says the text looks promising. Perhaps she will be calling me to read a chapter or two later in the month when the thesis on Education she is writing has been completed. I believe she has set December 18th as that magical date.

Today's holiday mail was sizeable but I did not get around to open any envelopes or packages. I notice there is a package from the New Orleans Segelous who never fail to come up with something on holidays, Mother's Day to Mother's Day or any date between. Oddly enough, although I know their s is Carondelet, I never can the sequence of the four digits. And now for a brownie and then to work.....

15239

04321

Friday, December 15th, 1967.

Memorandum

Rain and drizzle for the past 24 hours to the tune of about 6 inches with a promise of the same sort of thing for Saturday and Sunday. The thermometer moves very little, remaining more or less stationary in the lower 40's.

Under such weather conditions, the R. E. A. is holding its annual Christmas party tonight at the Inn of Hedges Gardens. That requires traveling, to and from, to the amount of something over a hundred miles which wouldn't be so bad under pleasant weather conditions. I figure it's 15 miles to Hatchitoches, 40 or 45 miles to Many and another 15 miles to Hedges Gardens. Multiplying that by 2 in covering the round trip and it seems like quite a lot of mileage on a rainy night in the dark. Just to round out the trip, a round through the gardens themselves to observe the lighting was also included. One can but marvel at the amount of energy expended for such a frolic.

The incoming mails continue heavy. I did not attempt to do anything about what appears to be Christmas greetings since there were sufficient letters to keep my secretariat busy for one sitting. There was, for instance, a letter from some Dr. Galaway of some such, of Alexandria, --the same person Sister dragged in from the front gate last Friday evening when I was unsuccessfully attempting to yank off my long beard before supper. The aforesaid Dr. Galaway now writes he wants to bring some people for a tour during the holidays. He must be dumb if he didn't sense last Friday that he had received more than his share of my inconvenience for at least one month.

There were a couple more invitations to spend this Christmas Day with people I scarcely know, one, in fact, from people I have never met and I must get response off to them tonight. I am touched by the kindness of such invitations, issued, I have no doubt, by people who assume I have nothing to do at this holiday season. I guess the majority of people shudder the thought of having a day to spend by one's self and I cannot hope to convey my own inclinations on a day when from first dawn until noon I shall be busy receiving plantation folks and the balance of the day, if I am at home, answering the door to friends passing this way, not to mention the inevitable road-runners if the weather is half way pleasant. Declining these invitations seems almost lacking in appreciation and yet trying to sketch an outline of my own program somehow seems to require a book.



15240

Over the coffee cups this morning I learned of the death in an automobile accident of a friend of mine hostess who was journeying from Mexico to visit a brother in the Carolinas, with plans to stop off in Louisiana for a visit. The lady's name is Annetta Wood and formerly she was head of the Drama Department at Northwestern. She was the author of "Iron Lace," a play often presented at holiday times in town.

There were two calls, long distance, today from people asking me to secure paintings from Miss Hunter for them. Naturally in each instance, I was glad to give them the artist's phone number so they might speak directly with her. Doreatha tells me that every day, in spite of the weather, there are cars stopping at the Hunter residence, customers standing in line for paintings which Clementine cannot possibly supply. It is really remarkable what a demand for her things exists and continues to increase from year to year.

Today some State agency, perhaps the Department of Education, gave sanction to a petition enabling Northwestern to grant doctor degrees to Northwestern graduate students. This is expected to swell the number of graduate students at the local college. I find myself wondering if this will impel Mrs. Walker to go ahead and spend some more time in educational pursuits, now that she is to receive her Master's Arts degree next month.

She called me this evening about some point in the thesis on which she is working, expecting to have that wrapped up on the 18th of this month.

My grapevine stemming from the Natchitoches Times indicates that the editor of that paper gives the impression that he is expecting Mrs. Walker to take over the editing of that paper but what Mrs. Walker may have to say on that score remains to be seen. Perhaps she herself hasn't made up her mind as yet. It appears to be generally agreed that the Times needs an editor since the new owner appears to be exclusively interested in the management of the paper as an economic entity and not as a dispense of news.

All wrapped up neatly in its foil covering, a brownie is resting here beside my typewriter, awaiting me to devote some attention to it which I am about to undertake, praising God for the brownie itself and the creator of same.....

15241

Sunday, December 17th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Both yesterday and today were extensions of Friday, -- rains and drizzles and the thermometer around 40.

But in spite of atmospheric conditions, there were ample gleams of sunshine inside with the arrival of the post, -- a little later than usual due to the seasonal pressures in sheer tonnage. Tuesday's letter from Lyme was the real source of delight, of course. At any other time than Christmas, it probably would have traveled a little faster than it did but even so, it seems to me it did very well in reaching its destination as quickly as it did.

I'm laughing in my beard at the transmission back and forth of portraits these days. , for I am returning he with the likeness that arrived safely in Saturday's post because the order which the enclosure was supposed to have covered had already been placed some time back with a view to getting it headed out in the direction of Lyme before now as a Christmas gift. It turns out, however, that like the Lestan recording, the photographic shadows are late falling off the press but, nevertheless, both items have already been earmarked in advance as Christmas items and will go forward promptly, once they are released.

I am, of course, delighted to learn all about the contents of the package that went forward at the same time the letter did. Naturally I shall be scanning the arrival of each day's post to go into the matter. I am especially glad to learn about the presence therein of the Chateau des Champs and particulars regarding former occupants of the place and the mention of personalities such as duc de Penthièvre, comte de Maurepas and all as mentioned in the letter. If one ever had time when abroad, it would be interesting if one had the time to trace a little bit more about Maurepas. I believe the first settlement in Mississippi must have been named after his papa, -- the sight of that first settlement being near the present of Ocean Springs, Miss. I believe it is the same comte Maurepas as mentioned in the column as having ordered the 400 tulip trees for Madame de Conti in 1737, who was serving as Foreign Minister under Louis XV at the time of the latter's death and accordingly was carried over in that post when Louis XVI ascended the throne, old Maurepas then being in his 80's. If I may say so, the State of Mississippi has always been and still is a fool in not getting behind the name of Maurepas, both man and settlement, what with the name and place representing the oldest settlement in the Sta



MS21

15242

What with all the rain to discourage pilgrims, I managed to do quite a few chores uninterrupted on Saturday and so got around to do some reading on Saturday night. A book had come to hand that I have heard about and wanted to get into. It is "Speak, Memory" by Vladimir Nabokov. I think he has had things printed in The New Yorker over the years and in lots of magazines such as Harpers and so on.

Born in 1899, the son of a prominent Russian family, he could remember lots of things about private family matters and public doings before the revolution broke in 1917. The family had a house in Saint Petersburg and a country estate or two some fifty miles from the Russian capital and in these Nabokov memories, one gets endless intimate details of life in the old days. The time, of course, is almost identical to that covered by Pasternak in "Dr. Zhivago", making this book fit nicely along side the other, the Pasternak being middle class vignettes, the Nabokov somewhat higher on the social ladder.

There are lots of little details in "Speak, Memory" that have nothing to do with the early 1900's but which are interesting as vignettes from earlier generations of the Nabokovs, as, for example, in the late 1700's, it was one of the ladies allied to the Nabokov family, who arranged to have a fine coach built for Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette and who gave Marie Antoinette her, -- the Russian Lady's, -- passport, used in the ill-fated flight to Varennes.

The author of the present volume finds a parallel, although remote, in that a aide of Kerensky at the time of the Russian revolution, arranged with Nabokov's father to allow one of the Nabokov's automobiles to be kept available, should Kerensky discover that he would have to flee for his life during the disorders of the 1917 up--

"Speak, Memory" is a book to be read slowly for there are lots of digressions about butterflies and God knows what all, but the English is as elegant as one is likely to run across and the stories related are bubbling over with delight even though one sometimes gets lost in the telling.

Plans for Christmas day seem to be working around to everybody's satisfaction. I believe my neighbors are going to dine with the Jarved Pratts which will obviate the necessity for entertaining any stray members of the local family from dining here, what with relations so unpleasant as between the town and the country brothers, to town brother frequently heralding the fact that he doesn't like anybody on the river. As for Lestan, I suppose he is expected to dine with the Hyde Park couple although, carelessly, nothing has been said about that point as yet by host and hostesses who perhaps take it as a matter of course that they will be entertaining at Christmas this year just as they have so often before.

Lots more to talk about but I had better let this slide along for the moment. It has been such

15243

MS21

Monday, December 18th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Sunny in the 60's and fair as a cloudless Spring day.

It all seemed very odd, what with the Weather Bureau with a perfectly straight face this morning announcing another day of rain after so many in a row.

The post was a little on the heavy side, the one thing of true delight being the File on Spratling which, needless to say, I opened immediately just to turn through it and note the illustrations after having noted with gratitude and pleasure the pieces of paper so thoughtfully inserted for my convenience in exploring particularly interesting places which I hoped to investigate forthwith but which, because of interruptions, I shall not get around to explore until another sitting. But it is so nice just having the volume here beside me with the portraits on the front and back of the dust cover, not to mention the one inside along with the illustrations. I find it wonderful that, although unread, a volume from such a true hand & devoted to a subject of such promise, can radiate so much happiness simply by its proximity here beside the typewriter.

This morning while en route to the Post Office, I met a young couple who turned out to be Randy Jack and a delightful young lady who joined in confiding to me that when Randy graduates from Yale Law School at the end of the current session, -- late January or early February, they are expecting to be married and head out for Seattle to set up housekeeping, what with Randy planning to join a law firm out yonder.

They were bearing a present from Blythe, having been in Alexandria for the weekend, I believe, and today en route for Shreveport to spend a few days with Randy's parents, -- Whitfield and Frances Rand Jack. Randy very kindly offered to see to it that I attended Ellen Lockett's wedding on Thursday, the 28th but, as you may well imagine, I declined such a generous offer. It was after 12 o'clock noon before the Jack contingent got away and the balance of the afternoon was busy, -- chores and



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Ten minutes before what I thought was supper time, and I know it was supper time for the inhabitants of the Unicorn House, Celeste brought some Houston people for a tour. Before I had finished with them, some Arkansas people arrived, it then being first dark. A message then arrived from the store saying the cook would not be coming to give supper which didn't distress me since recent mails had brought packages containing sufficient stuff for a fine salad and I knew perfectly well there was a brownie awaiting my attention at the close of the meal instead of any of the cake, especially fruit, that were already to hand. In a package from Crockett, I had found some avacadoes and some kind of special home made dressing which made a good start for supper, after I had added some fresh lettuce from the garden and some other things from the icebox.

Having written the word, avacado, above, I am reminded of an adventure about the spelling of that word the other day when I inquired about the spelling of it at the library. When I put the receiver back on the instrument, a call came in from Carmen who said she had been trying to get me during the past couple of minutes. I said I had been using the phone, trying to find out how to spell avacado which I felt uncertain about, especially the second vowel. She said she was sure she knew how to spell it but consulted the dictionary or sure, even as had the library, and her dictionary spelled it diff from that of the library which is just another way of saying that from here on, I shall never remember if it may start off av or ave. I must do some more speculating, even as I have done in the past as to why people reading the letters of the alphabet, that is to say, dictating the letters of a street name, for instance, when I am taking down the address, will usually get the letters in their proper sequence and yet at the same time, in the matter of their dictation of the digits in the address, they will skip a digit and they go back to correct it, leaving the envelope in a quagmire. As for instance, some address like 1789, they, --and I mean both secretaries and other people, will begin with a 8 and then 7 and finally 1879. Of course some digits form themselves into sequences that are easier than certain others to remember. A couple of weeks back, for instance, I said to a secretary, I need to know this long distance number for use later today. Read it to me just once but be careful to read the digits just exactly as they are for there must be no going back and starting it over again since I must grasp them at the first try. There were ten digits altogether and he read them off in their proper order and I caught and retained them as readily as 1, 2, 3 It's the same with everyone, I suppose, this ability to hang on to the spoken words at their initial delivery but, as in the case of the av or ave, the mind is forever getting the thing mixed up with an error has been made at the beginning.

And now for that salad, a slice of Edam and salted wafers and a brownie and a glass of milk and that will be it, --with a File of Spratling along side.....

15245

Tuesday, December 19th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair in the 70's.

What a wonderful evening I have ahead of me. It could be better only if a single companion were along with me, a very special companion, to share a turn through Match with me, followed by a visit under Hachette auspices, to "les Chateaux de l'Ile de France".

The package arrived this morning, all safe and sound. You may readily imagine how long it didn't take me to unwrap it and get right down to business.

There have been occasions when visiting ruins or reading about handsome 17th and 18th century chateaux, destroyed during the revolution or, and worse, eliminated from the face of the earth by neglect, that my heart has felt sick at such losses. And then, in turning a corner, I encounter such a marvelous parade of properties still extant and instantly my heart jumps with joy and I find myself praising God that so many of them have survived and, as has been the case so often in the past, the same heart is filled with gratitude for all that little Miss Lee has done to guide me to so many of these places to be shared doubly with one who loves their beauty as much as I.

Verily, Noel of '67 is a banner season and one that will remain with me.

In discovering the lovely card as I removed the book itself from its special box, I discovered enough happiness in it to satisfy me the live-long day. And then in coming upon those splendid the wonderful map employed as end papers, I felt as though another whole season of delight awaited me, just in running through some of the names appearing there. And so I opened the book itself to the printed and pictorial pages, chancing upon desChamps at the first glance, a whole semester for delectation. After that I limited myself to those paper markers, so thoughtfully inserted for my especial attention, glorying in every reproduction. And then, already bubbling over with delight, I closed the book and set it aside until tonight when I shall resume my tour, the first of so many to be repeated over and over again in the days ahead.

Thelma and John called this noon to see if they might come down this afternoon. They might. Two o'clock was agreed.



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upon as the magical hour and they arrived promptly at 3:30, remaining until supper time. Of course the first thing John espied was "Les Chateaux" and said he was glad he had come since he was ready to leave at any time, taking the book home with him. "Over my dead body" was the natural rejoinder to that one. As he and Thelma had taken lots of pictures in France and Germany, they naturally would quicken to the sight of such a treasure as this Hachette publication. When they got ready to leave I told them I had decided I would never let the book out of my house and could use its presence here as an item to lure them back whenever they felt inclined to sit beside me on the gallery and turn through the volume with me.

They had brought a basket of Christmas cheer, --Rhine wine, cookies, candies, sandwiches and all sorts of unexpected things, as, for example, a pineapple along with the other fruit. Then, in an unanticipated gesture that neither of them had expected, they discovered that the Christmas gift from the Historical Dames which had been the primary excuse for their visit, had been forgotten and left at home. I had a pleasant set of gymnastics, trying to brush aside the missing item, the absence of which seem to worry Thelma, --the fact that she had left it at home. Accordingly when they got ready to depart, I put a pumpkin in their basket and walked with them to the front gate where, --and I hope I was convincing, I suddenly "remembered" that I had left at Yucca the little gift I had for them and I think it somehow softened Thelma's embarrassment that she had forgotten the hysterical gift she was supposed to have come down to deliver. Thus we discovered we had a double excuse for getting together again before the New Year got too far advanced to exchange gifts.

Much to my surprise this noon, the artist appeared at my door, bringing me a Christmas present a painting from her own brush. This afforded us an opportunity for a little chat and I urged her to place the painting in whatever place she thought proper in the house, --resting it, as she did, on the frame of the big mirror in the living room.

The clerk tells me that Miss Hunter is presenting "Pa", --Joseph Benjamin Metoyer, her boy friend of long standing, with a telephone for Christmas. Joe Ben doesn't get down to call on her often during the daylight hours and thus, thanks to his Christmas gift from his girl friend, he will be able to participate in phone contacts during the day until night settles down.

There was a party at St. Mathews this afternoon and a dance tonight. Net result: --no secretaries. But, in spite of the stack of mail remaining unopened, I need no secretaries, thanks to mes chateaux in whose direction I am about to turn again right now.....

15247

Wednesday, December 20th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair to partly cloudy in the upper 70's.

The nicest thing about today was Monday's letter from Lyme. It is so good to have the agenda of recent travels and to know that little Miss Lee is making plans for the holiday in company with congenial souls.

That the news media had presented weather stories of last weekend doings in this general neighborhood that give a feeling of uneasiness is understandable. As a matter of fact, it is remarkable that locally we had so much weather and that we received only brushes of the winds and rains that were so devastating around and about but harmless enough just at this bend of the river.

I am still enchanted with my journey last night through the country of the chateau de l'Ile de France. As soon as I had attended to a few things this morning, I intended making another trip covering the same territory in daylight but had to forego that pleasure, putting it off until I can make a repeat trip tonight under artificial light.

I am not much surprised but quite unaware that I was to receive a visit today from James from whom I had heard nothing of late. He arrived a little after 10 this morning and remained for noon dinner.

The most interesting thing he had to report was the visit he had received a few days back from Claiter, publisher of his photographic book, Claiter being a Baton Rouge resident who was passing through "atchtoches en route to Shreveport, stopping off for a visit with the Registers.

James reported that the newly published book arrived on the following day. He said he was incapable of expressing his disappointment over the volume and asked me not to mention it in any article, either directly or indirectly through other columnists or book reviewers. He said the cover was green, enough to kill the thing from the



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start and that the reproductions were horrible and he simply couldn't understand how any publisher could have turned out such a thing. He said he was ashamed that his name should be on the book.

As my order for the book had already been placed directly with the publishers, I thought there was no need of expressing any interest in it. I am hoping it will not be quite so bad as he found it. I reckon it will be moseying along toward Lyme one of these days soon and then we shall see what we shall see.

The invitation for Christmas dinner was delivered along with a couple of bottles of wine, all being accepted with alacrity.

A call from Mrs. Chopin reported that someone during the morning had entered her home through a cutscreen and window and discovered and taken about 150 dollars kept in different places in the house. She and her son had been leaving it at home instead of putting it in the bank, thinking to use it when they left for New Orleans this weekend for the holiday. She said the insurance people told her she would get about a half or little less back through their insurance policy. The police on investigating the robbery were especially anxious to discover if the robber had left any deadling marks in the house for it seems a white man, crazy about doodling, has been making break-ins around and about the town of late. About half the money was hidden in the bottom section of a small jewel box. A value ble ring was in the jewel box. It was in a small matchbox inside the jewel box and had been removed from the matchbox but discarded along with some necklaces. Some inexpensive cuff links, however, were taken. It is thought this has been the second entry within a couple of days. Apparently the thief was interested in money only since nothing else, so far as could be notice, having been touched.

It was first dark, perhaps 5:30, when we went to supper tonight. Before anybody had taken the first bite, the dining room door opened. It was Natalie and husband. I invited them to Yucca where they presented me with Christmas gifts, -- two fine lasses and a cute little apple pie. They remained for half an hour or perhaps a little longer and after they had departed, I sampled the pie, being hungry and being sure the pie would be delicious. The little sitting was all very pleasant and Natalie spoke of little Miss Lee from whom she had had such a nice letter of late.

There was a note from Edith Wyatt Moore today which I cannot find the moment. Like Roan in her note, -- see enclosed, -- not a peep about Laurel Hill or Eli Mahiers from either lady which certainly seems odd since I had lent a hand to la Moore on Laurel Hill matters and since Roan and I often drove there together.....

15249

Thursday, December 21st, 1967.

Memorandum:

There seems to be so much weather these days. This morning it was sprinkley, thermometer in the 80's. This noon the sprinkles expanded to showers, thermometer dropping 40 degrees. A tornado or two is said to be skipping about to the north and to the southeast but the breeze locally stays at about 10 miles per hour although during a noonday downpour, there was a gust of wind that knocked some limbs off trees, at least one of the branches starting the corn to popping on the telephone so that any attempt to use the wire turns out to be from frustrating to futile.

While I think of it, I am enclosing an article about Hickory Hill, mentioned in a column which has not yet appeared. "Winter Winks" or some such is the title, if memory serves. I only mentioned Hickory Hill in passing, referring to the large Chinese or rather the large sweet olive trees on either side of the front walk. From the newspaper article, one may be able to see these two trees but the print is so dark that I cannot make out anything under the present cloudy skies.

I am expecting things to clear during the night. I was tuned in on Statin KSL, Chicago, at 7 o'clock tonight and heard the announcer say that winter did not arrive on this 21st of December but will not blow in until tomorrow at 7:17 but, having pinned down that fact, the speaker did not finish off the proceedings by stating if it would be 7:17 a.m. or p.m.

In rubber boots and raincoat, I marched to the store at 1:30 this afternoon to attend to a few things. When I stepped inside, my ears were assailed by a familiar voice. It was Sister who had just arrived from Shreveport. She said she was merely pausing for a moment en route to New Orleans but, she assured me, she would be back on Saturday.

The weekend ought to be especially full for Doreatha whose



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two sons with their families are coming over to spend the Christmas weekend with her and Ezra. But, -- and this is a big but, Dereatha's brother, Robert, who is in Angola, wants to get a pass out of prison for five days to see his wife, "Lizar" who is in the Alexandria Charity Hospital where, it is said, she is living on borrowed time, some liver and some lung affliction, -- cancer, it is said. With 10 brothers and sisters in Dereatha's family, I don't know why she has to be the one to go to Angola to bring Robert home but such seems to be the case and I believe she will not be any place but in the big road on the morrow. Robert is scheduled for dismissal from prison in March but it is felt his wife will probably have died before then and so it is felt Robert should be permitted to come home this weekend. It will be a sorry home-coming for Robert what with "Lizar" on the point of death in the hospital, his cabin going to ruin, his children scattered under the care of various relatives up and down the river and everything concerning the family in disarray. I cannot recall such a steady progression of misere as has followed Robert's brush with the law when he butchered a beef that wasn't his, -- his imprisonment "Lizar" descent into drunkenness, Merel's high-jinks Murrell's confinement in a correctional school, his daughter's inability to get a marriage license, the twins shuttled thither and yon, etc., etc., etc.

A couple of nights ago I went into the first chapter of Andre Maurois' biography of Proust. It starts off interestingly enough. How it is going to compare with the Barker opus, I cannot say at this early stage but a single chapter is more than ample to show for one thing that as a manipulator of words, Maurois is far out in front. I had not known before that on the Proust side, the family had been active in the 1600's in their home town, somewhere in the vicinity of Chartres. Some couple of generations before the advent of little Marcel, the Prousts had specialized in candle making, among other things. On his mother's side, -- the Wildes, there were family roots in Lorraine and banking and brokerage occupied the efforts on that side of the family. I am not sure if it was by direct ties or by allied connections, the Wildes were somehow connected with the Bergsons which may explain why Henri Bergson was one of the early writers of distinction to express encouragement for little Marcel about his pursuits in literary fields.

I am looking forward to continuing my excursions into the Ile de France chateaux tonight. It is such a joy to turn through the pages and revel in the excellences of chateaux exteriors and interiors as every page in the beautiful volume reveals.

The mails continue heavy and I have a few letters to knock off tonight. and after that relaxation with my favorite book.....

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Friday December 22nd, 1967.

Memorandum:

Clear and cold. I don't know if the thermometer got above the 30's or 40's today. A low of 24 is predicted for tonight. All I can say is: "Well, Lord....."

I did learn at 5 o'clock that winter would not arrive until 7:17 this morning. From this I take it that the daylight hours will start lengthening now and before we know it, Daylight Savings will be back again which I could do just as well without.

At the Post Office today they told me that the incoming mail has already started to fall off. From this one might assume that the exhortations by the Post Office Department about mailing things early must have born fruit. I did not notice any slackening off of 1st class mail and packages but probably I shall notice it on the morrow. All I can say in regard to the matter at the moment is the fact that everybody I seem to have known as written and already there are an increase in mail from people I never knew living in places I never heard of which ought to signal a beginning of reduced flow of mail by the next go-round.

As for parcel post gifts, I suppose everybody ought to have a Department of the Unexpected. One such gift came from Sarah Erwin Jones. It's a sort of bib type creation, like an abbreviated apron with a girl's bust printed on the fabric. It's of a size that might cover one's chest and has a strap at the top to fit over and around one's neck. Somebody said it was designed to protect the wearer from dip stuff, to be worn when indulging in shrimp dipped in some kind of sauce or whatever. I am thinking of leaving the card addressed to me from Sarah and passing it along to James, an old friend of Sarah's. It astonishes me that people could think up and manufacture such trash. Even more I am thunder-struck that anyone would ever dream of investing in such a thing.

In today's assortment of greeting cards in sealed envelopes, there were 8 cards whose identity I cannot recall and



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three cards bearing no signatures and no return addresses, all the cancellations from towns of which I had never heard, --4 from Texas, 2 from California in this batch and one card bearing no name, no return address with a cancellation so smudged nobody could make out a single letter either of the Post Office of the State. Obviously it is time for the rush to come to an end.

There were visitors in and out during the day, all very pleasant but not suffice in charm as to balance off my impatience to make the most of the daylight hours to concentrate in daylight on Les Chateaux del' Ile de France. It is so pleasant realizing, --that was a strange break in that word, -- there are sunshiny days promised for the morrow when I'm hoping to extend my tour further, checking against the scenes visited under artificial light.

Somebody said Doreatha left last midnight to drive to Angola to pick up Robert for his five day parole I don't know at what hour prison doors are opened in the morning but I assume she must have been there in ample time. The clerk and I breakfasted at the big house but dined across the fence with many a fine morsel, not designed to reduce one's waistline. Everything seemed to be in the best of all kinds of world and mention was made that there was something in this morning's post from Lyme. I'm wondering how things will pan out for the weekend when the Shreveport visitor to New Orleans arrives here on the morrow. Sufficient unto the day is the evil therein.

I was very happy to be able to share to the point of lavishness some of the fruit cakes that have turned up in my mail during the past couple of days, --the fruit cakes going on to some of my plantation friends, so many of whom seem to be crazy about fruit cake. There were a couple of extra pecan pies and two dozen fancifully sugared doughnuts that were equally readily disposed of, much to the obvious delight of the recipients and vastly to my own satisfaction in being able to dispose to such an assortment of fattening things. About tomorrow, I suppose, the postman will be bringing me a little box of Miss Dorman's home-made candy. Miss Dorman usually inclines toward 90 or 99 percent sugar in her sweet manufacturing endeavors and, happily, the little children never seem to find such creations too rock-like or too sweet.

And now back to Les Chateaux and so to my downy pillow.....

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Sunday, December 24th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Continued fair and cold with ample ice around and about both yesterday morning and this morning, too.

The nicest thing about Saturday's post was the lovely letter from Lyme. Of the dozen or two coming to hand, it was the only one opened thus far. I made the most of a passing secretary on Saturday evening but I went no further because it was the only item that couldn't wait naturally. It is possible there will be an opportunity to read some of Friday's mail on the morrow but that is only a guess, what with all the hurly-burly in social life of the secretaries on Christmas Day.

I am so delighted for words that the little outing down town provided such a pleasant interlude in the general rush of the season. Even though the exchange of gifts on the part of the girls ended up with one garment being a little tight, there will be the advantage when exchanging it to secure something that suits the recipient both as to style as well as to size.

Thanks, too, for letting me know about the greetings from Robina. My correspondence in that direction has been sketchy of late, due primarily to my own tendency to get bogged down in correspondence for the past couple of months. She sent me some cheese straws of her own making a couple of weeks back. They are really excellent but I prefer brownies to everything and accordingly I sampled and re-sampled brownies from time to time, keeping them in the drawer of my desk while leaving out the box of cheese straws so I might share the latter with James who is very fadd of them. That's how selfish I can be, keeping the brownies all to myself.

I was interested in what was said about the brownies as regards the size of the pieces of pecans. Personally I enjoy the finer cutting of that item so that it blends in with the balance of the creation, not standing out so boldly as some people seem to prefer. In short, no brownies I have ever eaten come up to those turned out ~~there~~ by the truehand of little Miss Lee. No sooner than I have finished with this memo than I shall be re-sampling my favorite food, although I ~~xx~~ need no testing to convince me that I am quite correct in the expression of what I like best of all.



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I had hoped the new Register volume might be in Saturday's post from Baton Rouge so I might re-address it and start it traveling in the direction of Lyme but it did not arrive. Perhaps it will come in Tuesday's post. I find myself wondering if I shall get an opportunity to see it on the morrow since, I suppose, there may be a copy at 406. At the same time I find myself wondering if I shall feel as shame-faced about the re-ordering when it appears, -- so that I may join James in doing a twin act of ignoring the results of our respective bits of handiwork.

We took an hour's ride this evening between 4 and 5, --J. H. de the driving, a chore he has handed to Celeste during recent months. On our way home along Cane River, we stopped at Bill Jones' house. Bill is doing rather poorly, it is said, dividing his time between an Alexandria hospital and home. His difficulty is a lung. Bill has a son who teaches in Baton Rouge. The son is married and has three children, I believe. His wife came up to Bill's house on Friday and the husband planned to join them last night. The wife had brought their little girl with her and the other two children were coming with their father. There was an automobile smash up when the father and two children were about half way up here. The father and one child is in the Baptist hospital in Alexandria. The other child was killed. It was a forlorn holiday season for the Joneses.

What is cooking in the Shreveport area, I don't know. Sister when passing here Thursday en route to New Orleans, said she and Dotsie-b. would be back here on Saturday. Fortunately, all Saturday remained quiet as did Sunday. Perhaps we shall be honored on the morrow.

We were at supper tonight when the CBS program came on, featuring the South African doctor, Christian Barnard, or however that surgeon spells his name. The TV happened to be tuned to that network and so I was able to get an impression as to the doctor's appearance. I found he looked remarkably youthful, the more so to me, perhaps, since I had imagined him to be a gray beard.

Carmen came down on yesterday afternoon to bring me some of her home made ground artichokes and some fruit cake. She said she and her sister had supper with John and Thelma Friday night and that they both had thought John seemed unhappy about his retirement. I got the same impression myself the other day when the K. were here. I'm going to talk with John about doing something with his films, some of which are wonderful. Perhaps I can get him busy preparing them for distribution and that ought to jog him sunshine in on Thelma.....

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Monday, December 25th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair in the 50's.

I bestirred myself at 6 although still sleepy. There are always a few little chores to perform in anticipation of the usual goodly number of plant tlen people who pass by to exchange holiday greetings.

Three or four had appeared before 7 o'clock and I thought I would make the most of an interval as between the first comers and the influx of the crowd by taking off my long beard. In the midst of that operation, I heard an unwelcome voice on the gallery and before I could wash off the lather, I heard somebody in the boudoir, --Sister. There was the usual flurry and, fortunately, the not customary impulse to be off which suited me just fine.

I suppose she went on to town from here as I did not see her any more. She said she had come down from Shreveport which is unlikely.

After she had departed, the plantation people began appearing singly and in groups of 6 to 10. I find this little custom so much to my liking.

James came down about 10:20 and we chatted for an hour, catching up on Parish doings in general. I sipped a glass of wine, the first thing by way of a swallow of anything thus far and it made me hungry. We drove into town by 11, giving me an opportunity to see the innovations wrought at 406, all of which were splendidly plain and satisfying. It was the first time I had stepped on carpets resting on that foam stuff used in place of pads between carpets and floors. I found it very soft and pleasant but wondered what problems such covering must present to the broom or vacuum.

At dinner we sat at an oblong table, Kay at one end, her back to a solid wall, James at the other end, his back to a windowless wall while I sat in the middle, facing a dark hall at the end of which a large window gave out on the river. The draperies at the window were pulled back letting a flood of sunshine stream th intensified by the dark of the hallway between the dining room and the window. Obviously neither hostess nor host, each facing ends of the room having no window, never sensed how much like a spot-light the framed sunshine presented to the guest facing it. Frankly, I could make out nothing before me but fortunately, the plantes were served with food when placed on the table and so I could feel about with knife and fork and so get along pretty well in the dark. James came down to 1226 to bring the



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dog up to 406 for a frolic and during his absence, Kay and I had a nice chat. She and James drive to Shreveport tomorrow where they will spend the night. Kay will catch an early morning plane on Wednesday for Charleston to remain there until after January 4th, -- Aunt "Illie's" birthday.

When James returned with the dog, I asked if I might see the photographic book. I guess James must have had such preconceived notions as to how the book should have looked that he was utterly unprepared for anything that did not conform to his own notions. It is not a striking looking book as it might well have been, had it been done in black and white but it is alright. As for the illustrations, I, not being able to catch the details, they seemed a wonderful collection of odd shadow work. The printing, however, to James, seemed so inferior that he is still humiliated at the thought that anyone should know he was responsible for the volume. I think, --and my judgement isn't worth anything in regard to the printing which I cannot see distinctly, that the poems themselves, the mere compositions, are exceptionally interesting even though badly printed as they may be although, as I repeat myself, I am unable to tell about that. Nevertheless, the compositions themselves are so interesting as light and shade I think lots of people will be glad to have the volume as a unique presentation of remarkably original compositions. James expresses horror that any publicity should be given the book and so, of course, I have shelves the column I wrote about the book and I have thrown away the letters written to various columnists in New Orleans, Dallas and Houston papers about the book. As of now, I cannot help but feel James is short-sighted in the position he has taken regarding rights hoping that the item may never sell. I must remember, however, that I may feel equally shame-faced about the L. S. U. recording when it comes to hand and shall hope nobody will contact it. But as I have no preconceived notions as to what the thing should sound like, I may not be so disappointed about the final form with this thing as James is about the book. I hope the copy order from Claitor for little Miss Lee may come to hand in tomorrow's mail so that she may judge the matter about its merits or lack of merit herself.

Back home about 5, in ample time to look after the peacocks and all, I had a few more callers and with the last group, I served sweet potato pie and various kinds of cake and port and so the day rounded out ever so pleasantly. I held the thought it was a happy Christmas at Ly e.....

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Tuesday, December 26th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Fair with the thermometer ranging from 30 by night and 50 by day.

The Post Office continues delivering Christmas mail just as though Christmas were still here. There were about a dozen cards today such as from Paul King Rand, mailed from New York although Paul King and Blythe passed this way yesterday but I did not see them. They were going to Shreveport to dine with the Whitfield Jacks. About half of the greeting cards came from people quite beyond my remembrance, such as the Hachettes from Minden, La and so on.

On Saturday there was a card and a letter from the Stanley Warners of Aurora, New York. I heard from them last during the late summer when they were about to take off for Ireland. Their letter reports that they had to drop the European jaunt at the last minute because of Mrs. Warner's health. She has subsequently undergone a kidney operation but is getting along alright. Their son is out of the army and continuing his scholastic pursuits. I thought he was already super-educated but I must have been mistaken. His letters have struck me as demonstrating what happens when one gets so over-educated they forever demonstrate in their correspondence an ability to string well chosen words together in such a fashion as to be altogether incomprehensible.

Only today did I learn that the Bill Jones family had even more afflictions than I had realized, -- Bill's sister who lived in Washington, having died of cancer last week. Bill's grandson's funeral is to be held tomorrow but I think Bill is too ill to attend and, of course, his sister-in-law cannot attend, being on the point of death herself, while the father of the boy will also be absent as he is hospitalized in an Alexandria hospital institution as a result of the weekend automobile wreck. Verily the Joneses are having more than their share of misere all at the same time.

I got around to open some more Christmas packages today.



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like the Post Office, I seem to be proceeding on the theory that Christmas is still with us. There was a large, flat box of home made candies from Miss Dorman which I shall be sharing with secretaries who will love them because they are loaded with sugar. I also opened the package from the Hysterical Ladies. I laughed at the sight of what the package contained, reminding me as it did of the Christmas, when asked what I wanted, I stated that a bowl from which I might eat bread and milk would be just fine, in consequence whereof I received a couple of candles and candle holders. This year they threatened to present me with some nice warm woollen shirts. I asked them to present anything else but woollen shirts of which I have ample supplies and which I seldom wear, climatic conditions being what they are at this bend of the river. So, you may ask, what did they finally hit upon, -- woollen shirts, naturally. But, surely, if Saint Martin could divide his cloak to share with a beggar, surely I ought to be able to cut asunder my shirt to share with shirtless friends. Smile.

We skipped supper tonight, what with Doreatha having taken her brothers, Robert and Clyde Anthony, back to Angola. Robert's wife, surprisingly enough, was permitted by the Alexandria Charity hospital to come home to spend Christmas Day with her family. Doreatha's sister's daughter took Robert's wife back to the hospital this morning. She is said to have an "abscess of the lung", -- whatever that means. I believe Robert and Clyde will have served their sentences by this coming March, after which it is thought they will go to Houston to get jobs. Whether Robert's wife will be here by then, nobody seems to know but everyone seems to have doubts.

--I discovered I folded up my beard too early last night and accordingly got up and did a bit of reading. I have a volume of recorded Essays by Ralph Waldo Ellison, a negro writer of whom I have never heard although he seems to have written several books including a novel or two, I believe. He spent his childhood in Oklahoma City but now resides in New York, I believe.

I have lots of desk work ahead of me but think I shall stir myself up a fine omelette before rolling up my sleeves and starting to pound this machine a bit.....

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Wednesday, December 27th, 1967.

Memorandum:

Drizzle all day, thermometer in the 30's.

I talked with James on the 'phone this afternoon. He said he and Kay had gone to Shreveport yesterday afternoon, staying over night so Kay could catch her plane this morning, not at 7 as she sometimes does, but at 11. He said there were crowds and that Kay had to go to New Orleans and change, Atlanta and change and thence on to Charleston. She expected to reach South Carolina at 8 o'clock tonight. "If you have time to spare, travel by air."

I had heard on the 6 am news out of Shreveport that it was sleeting there at that hour. James reported sleet and ice and snow. He said when heading down toward home, there was snow for several miles. We must have a moderating air current in this area since the rain has not turned to sleet or snow as yet although the thermometer remains in the low 30's. I think of the big oak in the front garden, holding the thought that ice pellets may not form on the leaves and put the tannage of straining on the far-reaching spread of the limbs.

James went into some detail about the "Shadows of Old New Orleans". Although he had several copies, he had out them up to send Claitor, the publisher, samples of the miserable reproductions. He is determined not to put any in circulation so far as he and any publicity might be concerned. I am glad I ordered little Miss Lee's copy direction from Claitor. James says it appears to him that in the first place, the printer was not up to standard in the first place and, in the second place, it appears to him when comparing similar illustrations in different volumes of the book that the illustrations, say, one illustration will be passable in one book but the same illustration in the next book will be smudged up so one cannot see it out although it is exactly the same picture that is fairly clear in the next copy. He said that one illustration in one copy he had shown a super-imposing of a Table of contents on it. He wondered if the printer had discarded the poorer of the run-offs and then, forgetting what he was doing, gathered up the good and the bad and sent them off to the printer so that good and bad got bound all helter skelter. Well, we shall see what we shall see when



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little Miss Lee's copy comes to hand. I had expected it yesterday. Perhaps it will come on the morrow.

Last night I had threatened to stir myself up an omelette but I didn't. I had taken some Bromo-Quinine late in the afternoon and it didn't seem to warm me up any. It seemed to me I was growing colder and colder and attributed it to my cold. When at long last, I glanced in the direction of the gas heater, I discovered there was no flame there. The same was true with the other heaters and the gas heater for the water was also not lighted. In short, the tank supplying Yucca and the big house was empty. I knew it would be colder in the morning and so I hurriedly attacked my long beard while the water heater still had some warm water in it and then jumped into bed where I found myself cozy enough. Breakfast at the big house seemed chilly enough, what with the electric stove in the kitchen being the only source of heat under the circumstances but so me bacon and eggs and some hot chocolate brought circulation back readily enough. The fuel truck arrived this morning between 9 and 10 and heat never felt better.

I had pilgrims scheduled for 1:30 and, in spite of the drizzle they came but although thoroughly chilled by 3 o'clock, it didn't take me long to thaw out again, once they were gone.

According to the New Orleans radio, there's a struggle going on among Louisiana politicians in the casting of votes to select the State chairman who will represent Louisiana at the national Presidential convention in Chicago next summer. It appears the liberals and the conservatives of the conflicting groups are just about evenly divided. Tonight it was stated that Leander Perez, the big who heads the conservatives, has pledged to support Cousin Arthur Watson and it is thought Cousin Arthur may thus round up enough votes to put him into that place. It seems to me he was Vice Chairman at the convention four years ago. Cousin Arthur, a slick politician, is conservative enough but perhaps more on the economic than the racial side. I am quite sure, too, that he is 100 percent against Johnson but, of course, slick politicians will always find a way to wiggle their way on to a winning side, even if they had to succeed in winning by supporting a candidate they abhor.

There was a box of oranges and grapefruit from the Schmids, bless their hearts. Naturally as soon as the case arrived, I jumped right into the oranges and imagine I am already perking up.....

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Thursday, December 28th, 1967.

Memorandum:

There seems to be lots of talk about weather all across the nation today. I have been trying to keep up with atmospheric situations in Lyme but without great success. There seems to have been plenty of snow all around but I got the impression from one broadcast about conditions in Lyme that the snow in that quarter was turning into rain but another broadcast sounded as though the snow had taken over again.

It snowed about 3 inches of white stuff between 10 and 12 o'clock last night in town. Fifteen miles down the river it snowed but not that much. There were tufts of snow on border grass but it had melted on the lawns. The roof of the African House is more like a Hunter impressionist picture of the place in that the roof was a smooth layer of pure white, contrasting oddly with the lawn of green in front of the place. The skies remained cloudy all day and the thermometer never got far up into the 30's and sagged back into freezing with sunset. Our low will be 26 tonight, it is said, and a little lower than that tomorrow night. Continued cold is the present prognostication for the weekend.

For what reason, I don't know, --perhaps the weather, impelled the postman to make his rounds an hour ahead of schedule today. I accordingly discovered he had already departed when I marched to the Post Office with today's outgoing mail, --hence yesterday's and today's memos being joined together in this envelope. But I was able to pick up in-coming mail while withholding out-going, and there, I found the Register volume from Claitor of Baton Rouge. I have removed Leston's address from the Claitor envelope and used the same envelope to enclose the book for little Miss Lee, but not before having opened the package to remove the invoice which was enclosed with the book.

I shall be curious to learn little Miss Lee's impression of the work as a job of printing. I have no doubt James was justified in his disappointment as to what Claitory turned out but I am curious to know if little Miss Lee finds it in such a sorry state as to justify James' determination to let as few people as possible learn about its existence. My impressions aren't worth much since I cannot see the details but I imagine the average New Orleans visitor might find the book interesting as a collection of impressionistic photographs even though they may be miserably reproduced.

The Hunter volume, of course, goes forward in the



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same post as does these or as do these two memos. In the same mail, too, goes today's issue of the *Hatchitoches Times*. There was no Tuesday issue this week and therefore what might have been Tuesday's column becomes Thursday's column. It appears on Page 4 or page 5 under some such title as "Meet Mr. Smith". I ran through the column hurriedly and got the impression that in at least two places a line had been dropped, the first in that part covering the Smith arrival in Rostov and the second at the place where Smith is arriving in Virginia. There may also have been a line left out referring to Smith's ability to start speaking the language of Powhatan at the drop of a hat but I'm not sure. If I might be advised about the omission of a line here and there, it would perhaps be an opportunity to supply a version of the missing phrase so that such a notation could be attached to the column as a matter of convenience against some future incorporation of the columns into a volume.

I suppose all Red Cross chapters throughout the country may have sent Christmas packages to the soldiers in Southeast Asia. The *Hatchitoches* chapter sent several dozen. I assume that possibly the name of the chapter and its geographic location may have been attached to the individual packages although I am sure that the shipments were not directed to any particular branch of the services and most certainly not to any individual in the forces. Be that as it may, Carmen called me this morning to read me a Thank You letter that came to the *Hatchitoches* Red Cross in today's post. It was from some gentleman named Private Utterback. It was obvious from the expressions, spelling, etc., that Private Utterback has ever had much formal education but the fact that he made an effort to express his appreciation to the Red Cross struck me as wonderful. Naturally, I immediately asked Carmen for the address and dashed right off a letter to the address gentleman, expressing my admiration of his kindness in writing Red Cross and telling him a little about this area of the United States about which he probably knows nothing. Nature has no notion as to where he may call home. Carmen called me back later in the morning to ask if I thought it would be all right to print the Utterback letter in the paper. I said I thought she should both as a gesture in praise of the writer and also as an admonition to local people who never acknowledge anything. I shall try to get a copy of the letter when it appears in the paper and, of course, I shall send along any Utterback correspondence, should it chance that there may be any.

With a nice warmfire to keep the place cozy, I am now going to get to work.....

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Friday, December 29th, 1967.

Memorandum:

A smooth round cake of ice an inch thick covered the big sugar cauldron this morning. The thermometer was in the mid 20's. A weak sun shone all afternoon but without sufficient warmth to do much about the ice.

At 7 this morning I started out from Yucca in the direction of the African House, heading toward the Unicorn House to serve the birds their breakfast. Just beyond the Yucca gate when I came within sight of the African House, I stepped abruptly when I caught sight of a big ruddy-belly raccoon just entering the east door of the African House. A few seconds later, he emerged from the west door of the house, coming along the border grass of the path where I stood. He paused for a moment to look at me and then continued on his way toward the big house.

At 10 o'clock when going to the Post Office, I saw him again in the big oak in the front garden. About 11 o'clock when back at Yucca, I heard the bang of a rifle from the direction of the front garden and 2 minutes later learned that somebody had shot him.

The mails continue a little heavier than usual, --I guess there were 10 or 12 greeting cards and a few letters in today's post including one from Leigh Barron, the pianist, to whose program I listen nightly over Station KOA, Denver. He mentioned having a brother-in-law in Baton Rouge and so perhaps I shall be meeting some member of the family eventually.

I found it an interesting coincidence that just having written a column under the title, Castles in Spain, basing it on a popular song of years ago, I heard the same tune tonight as I tuned in on Denver. The lines of the song I quoted in the article beginning:

"You'll see your castles in Spain  
Through your window pane,  
Right in your own back yard....."

Mrs. Chopin called this evening to report another theft from her house during the morning. Her son had brought home an umbrella which his girl friend had insisted he take with him when he left her as it was raining. This morning when Mrs. Chopin left home, her son headed out for college at the same time. The umbrella at the last minute had been hung on the doorknob inside the house, the youth intending to



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come home this noon and deliver it when he had a little more time. When Mrs. Chopin came home at noon, she noticed the front door, although closed, was not locked. Once inside, she noticed the umbrella was gone. She assumed her son had already come home, picked it up and delivered it but just then the son came in to pick the umbrella and that was that. She said she is having locks changed the house on the morrow which sounds like a good idea.

Mrs. Walker called tonight, too. She said he son had gone to Shreveport yesterday and bought home a new small car, a Christmas gift from his grandma, Clara Genung. Mrs. Walker was enchanted over a letter she had received from the University of Virginia. Last semester she had assembled a bibliography on some contemporary American poet, using it as the basis of a term paper. The head of the English Department at the local college had apparently liked it and asked her to supply him with it along with some other data at the conclusion of the course. Apparently he had in mind to use it under his own name sooner or later. In the mean time, Mrs. Walker, I guess on the recommendation of another member of the teaching staff, had recommended that she send it to the University of Virginia, or at least a photostatic copy of the work. This she did and the letter from the University was to advise her that the University was publishing it in book form. This news should not make the head of the local institution too happy if, as is supposed, he had in mind using the material to issue it under his own name.

In yesterday's memo I think I did not mention the very pleasant stag supper J. H. gave at the big house for some 8 or 10 gentlemen in honor of the son-in-law of Martha Robinson of Hatchitoches, a lady quite active in various social undertakings and civic enterprises, -- the Northwestern Symphony and so on.

I have forgotten what Martha's first husband's name was. There a couple of daughters by that marriage, one of whom is the wife of some gentleman, -- Mario somebody, -- whose home is in Costa Rica. He and his wife get up this way occasionally and J. H. had promised him squirrel gumbo on his next-go-round and this was it. I don't remember the names of all the gentlemen hidden to sup, -- J. H. Williams, Jarred Pratt, however, I did know. After the gumbo there was baked chicken with elegant dressing, some kind of an excellent vegetable salad, a s eggplant baked with some nice fillers, pickled peaches, olives, celery and assorted things going with that department, hot biscuits as light as anything this side of eiderdown fruit cake and so on. It certainly was fine fare and the conversation entertaining.

But now I must break off for 1967 and get going. I hold the thought 1968 may be just grand for little Miss Lee.....

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Sunday, December 31st, 1967.

Memorandum:

Drizzle and chilly, --20's to 40's, both yesterday and today.

Yesterday morning about 11, James called me to say that Kay had 'phoned from Charleston that Aunt Willie had died Friday night. She would have reached 96, had she lived until Thursday, the 4th of January.

Perhaps metropolitan papers have already carried the obituary.

The funeral will take place in Charleston tomorrow, January 1st, with the burial at The Bluff.

Celeste and J. H. had received a season's greetings card from her about the middle of the week. I told them the latest news Saturday afternoon. I suppose today's Picayune may have carried an obituary today but no one with whom I have spoken today has mentioned it. I am rather surprised Carmen hasn't seen the notice and called me. Since the name of Storm was prominent in Louisiana for so many years when she was initiating legislation in various lines of endeavor, -- est blishment of the Library Commission, social and philanthropic matters, the newspapers will undoubtedly give considerable space to her career.

I did not ask James when he was leaving for Charleston, knowing instinctively that he will not be going. My natural impulse was to suggest to him that he do so but I told myself that he is old enough to know what he intends doing and so I left that subject alone.

This morning Natalie called about 10. She asked if I had seen today's Alexandria Town Talk. I had not. She said that there was an article printed, I believe she said on the front page, stating that Claiborne had brought out three books about the Louisiana scene, one of the titles be "Shadows of Old New Orleans" by James Register. She said that no sooner had she chanced upon an article that she called James to congratulate him. She said he expressed himself as being unhappy about the work had been turned out was writing Claiborne, asking them to withdraw the book from circulation. As she had not seen the book, it was pointless to continue on that subject and so she had gone on to enjoy a very pleasant chat for the balance of the conversation. Naturally, I asked her if anything



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had been said about Mrs. Storm. She said nothing had been mentioned about that lady and asked if there was news about her. You may readily imagine we both were rather taken back that James had not mentioned it since Natalie had met her, of course, and is well acquainted with Kay. How differently any matter may be handled by individuals.

Celeste and I dined alone this noon. J. H. had phoned me last night about 8 o'clock to say that lady from Lake Saint John, La., --Marianne Appleby or whatever her name is, had just engaged him in conversation for about an hour. She is the daughter of Mrs. Evans, a friend of Blythe's. It was Marianne who called me one night years ago and, being drunk, left the receiver off the hook for 10 or 12 hours even as did somebody on this party line so that the call was never discontinued and the telephone company contacted me next day to ask if I would pay the bill. J. H. said Marianne had called to say she would be coming over here on the morrow with a view of having a chat with me and dropping in to make some purchases of paintings from the artist. J. H. said he told her she had better not make the trip just to see me as I probably would be heading out for Charleston. It was quite a jolly conversation all in all.

At noon J. H. was not at home, having awakened with a temperature and so had gone to the hospital in town where the lady doctor would examine him.

Mrs. Walker called me last night to say my columns for Saturday's issues of the Alexandria and Opelousas papers had somehow not been mailed so did not appear in those papers yesterday. She invited me to an evening party she intended giving this afternoon for just a few people including Claude Morgan of Alexandria, the Thomases of the Natchitoches Times, etc. She had expected Thelma and John to be present but had just learned the out of town.

Mrs. Chapin also called me last night. I asked her to clip Storm notices if she chanced upon any. The Sunday papers that were delivered here this morning were taken to town but since this memo will not go forward until Tuesday, it is quite possible I shall have rounded up some notices by then for enclosure.

As the old year goes out, I maintain my custom of meditating for an hour upon the happiness that has been mine throughout the year, thanks to little Miss Lee.....